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1927

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

BOOKS have so long been associated with leisure that this is often given as the principal reason for carrying them as companions on a journey. And now that vacation time is here booksellers are often implored to prepare a package of vacation books much as Mary is asked to put up a basket lunch. Choosing books is a more delicate—and useful—task than that. There has long been a tradition that in the summer and on vacations the mind is lulled to sleep by light fiction and detective stories. I doubt it; moreover, it is a bad thing to take for granted, and to act on. If you will read that chapter on books in Stephen Graham's *The Gentle Art of Tramping* you will agree not only that certain books belong with various stages of your development, but that your mind may emulate the flight of an eagle and soar on those very occasions when you are free from the trammels of earth. Graham believes in carrying the stories of other tramps when out tramping, but his choice of literature may be Keats, Shelley, *Sartor Resartus* or *Towards Democracy*. On trips abroad I usually read diligently in Baedekers on the way over, and delve into the best the ship's library affords on the way back; and I have some pleasant memories of the latter voyages. Once during the War, coming from Italy on a ship that limped, I read the plays of Shakespeare in the sequence in which they were written, and gained a unified idea of the man and his work which not all my college courses had given me. Graham suggests that one would hardly carry a book of travel in California if one were doing the Adirondacks; yet I wonder why not? The adventures of the mind are not always associated with those of the body, as Richard Jefferies found out in his seventeen years of contemplation. I should, for instance, be ready anywhere to read *Innocents Aloft*, a charming record of Alpine adventure by Henry Justin Smith, for which William McFee has written an introduction. And McFee remarks, by the way, that "There is no reason why we should not rejoice that *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher* has ousted more meretricious travel books as a best seller. We are discovering that a distant country may have attractions beyond the sailors' dives on the harbor front. This is not progress, by the way, but reformation." There is ready a new Baedeker of Tyrol—adequate, complete, detailed, as always, with the brown-colored maps of mountains and valleys. A new volume has been added to the "Medieval Towns series" which many of us have enjoyed in the past—this time *The Story of Naples*, brought down to date. *Fifty Miles Round Paris* by Cecilia Hill is a little book that tells you to what advantage one may take short motor trips out of the capital. I suppose *France on Ten Words a Day* ought to be listed as a useful book. It is that, and entertaining also, its aim being to teach Americans colloquial French by the usual method of making it seem fun and not work.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON'S NEW POEM

"Tristram," the new poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson, has had an auspicious reception. The literary world of New York

City welcomed its appearance with a public reading and reception, the four thousand lines being declaimed by Eleanor Robson in the Little Theater. The poem reaches readers in two editions, one the regular Macmillan edition, the other that of the Literary Guild, which has supplemented this publication with a book by Mark van Doren explaining Robinson, his poetry, and "Tristram" for readers who may not have been acquainted with him before. "Tristram" is a lovely poem, built upon that ancient legend of Tristran or Tristram, and Isolt or Iseult. Robinson delved into this legendary lore of English literature when he wrote "Merlin" and "Lancelot." Although "Tristram" follows to some extent the famous story that has been retold by Thomas Malory, Richard Wagner, Sir Walter Scott, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Swinburne, and finally Thomas Hardy, Robinson has developed a noble love story as a modern mind sees it—giving no place to the magic love potion which has such an important role in Wagner's music drama. Robinson deals with the two Isolts—Isolt of the white hands, daughter of King Howel of Brittany, and Isolt of Ireland, who becomes the wife of King Mark of Cornwall. Here is a great human passion, an interplay of motives, a keen understanding of what goes on in the minds of the three, for Tristram is beloved by both Isolts. When King Mark finds Tristram in love with his queen he exiles him to Brittany, and there for several years Isolt of the white hands cares for him in his loneliness. The passages describing her love for Tristram are among the most beautiful in the poem and the mood is even and sustained. Gawaine, who visits her, says to her:

"Your low voice tells how bells of singing gold
Would sound through twilight over silent water."

Lancelot arranges for a meeting between Queen Isolt and Tristram at Joyous Gard. Here they try to piece together the broken romance, but the feeling of doom hangs over Isolt and Tristram cannot remove from Isolt's mind her conviction that life will not be long for her.

"Fire in her eyes and sorrow in her smile
Foretold unsaid more than he saw."

In Robinson's telling of the legend King Mark is moved by the devotion of the lovers and opens Tintagel to them, but his creature Andred, who has been previously the victim of Tristram, attacks the knight and kills him, and Isolt of Brittany is left in the attitude in which we first saw her—"alone with her white face and her gray eyes" watching the white birds flying over the sea "until even her thoughts were white."

EUGENE O'NEILL
Whose new play "Marco Millions" has been published before presentation

JAMES BOYD'S NEW HISTORICAL NOVEL

In his new novel, *Marching On*, James Boyd, author of *Drums*, takes the period of the Civil War for his theme. His hero, James Fraser, is a descendant of the fighters of Revolutionary times mentioned in *Drums*, and fate has ironically made these people just a little better than the poor white trash of North Carolina. James Fraser works hard, hauling rails for the most part, getting employment from Colonel Prevost, who has a large plantation called Beaumont near Wilmington. Of course Colonel Prevost has a daughter, who becomes the guiding inspiration of James Fraser; but the love story is not elaborated along the conventional lines. A great deal of convincing local color gets into the tale, although the story is not written as fully as *Drums*. We see the negroes for the most part shiftless, and get the Southern viewpoint that they are necessary to the plantations; the negroes themselves have no desire for freedom, and the agitation of the Abolitionists of the North is nowhere properly understood. Yankees are regarded as dollar chasers. When the war comes Fraser joins

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the Cape Fear Rifles and becomes a part of the defense of Richmond. But soon he is taken prisoner, and for two years languishes in a Federal prison. When he is finally sent South in an exchange he is a broken man, Sherman is marching to the sea, and the Confederacy is on its last rations. The story is told wholly through the eyes of James Fraser, so that his lady love, Stewart Prevost, rarely appears to us in any guise differing from that of the benevolent and rather spiritlike creation that she is in Fraser's thoughts. *Marching On* is every bit as good as *Drums* and should please a large audience. (Scribner's Sons.)

THOMAS MANN AND HIS WIFE
At Arosa, Switzerland. Mr. Mann's latest work, "The Magic Mountain," has just been published in America

A SKETCH OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

How changing viewpoints affect the study of our literature is shown in a book on the American writers of the nineteenth century—*The Story of American Literature* by Algernon Tassin and Arthur Bartlett Maurice. (Macmillan.) This is a simply told tale, illustrated after the manner of textbooks; in fact it is this that prompts comparison with those textbooks on literature which were used in the schools thirty years ago. I wonder if the latter would have said of Longfellow that "he merely passed on to us in our own tongue the treasures he had found abroad in others, contributing nothing beyond what their change of dress required. Longfellow was a mocking bird, the sweetest of singers perhaps, but only interpreting in its own voice the notes of others." The consideration of "the three insurgents"—William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, and Walt Whitman—is new to books such as this, and shows again how far we have gone since 1890. It is not recorded in any textbook of the Nineties that "it seems nowadays almost amusing that we should once have been so shocked at Whitman." This book is useful to help readers get their bearings. It takes into consideration the changing history of the country, and suggests how this is reflected in its literature.

"BREAD AND FIRE"

Many interesting elements enter into *Bread and Fire*, a fine novel of industry by Charles Rumford Walker, a writer who was once a skilled and unskilled worker in steel and copper mills. Probably much of his own experience has gone into the story of the hero, who paints a picture of the copper mills that is hard to forget. We have here an individual trying to get his bearings after the War, and drifting first into editorial work with a radical group in New York City. The S. P. G.—social policy group—has all shades of radicals in it; the most outspoken is a wealthy woman who wants a "militant general staff" and who suspects that most radicals are only mildly pink instead of red. The routine of social propaganda of this character, largely an outlet for the intellectual activity of these men and women, is described with much irony, and the author shows how little these writers and speakers penetrate the viewpoint of the men in the mills. When the group begins to dissolve, the hero gets into a copper mill and becomes a helper, swabbing the coils with oil as the machines beat and turn copper down to an infinitesimal thinness. Round about him "were the virtues and vices of half a hundred machines, with the whole room soaked in noises pounding and delicate and in the spectrum of mill color." But Harris Burnham, the hero, is interested in men, and the strange groping figures round about him captivate him. What becomes of their minds? Do they shut off their brains and

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THE EAGER READER TRIES THE COUPON

BEFORE

A perfectly good he-man with red blood and everything owned a perfectly good book, but set out to buy another book. The first thing he did was to read all the literary reviews. Poor, dear man. So many critics. So many advertisements. So many "biggest books of the year." So many great works of art. Whom to believe? He gave up.

But he got ashamed at the next party. He must be up on the new things. So he hied (sic) himself to a bookstore, and looked up at the mountains of books, and he looked down the long line of books, and he felt very, very small.

But suddenly our hero sees the light. He is rescued—and by whom? By whom but the Knight in Modern Clothes—the Literary Guild of America.

The Literary Guild has a modern saw, which the comic strips would label "Coöperation" and "Large Editions." It has frightened many people by sawing the price of books almost in half—for such brave people as swear allegiance for a year. Progress always does seem to shock a lot of nice people. But with tears in our eyes and with firmness in our hearts we saw away until the price is almost half what it would be to the uninitiated. Subscribers with difficulty restrain their tears at saving so much money.

AFTER

The chosen book is selected from manuscripts by the august Board of Editors (if you must know, they are Carl Van Doren—Editor-in-Chief, Zona Gale, Glenn Frank, Elinor Wylie, Joseph Wood Krutch, Hendrik Willem van Loon). And then the book is petted and pampered with margins and a specially nice binding—and is delivered to you on the day of publication. Not a month late, you understand. But on the day of publication.

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live in a sort of coma? Kreck, the Hunky, who runs one of these machines, is a much better man at it than his immediate superior, but because he is a foreigner none will credit him with his knowledge. Burnham finds that for eighteen years Kreck has been doing a helper's work on this machine, and when asked about it he explains simply, "I haf to learn rolling." The mill itself, though it held men's bodies in thrall, went forward by its own impetus; the men who managed it for the owners were not always sure of the market, the output or the labor needed; in the yard men were always waiting for a job, some of them starving, many with families in want. But the author has not written one of those gruelling and horrible tales of industry; he has tried to show the relation of an individual to the machine and to the past—the fight to get bread, which goes on now, in our machine age, as it did in ages when farming or sailing was the major occupation. A love story, which is more of a disclosure of the hero's emotions and character than a deeply passionate tale, runs through the book. The book makes good use of American literary material, so often overlooked because most authors have no knowledge of it or view it wholly from the outside. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

EXPOSING MEDICAL HOCUS POCUS

The New Medical Follies, by Morris Fishbein, M.D., is the second book in which the editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* pays his respects to quacks and quackery. Doctor Fishbein is a militant writer on medical topics, and to him a quack is a leech on the social body. His viewpoint is that of the "regular" school of physicians, so that auto-suggestion, mental healing, electrical devices for curing the sick, dietary fads, and all the dissenting schools get little attention from him. He opens his book by listing the cults and quackeries on which Americans thrive, and it is a long one. Women especially will find much information in his discussion of "The Cult of Beauty" and "The Craze for Reduction," which he regards as often harmful. Rejuvenation has not proved a success, he submits; even Voronoff and Steinach have not been able to give their clients the full measure of youth that is supposed to be within their reach. In discussing dietary fads and psychoanalysis Doctor Fishbein again raises a warning finger. Why go to the extreme with a theory? To eat nothing but whole wheat bread and to discard white bread entirely is to him unsalutary; he believes that enough varieties of food can be eaten with white bread to counteract any evil effects and at the same time gain the advantages of this diet. "Neither white flour bread nor whole wheat bread constitutes a single article in diet for any intelligent person." And he points out that "the time has arrived for calling a halt to the growing procession of slogans that tend to promote panaceas for health and well-being. We are admonished at every turn to eat more bread, to drink more milk, to buy more raisins, to consume more apples, to confine ourselves to whole wheat, to try some bran, or to add one or another of a dozen different items to our daily regimen. Many persons have a limited tolerance for a food like raisins and the victim of chronic inflammation of the intestines may hesitate to secure his iron through a 'mixture of sugar and skins,' as one caustic commentator characterized this confection." Those who are interested in psychoanalysis, especially as it is manifested in novels, will be interested in Doctor Fishbein's lucid discussion of this subject, in which he shows how it has been distorted and put to strange uses. He is rather pessimistic about the prompt coming of a medical Utopia, because people love their quacks. "It is inconceivable that the time will ever come when the percentage of persons misled by quackery will be greatly reduced, except to the extent that the coming generations are educated in the fundamental facts concerning the human body. But even here the prejudices of Puritanism and prudery delay progress." This is a very informing book and even readers who do not agree with Doctor Fishbein on all the issues that he raises will find it worth their attention. (Boni & Liveright.)

"THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN" BY THOMAS MANN

There is nothing dwarflike about Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*. This formidable translation from the German of *Der Zauberberg*, in two volumes, runs to well over 400,000 words, and exceeds the original by almost 100,000 words. The author makes a detailed and leisurely consideration of life as it appears to his principal character, and so gives us a complete picture that stands in strong contrast to the little sketches hastily prepared by writers who have no time to

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wait. Thomas Mann has described in complete detail the workings of a sanatorium located on a mountain at Davos, Switzerland, and the life there of his principal character, Hans Castorp, who comes to remain a few weeks and stays seven years. Castorp is not ill when he arrives, but the influence of innumerable scientific methods and systems makes him a semi-invalid and he finds the "rest" absorbing. When he has finally made it the basis of a long consideration of what life means to him he gets out and plunges into the World War, where Mann leaves him. In the sanatorium everyone is preoccupied with death rather than life, and yet all the patients go on living much as they did before, indulging their whims and weaknesses, many of these exaggerated by disease. The author describes them as they live and die; best of all he gives us their views—and the views of Hans Castorp and his familiars become a revaluation of those things in life that count. Krokowski, the director of the sanatorium, cannot comprehend a human being who is wholly healthy; various patients are more or less proud of the records on their charts, even to the extent that one woman gains distinction because of her ability to emit a whistle from an incision in a lung cavity; the erotic impulses of persons afflicted with tubercular trouble are portrayed. Hans Castorp tries to think out the meaning of the protoplasmic riddle, meditating on life, time, continuity, wondering whether life itself is a sort of disease of the spiritual, the growth of a cell due to the density of the spiritual, producing a transition from the substantial to the insubstantial, from the inorganic to the organic. "That was the first step toward evil, desire and death, the Fall." And so through much speculation, some love making, and a great deal of quiet "treatment" Hans Castorp proceeds on his spiritual adventure. *The Magic Mountain* is heavily freighted with pathological terms, but it is, nevertheless, not a morbid story, and its effect is the affirmation and not the negation of life. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

EDITH WHARTON'S NEW NOVEL

Mrs. Edith Wharton's first full-length novel since *The Mother's Recompense* is *Twilight Sleep*, just issued by D. Appleton and Company. In it we have another of Mrs. Wharton's inimitable portraits of a middle-aged society woman. Mrs. Pauline Manford is one of those energetic women

who must do everything; her day is filled with activities; she speaks in public, indulges in eurythmic dancing, studies East Indian philosophy, contemplates mental uplift, and tries to avoid pain and discomfort as much as wrinkles. Although her life is lived in modern New York, which might be considered fairly plastic, she and her husband are by no means converted to the newest revolutions in social life, and endeavor to preserve the order they have founded. A disturber is Lita, the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Manford, who is frankly bored with her husband. Although Lita's desire for freedom expresses itself in dancing in diaphanous costumes and other mild adventures, the family unites to save her marriage from disruption. The husband, Dexter Manford, was for years baffled and bewildered by his wife, but gradually became confident of his own superiority and, therefore, joined the group of the bored. Their daughter Nona is the only one of the group who faces life with the perspective that is lacking in Mrs. Manford. So the story is spun out inside a family circle, and we watch their adjustment to times and circumstances, and their longings and satisfactions. Mrs. Wharton always has a touch of drama in her tale, but the reader will like it for its keen and ironic pictures of social life, with Mrs. Manford as the chief character. For her there was no reality such as that discovered by her daughter Nona; she had covered everything with a make-believe. When things get too complicated she decides on a trip—"when rich people's nerves are out of gear the pleasant remedy of travel is the first prescribed." Lita, who craved physical escape, and Nona, who had spiritual longings—both were bound by responsibilities that held them to the end. The story does not really bring a solution any more than life does. It shows these characters moving on in time and space, but the result is convincing and typical of the method used by Mrs. Wharton. *Twilight Sleep* is an excellent example of her ability to write down the foibles of our wealthy Americans.

POEMS BY WALTER DE LA MARE

Certain poems by Walter de la Mare have been gathered in a new book called *Selected Poems*. (Henry Holt & Company.) The book contains sixty-eight poems, so that naturally a great many of those published in the two-volume edition, in *The Veil*, and other books, are missing. Despite that, this

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selection has been made with care and the book will serve a good purpose. We have here "The Listeners," "The Last Coachload," "Farewell," "The Veil," "Titmouse," "The Old Angler," "The Unfinished Dream," "Flotsam," and many more.

CLEMENCE DANE ON WOMEN

Clemence Dane is one of the outspoken women of England who is putting the thought of the day into words. Therefore her book of essays, *The Women's Side*, will interest those who have read her discussion of women in her plays and novels. Clemence Dane is practical, and most of her arguments are those of common sense. She wants marriage laws that make divorce easy when two people have made a mistake and are mutually incompatible. She argues that, far from leaving religion behind, our age is finding God anew as someone far removed from the grim deity of other times. She is against segregation in the schools. She discusses the place of woman in business and in art. Her arguments are not new, but they are put in a direct, staccato style, and indicate with what questions the Englishwoman of to-day is most preoccupied. (Doran.)

NEW STUDIES OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Two fine books came within a week of each other this spring—*The Rise of American Civilization* by Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard (Macmillan Company), and *Main Currents in American Thought* by Vernon Louis Parrington (Harcourt, Brace & Co.). These should be read by all who are interested in the growth of American thought and culture, for they are clear, unbiased considerations of our national life and letters. The Beards devote most of their two volumes to a consideration of political and economic conditions, whereas Parrington has gone more deeply into the background of political thought and the influence of writers on their age. It is idle to attempt a description of these two books in a paragraph, but I can give the reader an idea of what they contain, and then let him delve for himself. He will find many interesting chapters awaiting him. Both books are an outgrowth of the wholesome critical attitude toward American affairs.

To explain America Beard—using the name of the two authors as a singular noun—goes back into the economic and social situation

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in England, showing how the fight of the nobles, landlords, and merchants in England reacted on the settlement of the Atlantic seaboard. The fight between the metropolis and the colony dominated America in the days of the Revolution, and self-interest and self-sufficiency were much more important in the make-up of the colonists than patriotism and love of the mother country. The Civil War, too, was inevitable, bound to come either peacefully or with violence, and bringing about the triumph of industry over agriculture. Beard carries his analysis down through the Great War, the era of Wilson, and the machine age in which Coolidge is president. He traces the development of our political ideas, the influence of the seaboard and the frontier on our institutions, and on the whole shows what great progress the new school of history, with which Charles A. Beard is so often identified, has made.

Parrington's work falls into two volumes, entitled *The Colonial Mind, 1620–1800*, and *The Romantic Revolution in America, 1800–1860*. It gives much more attention to individual writers than Beard, and seems to regard the influence of leaders in political thought as much more important than the first book. But there is still a decided emphasis on American conditions and their effect on thought in politics and literature. Jefferson was repeating what Locke had said before, but much of his thought was based upon native experience—"It is nearer the truth to say that he made use of Old World philosophy to express and justify certain native tendencies then seeking adequate statement." Parrington is an expert at drawing portraits, and his summaries of men and their opinions are excellent; he traces them from the days of the Pilgrims down, valuing them for their influence and importance, which gives the reader new light on their achievements. John Winthrop, John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, Roger Williams, Cotton Mather, Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, Horace Greeley, Herman Melville, William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Thoreau, Theodore Parker, and Hawthorne, and all the rest come in for analytical studies. Parrington means to lead his history down to our period in a third volume to be called *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America*. Enough is indicated here to suggest to readers that they will find a rich source for thought in these volumes.

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

The questions asked this month were many and of great variety. They ranged from books on bond investment to the usual requests for information on the lives of favorite authors and their books. Jessye L. Pryor, Bowling Green, Ky., wished to know about Edna Ferber and *Show Boat*, while A. U. Chamier wanted something on the life of "Elizabeth," author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. For Edna Ferber and also "Elizabeth" we suggest that both correspondents write to Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. For further information concerning "Elizabeth" The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, who also publish her books, will furnish their material. . . . Mr. E. C. Acheson, Jr., Philadelphia, Penn., wrote to ask if there is a bibliography of Max Beerbohm's entire literary output. As far as can be learned there is no separate bibliography of this author; but Mr. Acheson is advised to write to *The Bookman's Journal*, London, England, which publishes an extended check list of Henry Danielson's *Bibliographies of Modern Authors* which contains the most complete information on Max Beerbohm's works. . . . From Big Creek, Cal., came a letter requesting books on the buying and selling of bonds and investments. We suggest that the following titles might be useful to A. W. Vaaler: *Principles of Bond Investment*, Laurence Chamberlain, Henry Holt & Company, 1 Park Avenue, New York City, $6.00; *Bond Salesman*, William W. Townsend, also Henry Holt & Company, $4.00; *Principles of Investment*, John Emmet Kirshman, A. W. Shaw Co., Cass, Huron and Erie Streets, Chicago, Ill., $6.00; *The Stock Market Barometer*, William Peter Hamilton, published by Barrows, *The Financial Weekly*, 30 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass., $4.00; *The Stock Market*, Charles Amos Dice, A. W. Shaw Co., $6.00. . . . Mrs. J. W. Tucker, Thomasville, Ala., wishes to know if the play "Alabama" by Augustus Thomas has ever been published and is still obtainable. This can be purchased from The Dramatic Publishing Co., 542 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., in a paper copy for seventy-five cents or cloth bound for $1.25. . . . One correspondent wrote that he had heard a poem over the radio, the constantly repeated refrain of which seemed to be "You've given your heart to a dog to tear." As he is most desirous of obtaining this poem, he sent us his meager information hoping we could locate its title. We are able to tell Mr. Joseph Marlitt, Albany, N. Y., that the poem is called "The Power of The Dog" and is written by Rudyard Kipling. It can be found is his book *Actions and Reactions*, cloth edition, $2.00, and leather binding, $2.50. It is included also in the *Rudyard Kipling's Verse Inclusive Edition*, which comes in four different bindings. All of Kipling's works are published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. . . . Enid Dinnis is the author in whom Jane Oakley, Morristown, Penn., is most interested, for she writes to ask the names of all of her books. This author has five titles and all are published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. These are: *Mystics All*, $1.50; *God's Fairy Tales*, $1.50; *Once Upon Eternity*, $1.50; *More Mystics*, $1.50; *The Anchorhold* (*A Divine Comedy*), $2.00. . . . A letter from Paul C. Marshall, Lincoln, Neb., asks when Volume 3 of *The World of William Clissold* is to be published. The American edition of this long novel by H. G. Wells is complete in two volumes as published by George H. Doran Company, 244 Madison Avenue, New York City, $5.00; although the English edition was published in three volumes. . . . Mrs. Julia Stirling, New York City, wanted to know to which biography of Abraham Lincoln Mr. William Lyon Phelps had reference when he spoke in a lecture of a recent book as being an excellent account of Lincoln's years as President. We learned from Mr. Phelps that he had in mind not a biography but a book of recent fiction, the title of which is *Forever Free*, by Honoré Willsie Morrow, and published by William Morrow and Co., Inc., 303 Fifth Avenue, New York City, $2.50. . . . Arnold Kittredge, Fort Wayne, Ind., asks if there is an English translation of Plutarch's *Moralia*. This has been done by P. Holland, and is published by Translation Publishing Co., 76 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and can be purchased for eighty cents.

Extracts from

Why I Sent My Children Away to School

By Emily Newell Blair

"WE HAD a good high school as high schools go. I say 'as high schools go,' for I realize that a high school is a public school to take care of all children. This necessarily means that it is designed to take care of the average child. What do I mean by that? One of my friends was preparing her boy for Williams College. The first year in high school she found that he did not cover the amount of Latin required. It was in the course but they didn't get through with it. She approached the teacher in regard to the matter. 'We can't do it, Mrs. Blank,' she was informed. 'I cannot push the fifty pupils in my first-year class that fast. I'm sorry, but it can't be done.'"

❦ ❦ ❦

"Yet I realized that then, if ever, my daughter must live a regular life with regular hours and must be made to feel that her studies were her business in life. I could not lay down a régime and know it would be followed. I should have to be proctor; and I knew I should not be and that sooner or later she would be fitting herself into our life 'hit or miss.'

"It was the wisest decision of my life. We were not friends, my daughter and I. I know it now but I did not realize it then. For, being together, we had drifted into antagonism and dislike without knowing it. She resented me. I disapproved of her.

"She went away and knew homesickness until the home she had scorned became a haven of love. She idealized it. It became a sanctuary instead of a workhouse. She came into contact with grown women, women who won her respect, women whom it was 'the thing' to respect, women whose smile was regarded as an honor by the other girls—for that is what her teachers were to her.

"Do you realize how many girls grow up never knowing intimately any other woman except their busy and sometimes uncongenial mother? It dawned on her that her mother, her queer mother, was like these women she respected. A different note crept into her letters to me. Going away to school gave her back her home and her mother, not as workroom and mentor, but as haven and confidante.

"She gained also that rare thing, appreciation of scholarship, of accuracy, of thoroughness. She scorns superficiality. She values standards. In addition she has learned to do team work, even group work, has won, in short, a social sense. These things I could never have given her at home, strive as I would."

❦ ❦ ❦

"Now I know that most parents will disagree with me. But I believe that home has done its best for a boy by the time he is fifteen and that after that it often does its worst. If it has done its duty, it has given him his foundation of character, his ideals, his standards. It is now time for him to test them out. They are not tried out in the home.

"One of my reasons for sending my boy away to school was just that the public school stimulates snobbishness. There is a lot of bunk about the equality practiced on the public-school ground. My boy may have known many boys whose parents I did not, but if so he never mentioned them, he never brought them home or went to their houses, or played with them elsewhere. He had a small circle of friends always. He was bound to them not through congeniality of tastes or mutuality of aims, but because their fathers belonged to the same commercial group. The 'standing of boys' at public schools in small towns is determined by the business rating, the financial standing of fathers. Make no mistake about that, parents.

"I chose a school through which many boys were working their way, a 'one price' school where your social standing and your financial standing mean nothing, but your scholarship and your school standing mean everything. And he made friends—as he never would have done at public school—with boys who were heirs to millions and heirs to horny hands alike."

❦ ❦ ❦

"But as I look back now on the whole experience, as I compare the way my children regard our home as their playground and haven, instead of as the combination dormitory and penal institution which the homes of many young people to-day are to them; the way they look at their parents as their best friends whom they can never repay for the sacrifices made for them, instead of as the half-despots and half-victims that the parents of many of their friends appear to be to them; the way they regard their fellows as co-partners in a great experiment, instead of as small fish which it is sport to gobble up, I am satisfied."

❦ ❦ ❦

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VOLUME 155 JULY 1927

Harpers Magazine

WHAT HAPPENED AT NANKING

LETTERS OF AN EYE-WITNESS

BY ALICE TISDALE HOBART

Readers of the fragmentary newspaper reports of the Nanking episode will recall that when the Cantonese army took the city, the foreign residents gathered at Socony Hill and finally escaped by letting themselves down over the city wall by improvised ropes, under a protecting barrage from a gunboat in the river.

Mrs. Hobart, who under the name of Alice Tisdale has written much about the conditions in China during her long residence there, was in Nanking throughout the crisis. Her husband, Earle Hobart, was in charge of the Standard Oil plant, and with the American Consul took a leading part in bringing about the escape. In these informal letters, written to members of her family in America, she gives a first-hand account of her departure with her husband from Hunan to Nanking, of the gathering storm, and finally of the thrilling events of that historic day when the residents gathered at her house on Socony Hill and the soldiers attacked it.—*The Editors.*

August 15, 1926

Dearest Family:

Well, here we are in Hankow *en route* down river to Nanking. I feel my letters have been hectic and flurried of late, but indeed I have been living a hectic life. Already—and it is only a few hours since we left Hunan—I feel a different spirit taking possession of me. This morning at ten when we stepped off the armored steamer on which we came down from Changsha, a very difficult chapter of our lives closed. It is good to feel ourselves in a fairly normal atmosphere.

Let's see, I guess the last I wrote you was the entrance of the Southern army and our somewhat mixed feelings. I became swamped in packing after that. Living continued to be difficult with the entire absence of fresh things due to the flood, but nothing dangerous popped up its head for at least two weeks. Then cholera broke out, and our diet narrowed down still more. Also my labors increased. But it looked as if we should get away before the new government began any disturbance.

Then the morning of the day we were to leave the "boy" woke us at 6:30, very excited, saying that the soldiers had in the night kidnapped the British Oil

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Company Installation man and were demanding fifty thousand dollars ransom. Imagine, if you can, our sensations. The soldiers or bandits came over the compound wall, tied the gateman, jerked Mr. Moore out of bed, allowed him only his pajamas and shoes, and marched him off after trying to set fire to all the oil stocks. They gave it out that bandits did it, but everything points to the new government having a hand. They demanded $50,000 by noon. Later they sent word for a man carrying an umbrella in one hand and towel in the other to meet them outside the gate and consult. Whereupon they issued their ultimatum. By noon the next day $40,000 or his head would be sent in a basket to the town. It's a little unnerving when we have seen this man regularly at the club, played cards with him, known his family, and so forth.

In the evening was our farewell party on the lawn of our neighbors, the Parkers. It was the strangest dinner party I've ever been to. There we all were as usual, everyone trying to be lighthearted, sitting out under the trees with the Chinese lanterns dangling from trees and standards over the lawn, and everyone knew everyone else was trying to forget "$40,000 or his head in a basket to-morrow noon." Every once in a while someone would say, "Poor Jimmy Moore. Wonder where he is to-night." And that will be our last remembrance of Hunan.

At eleven we went over to the boat with a string of firecrackers as a farewell salute going off in a tail behind the launch. And at dawn we sailed, and our days in Changsha are really over. It's up to some other poor devil to carry on, but we do feel we have served our time at it. Four years in which we've been in almost continual danger.

We do not know yet how it all came out. It's madness to give them the forty thousand, for that only increases the danger to the rest of the community. It's an easy way to get money, and someone else would soon be jerked out of bed and be marched off. It was up to the British Consul to decide what to do, and we didn't envy him the responsibility.

We get the talk of the market place through one of our servants, and he says that this had been planned for several days, also that this was only the first thing. There were to be others. "More better we go Nanking, Missie," he concluded. "More better we take every man's wife Nanking side. Plenty trouble this winter. Coolie, washman, gardener all talkee me, wanchee take wife." And so all my servants are with me. We look like a migrating tribe, and they are all so glad to get away.

The anti-foreign feeling is pretty much limited to the British at present. But they are our friends and neighbors and we feel it indirectly. Then, too, the feeling is apt to turn against us all at any moment. Well, chilluns, if I were a praying body I think I should be down on my knees to-day, I am so thankful to be out of Hunan. If anyone asks you about Red government tell them to go and see for themselves if they think it's so fine a thing.

People who have never seen it, talk very glibly about the necessity of revolution and bloodshed and even atrocities in order to bring about freedom. But for myself I am at a loss to know what these people call freedom. Let me have safety and peace even with the loss of that evanescent something. I am sure the Chinese common people feel the same. The poor natives are in a bad way.

With much love and a sigh of relief,

Alice

August 21, 1926

Children, Children:

We are really here in Nanking, and you can't imagine my joy at having a little freedom from all the difficulties that have beset my way this summer. We are staying with the Davises, who most kindly asked us to visit them and are entertaining us most graciously. We move up to our own house to-morrow,

or rather to the senior marketing assistant's house, where we are to live until our predecessors leave—in another month.

If I were not so absolutely happy to be in Nanking I should deplore a little this second move, as it entails considerable labor, but as it is, I feel that I'd move twice more just to get out of Hunan. There comes a time when one's spirit cries "enough," and mine cried out just before we left Hunan.

Nanking and Kiangsu province are sending an expedition against the Reds in Hunan, but it is peaceful here. I am to live on a hill in a delightful house, and I have no end of friends near me—here and in Shanghai.

With the best of love to you. That picture of Tyler made me fairly sick to see him.

"Betsy"

September 28, 1926

Dearest Mariannski:

I'll get this letter started before Earle [Mr. Hobart] comes home for tiffin, and then maybe I'll get it finished later. My new cook doesn't come until the first of the month, two of my coolies have been sick, and so my house force is depleted to the boy, amah, and the gardener—pulled in to tide over the emergency. Our furniture is to arrive from Changsha to-day and we are to move into our own house on Socony Hill the day after to-morrow.

It just seems bliss to think of getting settled once more in our home. It's been a terrible summer, and I am certainly thankful to be in Nanking—both because it's such a nice city and because it's below the fighting lines. It would have been hard to be in Changsha this winter. At best, they will be shut off most of the time and get mail but rarely.

It seems to me we get mail all the time down here. And we get our meats from Shanghai, celery and lettuce direct from America. We treated ourselves the other day and had a honeydew melon from California. It only cost me two dollars gold.

Heaps of love,

Alice

November 7, 1926

Dearest Ray Marie:

One never knows what a fool's paradise one lives in here. The boy, my absolute stand-by, has just come to me to say he wants to leave—says he doesn't like Nanking. Amah has already threatened to leave! Isn't it disgusting after paying $100 to get them down here and after the terrifically bad summer we have had? I don't feel as if I could face breaking in a new set of servants. The real difficulty, I think, is that the Reds have just made the capture of Kiukiang, and they fear that Nanking may be taken next. It seems that some of the men in the Red army know my boy, and every time they get anywhere near us they threaten him and tell him he must leave foreign employment.

(Later in the day) Well, I found, when Earle came home at noon, that the situation looked bad. The war lord of this group of provinces had lost a big city farther up river and yesterday, while we were disporting ourselves in the country, he moved back into Nanking. The city is very panicky indeed—everybody frightened to pieces, fearing a siege and second Wuchang affair.

We were so delighted at coming to Nanking, but as a matter of fact it simply placed us once more in front of the fighting. It is not at all improbable that this city will be besieged, as was Wuchang. If so, we are in for all sorts of personal trouble, both domestic and business.

We are certainly seeing history in the making if one can get any comfort out of that. Of course to leave now is utterly impossible, so we hang on, all of us hoping for some miracle of good luck. People of our age can't come back to America and fit in with any success. Earle has been out of the stride of devel-

opments in his profession there for nearly twenty years. So you see we have got to grin and bear it. Some others are worse hit than we.

Well, this doesn't sound very cheerful, does it? I guess I'd better tell you about my domestic establishment. We have a most delightful American house with a furnace. I feel as if I were keeping house with one hand to have this compact affair after the huge mansion at Changsha. We have windows and windows, and the sun shines all around us. It is reflected from the moat outside the city wall right beside us, then from the rice marshes, and then from the river. The walls of the living room are yellow; big brass hoods over the fireplaces, and my old Chinese brasses make it a kind of shimmery place. I should like gold-gauze curtains in the room, but I am not getting them, as it's foolish to spend money when things are so uncertain. This house could be made very lovely, but we have decided to stop just where we are on things.

We went over to the Davises after tea and hurried home before martial law went into effect at 6:30. I don't suppose you could imagine the strange, tense atmosphere, the streets full of soldiers, military cars going whizzing by at about forty miles an hour, carriages and motors full of people, officials and the rich moving out bag and baggage, the common people hurrying to get home before darkness came and they would be challenged every few feet.

Heaps of love,

Alice

November 10, 1926

Dear Mariannski:

Our house is settled and everything most lovely. And now we don't know how long we shall be able to occupy it. Things are looking worse and worse. Kiukiang fell the other day. It was taken by strategy, 2,000 soldiers getting into the city, hiding their military connection, and then taking up arms against Sun Chuan-fang. It generally happens that some of any troops are unfaithful, and this was no exception. The Reds now hold Hunan province and the cities of Hankow, Wuchang, Kiukiang, and undoubtedly will march next upon Nanking. So our situation is grave indeed.

My servants became panicky yesterday and I nearly lost them all. We managed to reassure them and now things are peaceful in the house, though rumors of the fall of Anking have upset them again to-day. Of course it is not impossible that Nanking may be captured. You see what power that means, as the victor would hold virtually all of Southern and Central China. Their desire is to link up with Feng Hu-hsiang in the north. This would mean labor troubles and probably the greatest anti-foreign outbreak. How thankful I am you went home when you did.

Much love,

Alice

November 26, 1926

Dearest Ray:

I am scratching off this missive between activities in the kitchen. I am having the Davises and another American woman for a home Thanksgiving at noon with the Davis children coming too. Spencer is a darling little boy who will have to take the place of Tyler for me. His mother just called up to say that at eight this morning he was all ready to come. Last night he said, "It's just till I wake up now. Then I'll say, 'Amah bring me my clean clothes!' Then I'll go to Aunt Alice's."

(Later) Well, the dinner is over and was a great success except that everyone had to rush away as Mary and J. K. (Davis) were giving their annual Thanksgiving reception to the American community. Now that is over too, and Earle and I have just picked the bones of the turkey in front of our fire and have made our plans for the signal light to be rigged up to-morrow so that we can signal to the gunboat in case of trouble.

Yes, we are again in the midst of it. Anything may happen. The front

pages of the newspapers, even the most conservative British one, read like a dime novel. We expect the Northern troops now in a few days, and they are the ex-bandits of Shantung. Our particular war lord—and quite a good one—is down and out, and it's a question now of Northerners or Reds. Either is bad enough. And again, as in Changsha, we by chance are in a strategic position. Hence the signal lights and a large rope which we must hunt out of the attic to-morrow to let the party down over the wall if the necessity of fleeing should come. Besides all the other things, bandits are capturing boat after boat on the Changsha run. Talk about chaos; this country is it.

Heaps of love to you all,

Alice

December 9, 1926

Dear Mariannski:

I meant to write you, that is the family, a joint letter that would reach you during the holidays. But, alas, it is too late. I have been very much occupied. In the first place I had a dinner for sixteen people, my first Nanking dinner party. Then I had to take typhoid inoculation, as there is much typhoid around. That laid me low after each shot, and then there were letters about manuscript and so forth.

Really there is nowhere to begin to tell you about conditions out here. The country is honeycombed with Soviet propaganda, and it spreads like a forest fire. The students and the riff-raff are the enthusiasts. It is very depressing; the solid merchant class deplore it as much as we do. I am not talking now of the anti-foreign propaganda, but of the Sovietizing of China. When the Reds take over a district they tax the well-to-do so heavily and make them pay such big wages to their employees (to be taken from said employees in taxes) that in many cases they have to go out of business. The other day our boy, who is a Hankow man, told me that his family had had to pay $3,000 in cash. This is a Chinese patriarchal family with father, sons, and all worth about $10,000 Mex. (silver).

You can see where a levy of $3,000 cash left them, as of course most of their wealth was in land. The worst of it is that they all believe that the Reds are their salvation until they take control. "Then they see it, but it is too late," as a very interesting Chinese business man said to me at tea to-day. He had had to get out of Hankow because of the Reds.

As to the foreigners, we are simply living on a volcano. Just when it's going to blow us into Kingdom Come we don't know.

Alice

January 5, 1927

Dearest "Peter":

We are steadily advancing from chaos to worse chaos. Where the Reds have conquered, not only are the foreigners up against it, but the middle-class Chinese—the backbone of the country. The Chinese business men are frantic with the impossible demands. The country is traveling fast towards bankruptcy. The students and leaders talk all sorts of rebellion to the laboring people to get them on their side and later, when they wish to, cannot control them. In Hunan they have no outside mail service. The clerks rebelled and took over the postoffices and are now running them for their own benefit in the province. Consequently no mail is going in or coming out. Foreigners, of course, with the rest, are entirely cut off.

Wireless to-night through the gunboat says the Chinese took over the foreign concession in Hankow yesterday. Earle came home to tea to-day, bringing with him a Chinese business man from Hankow. One was as grave as the other as Earle said to me, "The most momentous thing which has happened since we have lived in China took place yesterday." Then he told me of the capture of Hankow. It means the repudiating of treaties. We asked this Chinese business man whether it would

make much difference to China as a nation if the foreigners should have to leave. He replied, "It would mean the collapse of business." I pass this on for the sentimentalists who babble about the harm the foreigner is doing here.

Missions one after the other are being closed. Many missionaries have had to flee for their lives. We thank a kind Providence for sending us here to Nanking. It is as quiet as any place in China at present, but Earle is taking out an insurance on our things to-morrow to cover all kinds of destruction. The premium will be terrific. The revolution is spreading rapidly from city to city down the Yangtse. In fact, every place above us has been affected; it only remains to be seen when our turn will come. Meanwhile we give thanks for each day of comparative quiet.

Much love to you all,

"Little Sis"

January 14, 1927

Dearest Mariannski:

Got your letter yesterday from Washington and the new house. It sounded lovely and peaceful and *safe*. Things are moving rapidly in China. Now Eugene Chen is talking about "when we take Shanghai." I think that will not be allowed. All the countries are concentrating gunboats there. But if there should be fighting at Shanghai a general anti-foreign wave may sweep over the country. We are prepared for anything.

One thing the idealists at home don't seem to realize is that this is a communistic movement with outside leadership in the main and that the substantial Chinese are as badly hit as we are. Their money and their homes are being taken. The merchants got together in Hankow and said that if the oppressive measures did not cease they would close all their shops.

You remember that I wrote you about how a payment of $8,000 had been levied on the family of my boy. He has been distracted for the last couple of weeks. First the soldiers took all the available money that his family had. Then they insisted that they pay them several thousand more. When they could not do this the soldiers drove them from their home and my boy did not know where they had gone. Friends got word to him about it, and this upset him terribly. To-day he at last heard the details. After they were turned out, the family walked for some five days trying to get away from the soldiers. They had nothing but the clothes on their backs. This is a self-respecting middle-class family with a small farm. The father and one son were teachers.

The Chinese students and students returned from abroad are visionary, if not violently radical. Someone introduced a returned student to me. He was a Harvard graduate and had also stayed for some time in England—talked with a broad English accent, which he forgot when he became excited. He came to call on us and talked in a visionary way about the Canton movement. Of course he was all for it and the abolition of treaties and extraterritoriality. When pinned down it was apparent that he knew nothing of the economic conditions of his own country, its crops, its law courts, its prisons. Someone told me he did not know the literature of his own country, but raved over Tennyson and Browning. He was in the half-baked stage where he ate all things Western, admired the English inordinately, and yet is one of the pack who are crying them down in the present disturbances.

You could put it down to a phase merely, except that, according to him, men of importance in Chinese affairs consulted him. A certain American magazine had asked him for an article. He was conceited and a poseur, but it is men like him who are the movement and who are being manipulated by the outside leaders. People at home cannot see that the good solid middle class are as sick of the whole thing as we are.

Much love,

Alice

January 22, 1927

Dear Mariannski:

Business in Hankow is at a standstill. Eugene Chen is very indignant about it, telling the people to come back and open their places of business. China New Year is coming on, and he is finding that British business had a great deal to do with China's prosperity. But of course the British are not going to reopen with things as they are; they can't afford to. They would be taxed out of existence almost immediately.

People from Szechuen and Hunan are being withdrawn as rapidly as possible. All the British women and children left Changsha, but only after considerable difficulty, for all the boat crews struck and the refugees had to come down under naval escort with no Chinese pilot. That is risky business on the Yangtse.

All is quiet here and we are beyond the fighting line, but so much propaganda is going on that we never can tell when the common people will break out and start to kill the white man. The old tales of Boxer days are being told again to the effect that we kill the babies of the Chinese. Some European priests in Swatow had to flee for their lives because such stories were told to the people by students. To add effect to the story, dead babies dressed in a semi-foreign way were left near the foreign houses.

The saner Nationalist group has been swamped by the radical wave. We live in a constant state of suspense, buying nothing we don't need—except books. We buy heaps of them to keep us sane. To-day the question arose of buying extra coal. I advocated not buying it because of the likelihood of having to go off and leave it. Earle thought we should stock up in case we should get cut off. There you have it.

Lovingly,

Alice

January 28, 1927

Dear Brother:

Things pile up in seriousness from day to day. It's a queer feeling to be partaking of the growing pains of history. I wonder what future generations will think of what is going on over here to-day, whether this ghastly destruction in China and in Russia can possibly evolve into anything stable or whether it in turn will have to be destroyed. All the ne'er-do-wells, idlers, ruffians, and malcontents with power to take what they want by force, the Chinese middle class going down like ninepins before the assault, their houses and their money taken from them—that is the Nationalist government.

This afternoon J. K. [the consul] had news that 70 Americans fleeing from Changsha had arrived safely, coming by junk towed by launch. We went down to see these refugees. It was a sight—158 persons crowded on a boat which usually takes 30. And such tales! You feel as if you were living in a madhouse. No one who is weak physically or mentally can stand up under it. The manager of our company is being sent home this week very ill; one of the company wives has lost her mind. Worry and overwork are taking their toll.

The refugees from Changsha were all doctors and teachers. They were cheerful, but cheerful in the way people are in the face of a terrible catastrophe. There is something shattering about it all—their life work destroyed. They say their hospitals and schools are finished. In many cases Chinese have confiscated their property, treated them like mud under their feet. The riff-raff of the city rules.

We had two earthquakes yesterday. I think there is no more news.

Lots of love,

Sis

February 1, 1927

Dearest Mariannski:

China New Year is upon us. I hope nothing untoward happens. Shanghai is a succession of strikes, internal disturbance, and general turmoil, with troops arriving daily for its protection. Things surely are a mess out here. Mrs.

D—— came down river yesterday from Changsha and all the Yale-in-China people two days before. All tell the same tale: Hunan is anarchy, with the coolies and riff-raff ruling. Murder, looting, and all kinds of violence possess Changsha. Yale-in-China is closed and the property confiscated. All the staff are going home. Curiously enough, it is the missionaries who are catching it worst. The Chinese want to keep American business for the revenue it yields.

Our plans for escape are all made, and we have our suitcases partially packed in case we have to get away hastily. Don't worry about us more than you can help. It's an anxious time, of course, but I think our actual lives are not in danger.

I wish America would be a little more sympathetic to her children abroad. China got 141 millions out of exports to America alone during the last eleven months. Chinese business men say that the breaking up of foreign business would mean the collapse of Chinese trade. And yet America talks as if we were a lot of cut-throats out here merely exploiting China.

Much love,

Alice

February 29, 1927

Dearest Ray:

I can't tell you how terrible things are getting. People in America persist in thinking that this is just an anti-foreign outbreak. It is the collapse of society. Everything that good people love—whether foreign or Chinese—homes, property, marriage, morals, safety, all are going down in a welter of hate and destruction. The dregs of society are on top ruling and destroying everything by which men live decent lives.

We are as yet beyond the fighting line, but the boy was in a little while ago to say there would be no mail to-night—postoffice employees in Shanghai on strike. We jumped into the car and went over to see J. K., only to find that this and worse is true, namely, a general strike in Shanghai to celebrate the taking of Hangchow. Each new city taken makes them bolder in their crimes.

You probably wonder why we don't get out, why the companies do not quit. It's a strange situation, hard to explain. But if we go, it means the collapse of everything. It seems to be our job to hold the thing, so we hold it. It's probably futile, but you feel that you are standing by civilization as long as you can.

The magazines we get from America talk as if the Nationalists were actuated only by a high patriotism. There are some who were, but in the main they are the dupes of the Red Russians. Borodin is in complete power in Hankow, and these Russians hate the British bitterly. We are convinced that they hate the Americans even more but feel that the time has not yet come to come out fully against America.

I have just returned from Shanghai. The atmosphere there was even more depressing than in Nanking. The British appear a broken people, watching England, their empire, falling upon evil days. You feel the weight of numbers of these depressed people. The head of the British oil company has died; our own general manager had a stroke. On all sides there are nervous breakdowns of those in responsible positions. And the end is not yet.

I used to wonder how anyone would behave if he had only a month to live. Now I know. He'd go about doing all the dear, nice, every-day things of life, clinging to them as ballast or as something to keep him sane and courageous. Thus do we. Every day I work over my garden. I have a lovely winding walk down the hill with poppies and tulips, hyacinths and jonquils, wallflowers and snapdragons, planted in borders. Among them is an occasional cherry tree. In another six weeks the garden will be a blaze of color.

Alice

March 10, 1927

Dear Mariannski:

Well, to-morrow will be your birthday and I hope that it will be a happy one. Also, that the package which I sent you will arrive in the course of time. Things here have been moving very fast. Wuhu has fallen, and you know what that means to us, as it is the last city above us on the Yangtse. Soochow is in danger of falling at any time, and if that happens the railway between us and Shanghai will be cut.

As for Nanking, Sun Chuan-fang has moved out and Chang Chung-Chang is moving in. I have never seen so many troops in my life as have passed through the city to the fighting line in the past few days. Half the time the streets are a mass of gray-clad men and reckless, speeding military motor cars. The Chinese people are scared to death, for these soldiers are ex-bandits and they treat the common people badly. They commandeer them as carrying coolies, go into their houses and take their things, and rape the young women. On the other hand, if the Kuomintang comes, the lowest classes will be better treated, but the middle classes and gentry will be robbed of everything they possess. Truly we are ground between the upper and nether millstone.

We have several distinct fears. First, as to the coming of the Reds, that would be bad indeed for us foreigners. All the Europeans and Americans had to be evacuated hastily on the gunboats from Wuhu. Second, the looting of Chang Chung-Chang's men if they lose and retreat. We judge that they would do it thoroughly and artistically, by the look of them. Third, is our fear of a siege of the city. It is a highly strategic point and probably will be fought over. It is a good walled city for a siege.

I have been too busy and too tired to write during the last few days, as I have been packing up our most cherished possessions. Earle got them off this morning. We still have a lot here to lose in case of looting, as we both felt it very essential to keep the house attractive and homelike in the midst of such suspense and strain. I sent only the Chinese things that could not well be replaced. All our books are here, as the room would be so bare without them.

Your loving sister,

Alice

March 12, 1927

Dearest Ray:

The spring offensive has begun. Wuhu, the last city above us, is taken. Thus we have become the next objective. Our local general has been defeated and another has taken his place. Troops have been rushed across the river here at Nanking and out to the front.

All this week troops have been passing through, roughly 100,000. As many of them are ex-bandits and look and act the part, you can imagine the panic in the city. The main streets have been simply gray with soldiers. The shops are mostly closed and the people terrified, for these gray-clad laddies, who incidentally have not been paid for several months, pass out worthless notes and demand silver in exchange. They plunder the fields at night and take for their use any young woman who is so rash as to show herself.

We ourselves fear the very thorough looting which this body of troops will undoubtedly do on their way back if they are defeated. One morning Earle called me up from the office and said he thought the time had come to pack up our most precious possessions, as he had just heard that the foreigners at places up river have had to flee to the gunboats. I said, "Aye, aye, sir," and fell to. Of course that, plus the panic in the city, got the servants very much wrought up, and all their wives and my amah wanted to bolt. I finally decided that that would make my responsibilities so much less and told them to go ahead.

An outsider might think me demented, lugging books across the room to fill the shelves of an old book case brought down to take the place left bare by the

departure of my Chinese chest—all this effort to fix up, when it was quite likely that the whole thing would be sacked some day in the very near future. But I am far more sane than I might appear to be. The look of peace and comfort is very essential just now, and I feel quite homey and satisfied to-day.

It has rained hard all of yesterday and to-day, washing the streets clear of troops. The boxes are off to Shanghai, the living room is a cheap edition of what it was a week ago, and pots of hyacinths are in blossom on all the tables. Earle and I have had tea and are sitting by the fire. I feel almost as cosy as you do in Washington. It's surprising how you can kid yourself along. Even the servants are back. They found the boats were all being fired on, so that way of escape did not look too good. It was a case of "no way out," so they compromised by sending a few possessions to Shanghai.

(Later) I've been waiting to finish this until the mail from home got in, hoping for something to answer. But the Reds amid the ranks of the Northerners managed to sneak in and derail the train the other night and they haven't been able to get a train through since. So we have not even a paper to break the monotony. It has continued to rain and I have found it hard to keep up the illusion that all is well.

To-day I've been interrupted twice at my writing. Once it was the gunboat people coming up to arrange for a signal station on our roof. This afternoon it was the tapestry man. I am buying you some things while I can still send them out.

Sign off, much love to all of you,

Betsy

Shanghai
March 31, 1927

Dear Family:

This is the first time that I have felt able to write of the terrible things which happened a week ago to-day. I want you to know about Earle. Many were brave that day and contributed to our final escape but the two men directly responsible for the saving of everyone in that city are J. K. Davis and Earle. Their coolness, good sense, courage, and intelligence saved our lives. Earle never once lost his nerve or his wits. There was a tempo about his bravery that beat anything I saw that day. I am very proud of him.

These are the facts. The army of the Nationalist party took over the city of Nanking at six o'clock last Thursday morning. The move was quite unexpected, although since Monday afternoon we had been hearing big guns and fearing that there would be a siege of the city. Preparations for evacuation had been made: Consul Davis had collected all the missionary women and children who lived at the far side of the city away from the river. They were to go out on the gunboats. We were expecting a company boat from Shanghai, and I had asked Mrs. Davis to go on it with me. Earle was to move his office on to it also.

Wednesday afternoon troops were being moved up to the front. Earle had gone into the business part of the city to get some money for J. K., and I had finished the packing of our suitcase preparatory to going on the boat at four. When Earle came home he reported that our boat was not yet in but that things were looking so serious that he was going to take me down and put me on the gunboat. "As soon as Sims gets back with the car," he said. "Ten minutes."

I put on my hat and came downstairs. Just then one of the signal-men came down from the roof and reported "retreating troops to the south, sir." Then the boy came in saying the gates of the city had been closed. We went out on the veranda and, as far as we could see outside the city wall, there was a mass of hurrying gray-clad men—in retreat. It was too late to get away, so we went back into the house and had tea.

All night guns were being fired in the suburbs of the city outside of the wall. We slept with our clothes on, and the

signal-man guarded the house. But there was really little looting. At six o'clock Thursday morning the Nationalists entered the city. Within an hour bands of soldiers began visiting the foreign houses. Our house was the signal station for the gunboats, for the two consuls were situated on low ground back a little distance in the city. We were a clearing house for messages, and the handful of sailors stationed with us were for signaling purposes only. We had been told over and over that the American Government would not act to protect property, but only in case of a life and death issue. The Nationalists had been making many fair promises, so we did not think that it would come to a matter of personal safety for Americans.

However, as I said, within an hour after entering the city the soldiers began entering foreign houses under the command of their officers who whistled them to the attack and whistled them off. Our sailors were at their signal station on the roof and Earle at the telephone. About 6:30 J. K. Davis telephoned that, now that organized troops had entered the city—not retreating uncontrolled troops as in the night—we had better put away our arms. Consequently all our people were disarmed, as we wanted to give no provocation to the charge the Nationalists make that foreigners always start the trouble. The poor sailors from the gunboat did not relish this at all. They said they were soldiers and there to defend us. However, they were very decent and told Earle that he was the doctor.

About seven hurried calls began coming in over the 'phone. Mr. Davis called. "News received from Nanking University that Doctor Williams has been killed." We thought that he was probably out on the street and struck by a chance bullet. Later we knew that he had been deliberately murdered after being robbed.

Another call. "Soldiers have entered the British consulate. Shot Mr. Giles. He is dead." Each time we got a message over the 'phone a signal-man came down, got the message, and sent it to the gunboat two miles away on the river. Each party who called told Mr. Davis they would communicate again, but never did. They got cut off from their telephones.

Again Mr. Davis at the 'phone. "The soldiers have left the British consulate and are reported to be on their way here. My Chinese policeman says that if we do not flee we shall be murdered. We are going to try to make our way across country to your house." Again the signal-man took the message and wigwagged the gunboat.

Until the message telling of Doctor Williams's death I had been upstairs writing to you to keep my nerves steady. I am downstairs now listening to everything. My servants—boy, cook, and gardener—were standing by most bravely —and did all day.

Now British and American men began running into our house from all sides. They brought terrifying tales of how they had just escaped with their lives. One reported that the party at the British consulate had fled in all directions; later one of the servants brought word that they were hidden in the gate house. These men who had just run in said we must get away over the wall; it was our only chance. Earle was still at the 'phone; turning he said to them, "Get my wife over. I cannot leave until the consular party gets here."

We rushed down the bluff toward the wall. I heard Earle call from the veranda, "Put a man over and test the rope before you lower Mrs. Hobart." The wall was sixty feet high. We reached it and three men went over. Then a friend of ours who was with me cried, "Don't go, Alice. Look, there are thousands of retreating troops down there, they will kill you sure." That and the fact that Earle was in a tight corner and could not leave decided me. I went back to the house, running and crouching low to avoid the snipers. It is good I did not go over the wall; I should never have

made my escape. Even as I left, two Nationalist soldiers came up and took the rope away from our men.

I got back to the house and found pandemonium. Earle was trying to quiet the frightened people that came in. He told the men not to use their firearms, as one shot would not help us, but would inevitably infuriate the Chinese. The boy rushed up to me and put a little American flag in my hand. In another moment he was back to say that soldiers were coming up the hill through the garden, firing. Earle took command and said, "It is useless to shoot. If you will all go upstairs and not shoot I will go out and meet these soldiers and try to talk them out of killing us. They say they are Hunanese, and I can speak their dialect. Now all of you go upstairs."

We followed his instructions, I saying to myself, "In five minutes I shall be a widow." I asked Mr. Green to tell me what happened and then went and sat on the bathroom floor. Earle had told me to go to the back of the house as it was in least danger from bullets. I felt that if the soldiers did not shoot him at once, someone in our party might in a panic discharge a revolver and then the soldiers would certainly shoot Earle.

As someone said yesterday, there aren't any braver things than Earle did then. He took a bowl of tea in his hands as a Chinese symbol of friendliness and walked out of the front door of our house, straight into the firing. I could hear his voice, steady and strong, and eloquent, talking on and on. I never heard him talk Chinese like that before. After a time Mr. Green opened the bathroom door and said, "Guess it's all right, Mrs. Hobart, they're smiling. . . . They are drinking the tea. . . . They are going away." Earle had actually talked them out of killing us.

Someone brought little Shannon [daughter of Consul Davis] to me saying, "Get her a drink." She was gasping for breath and wet with perspiration, as they had had to run over the hills, under fire all the time. A minute later someone brought little Spencer Davis into the room. Neither of the children was crying, and both of them thanked me when I gave them water. Then I heard Earle's voice calling me to come and find the brandy; one of the women was in complete collapse from the exertion and fright. We did not know but that she would die right there. The men carried her upstairs to a little sitting room I had made on the north side of the house when the marines had first been quartered with us. There we women stayed all day, keeping out of sight so that the soldiers would not know that there were women in the house. The sick woman was on the couch, the children and I on the floor. I kept going back and forth, called upon for various things such as bandages for the wounded soldier who was brought to the house by two coolies. At noon when I went down there was a lull. No soldiers were sniping, and so I directed my servants in the work of getting all of us something to eat. The women and children must have food and there must be coffee for the men. We opened tinned things and I fed forty-eight people. Six missionaries sat praying in the dining room while the rest of us hustled out plates and forks.

All this time Earle and Mr. Davis were trying over the 'phone to get in touch with some responsible Nationalist official, but could not succeed. Successive bands of soldiers visited the house, but the two men persuaded each band to leave. About one o'clock things got more serious. The soldiers were uglier. Just as I went upstairs for the last time I heard the signal-man say to J. K., "The gunboat says they'll send over a barrage." And J. K. answered, "Tell them, for God's sake, not to. We'll sacrifice every woman and child back in the city if we do. And the British Consulate too. We think we are getting in touch with the officials."

I did not go back downstairs, and they sent word up for everyone to keep quiet so that the soldiers would think there

was no one else in the house. These soldiers robbed Earle and Mr. Davis of their watches, rings, even their eyeglasses. When Earle's wrist watch would not come off easily they actually threatened to cut off his hand. He kept on jollying them, saying, "Look here, I'm not holding out on you. You can have it, just give me time to get it off."

The minutes dragged on. We told the children that they must talk only in whispers, so they could not be heard, as the soldiers were just beneath us in the hall. At last a missionary, Mr. McGee, and the Vice-Consul telephoned from outside the city wall that they had got hold of some officials but only quite minor ones and that they were coming up. The gate was open now, and we watched them proceed slowly up the ridge, with the Nationalist banners. The men downstairs were still standing the soldiers off. Then the official party dropped out of sight where the ground dipped just below our gate—but at last they were here. Mr. Sims, who was looking after us, said, "Now it's all right."

But such a racket downstairs! It did not sound all right. And it was not. The soldiers robbed the petty officials, and they fled. The mob evidently had their orders from men higher up. Things moved with rapidity during the next hour. The soldiers demanded money. Upstairs we got together all we could. Earle and J. K. gave it out little by little to the soldiers, stalling for time. We upstairs knew that it was about the end; still we did not dare to ask for help from the gunboats for fear America would say the gunboats fired without provocation. All the time we women were haunted by the fear that they might mutilate the children or torture all of us. I was, and I know Mary Davis was, because she spoke about the string of Japanese pearls around my neck and told me to take them off. I threw them in the corner. Then she spoke about my rings.

Alice

April 3, 1927

Dearest Family:

Well to go on, Earle and J. K. dealt out the money little by little, playing for time. We had been given to understand that America would not stand for firing or asking for help except under the gravest provocation. Well, when they had got our money they said, "Now we are going to kill you." J. K. had told them we were Americans and he the American consul. Sometime during the performance they had told him they did not care whether we were British, American, Japanese; they were going to kill all the foreigners.

They had now surrounded the house and were sniping at us from every corner and they were forcing the front door open—broke it in, in fact. Their guns were levelled at J. K. and Earle and the Vice-Consul. For three-fourths of an hour these men flirted with death. Then as the soldiers hove in the door (J. K. had gone upstairs to get more money if possible) Earle called, "Break out your arms." The sailors, who had been almost crying because they were not allowed to shoot, grabbed their guns from the closet and rushed down the stairs. When the Red soldiers saw them they got the surprise of their lives, as they thought there were no firearms in the house, and they fled from the door without shooting Earle, but began shooting from a little distance.

When I heard Earle call, "Break out your arms" I knew we were up against it, for I had heard the men earlier in the day say we could not hold out long against them with only a handful of sailors if we had to fire.

At this point someone ran along the hall calling, "Women in the bathroom." That was our last stand, for Earle had told me if they began shooting, the Chinese always shot up and would be apt to shoot through the floors. The bathroom had a cement floor.

Crawling on our hands and knees with the children to avoid bullets from the windows, we got into the bathroom and

crouched on the floor. The sailors were now trying to signal the gunboats but they could not seem to get in touch. Of course every moment seemed an eternity. J. K. came along the hall saying, "This is the end. We can do no more, they are going to kill us." Just then Earle came running along the hall on the way to help the signal-man. He looked in and actually smiled at me after all that ordeal downstairs and said, "Hello there." I did not feel anything except that I hoped somebody would shoot me before the soldiers attempted to mutilate us and the children, and yet the thought crossed my mind, "I don't want to ask for it while there's a chance of getting out." I did not feel fear at dying, only regret at not getting the rest of my life to live. I was perfectly calm and so was Mrs. Davis. I heard her in a low voice say to Shannon, "Shannon, pray God to save you," and Shannon say in a muffled voice, for she had her head on the floor, "I have prayed, mother," and Mrs. Davis say, "Pray some more."

All around us men were saying "Why don't they see us?" (Meaning the American gunboat.) Then a sailor, a signal-man, stood up on the veranda with the soldiers firing at him and signaled with flags—a marvelous bit of bravery. Earle was out shooting rockets but he was protected a little by the cement rail as he was squatting down. They were firing from all directions now at our house, and we were afraid they'd get in the house next door and fire across.

The next I knew a shell burst at what seemed almost our feet, and such a cry as went up. Then someone called, "To the back of the house!" Still crawling to avoid the snipers, we hurried to the back of the house. By this time the shells were coming over as regularly as clockwork. I shall never forget that sound. It was as if a curtain of sound had been let down around us: like a great superhuman being protecting us. They placed the shells in a triangle around the house.

I got separated from Mary and the children in the rush to the back of the house and found myself in the back bedroom crawling toward a solid wall for safety. The floor was strewn with bandoliers and cartridges and guns; the men were searching out their firearms. I saw Earle intent on getting a rifle and loading it. Everyone according to his faith was thanking God, some praising him, some cursing. The sailors with their bayonets were smashing the back windows, frames and all, and shooting the snipers below us. They were almost crying with joy and swearing like troopers.

I was against the wall when someone shouted, "Get away from the chimney, Mrs. Hobart, the shells may shake it down." I crawled back into the hall, and there were Mary and two men holding the children in a little closet at the head of the stairs. I got in it with them. The shells were coming over, one after the other. Someone cried, "Watch the stairs for snipers." Then someone, "We'll have to make a dash for it." Someone else, "No, not yet. Too many snipers." Such pandemonium. The rifles going off and the shells falling in the valley at the back of the house.

Then came a real command, "We must start. Sailors first to clear the way, then the women and children." Down the stairs we went, straggling across the living room and out the side door. I shall never forget the picture of my house. Two or three things stand out of all the desolation of broken windows, beds torn to pieces to get the bedding for the ropes to get over the wall. One of my teacups given to me when I was married was standing on a table. Yellow jonquils still stood up fresh and bright in a black jar. Out of the house, down the steps, through the barb-wire fence, down the bluff we all ran to the great city wall. The men were already knotting the sheets and testing them. A man was lowered to test them. Then they took me. They knotted the blan-

ket around me. That was about the worst moment of the day, I think. I asked, "Won't it cut me in two?" (The men slid down hand over hand.) I had a horror of what that rope would do to my back.* The men answered, "We can't say, Mrs. Hobart." I suddenly thought then of the vow I'd made to myself—not to slow things down one bit because I was a woman; so I said, "All right" and sat down on the parapet and swung my feet over and slid off into space—sixty feet below was the level ground around the moat. Half way down I heard them call, "Hold on there," and I looked up to see a great brick out of the parapet about two feet long and one thick, loosened and about to topple down on me. It would have killed me, but they got hold of that and began lowering again. I helped untie the knot and up went the sheet rope. Poor little Spencer thought they were going to throw him over and wept bitterly. The children and I and then Mary hid behind a grave and got away from any snipers. The sailors and other men with guns were at different points on top of the wall watching for snipers.

Well, at last we were all down except a few sailors and Earle and J. K. They told us to go on, but Earle and J. K. had taken the brunt of everything all day and I rebelled and said I wouldn't till the two men came down. We called to the men. Earle was so busy watching for another sniper that we had to call twice. Then he came running along, threw his hat over. As it came hurtling through the air it was like a triumphant shout to me. J. K. and Earle were half way down when I turned and started on, as I knew they could run faster than I. Something made me look back just as they picked Earle up. He was so limp I thought he had been shot. I ran back and he called out, "It's only my ankle—it's broken." They tried to carry him on rifles, but they could not hurry. We did not realize that the barrage had scared off every soldier. Mr. Sims, now way in the front with Shannon, called back, "Hurry up, what do you think this is, an afternoon tea party?" Then he saw Earle had been hurt. He is a great big man and he ran back then and took Earle on his back and carried him along the causeway across the moat. That exhausted him so they had to put Earle on the rifles again. All the way we were hurrying for fear they would begin shooting. Earle actually hopped along on one foot a little way.

The landing party coming to our rescue went a different way and never met us. All the time we were worried for fear someone might get shot and we should have more to carry. Well, at last we got across the two-mile stretch of rice marshes, moat, and little villages to the river, and there was a boat to take us to the gunboat.

We found out afterwards that half an hour after the barrage began there was a responsible National delegation on the gunboat begging for mercy. An hour after the barrage began the whole city was placarded with posters telling everyone to be good to the foreigners. And yet a couple of hours before, when we had been begging for our lives, only very minor officials could be found.

The gunboat captains and J. K. told these officials that if every foreigner in the city was not accounted for by ten the next morning they would shell the whole city. Our boat left that night, so I did not see the others come out of the city, but the next morning all the foreigners, the dead and the living, arrived at the gunboats. They said it was only our barrage that saved them. Missionary women had been violated, others stripped of their clothes and subjected to humiliations and indignities. Women in the hospitals with newborn babies were stripped of bed- and night-clothes. Doctor Williams had been shot and a Miss Moffat shot. Some carpenters hid her underneath mats when she ran into their shop and took her to a hospital after the barrage began. They would all have been killed eventually had not

* Mrs. Hobart's spine had once been injured.

the soldiers got frightened by that barrage, or rather, their officers been frightened. Since then they have killed many who helped the foreigners that day, among them the carpenter who hid Miss Moffat. All of our houses have been looted. Several of the missionary houses were burned on that day. Our house they looted the next day, taking away or destroying everything. My servants got this word to the gunboat.

My servants were wonderful all day risking their lives for us. They are all together in a little house somewhere in Nanking, with our dog which they saved, and our silver and two suitcases, which they mean to get to us sometime if they can. Everyone is being watched and if they are seen with any foreign things the things are destroyed. I am trying to get money to my servants to help them.

Practically everything we owned we have lost. I sent a few boxes to Shanghai a few weeks ago with our Chinese things in them. And we may get these suitcases. But at best we are pretty nearly cleaned out.

Everyone here lives in a state of suspense. There is barb-wire all around the settlement and hordes of soldiers, but, even so, nearly every night the mobs and the Nationalist soldiers at some point try to break into the settlement. What is so terrible is that Red Russia is behind this and their slogan is a world revolution. I am not so certain but they will bring it to pass, too. America's Soviet press, the newspaper men tell us, is working overtime to neutralize the Nanking affair, and England is afraid of her Labor party. Here nearly two weeks after the outrages at Nanking nothing has been done. Russia grows bolder daily. They were all properly scared after the barrage and the Chinese said, "We shall be punished for this," but as time goes on they are getting over their fear that we shall do anything.

Well, Bolshevism is a terrible thing. I hope America won't go down into the welter of blood which comes with it, but having watched its insidious workings in China, and having heard the same story from hundreds of White Russians in China, it does not look impossible. World revolution is the fanatical cry of Russia and China. Who can say?

Great love to you all,

Alice

WHEN FIRST THE POETS SUNG

BY OSBERT SITWELL

WHEN men were children, and each race was young,
The praise of many a hero, bravely sung,
Resounded through each honeycombed rock
In beelike droning, smote with sudden shock
The mountain top, where in green-tufted tent
By sweetness drowsed, the shepherd breathes the scent
Of poignant herbs, outpressed by scrabbling goat
That quavers to him in a voice remote
As laughter of old men. He stirs not. Past
Him floats the song to brush the golden mast

Of full-rigg'd fruit trees, where they breast the foam
From fallen petals at their foot, to roam
Through echoing pastures, to invade the woods
Which now reveal, beneath receding floods
Of brutish blackness, goddess-trodden dells
And alleys, whence Apollo shade dispels
With level eye. All animal and furred
That darkness was, which banished by the word
Yet lurks within our blood—ape-haunted land
Where ev'ry Stone Age God can still command
With grunting utterance. . . .
This chant of love,
This man-made music of the myrtle grove,
Was new then. In its cadence brooded Spring,
The sad months of miraculous blossoming.
Wherever shrilling water met green shade,
Within that laughing, leafy palisade—
As nightingales, that with a diamond tongue
Cut glassy darkness—first the poets sung.
No sooner in these havens had they trod
Before by song they made a Demigod:
All forms of music shared the sacred throne
And Priest and Poet could be seen for one.

Heroic figures are now obsolete,
So demigod and devil find retreat
In minds of children—as rare beasts and men,
Extinct, may linger on in hill or fen
Made safe by distance—where each form assumes
Gigantic stature and intention, looms
From wind-moved, twilight-woven histories:
For them each flower teems with mysteries.
Thus, poems, no less than mythology
Are imaged through an inner, innocent eye
Preserved from childhood, of a vision clearer,
More true than truth, that brings each object nearer
And draws a strange strength from the hidden God—
For poetry's the wisdom of the blood,
That scarlet tree within, which has the power
To make dull words bud forth and break in flower.

"NOTHING SHOCKS ME"

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

EVERY now and then, a man—or, more often, a woman—seems to sum up and, as it were, crystallize a period in so salient and challenging a way that one can, for the first time, recognize its general nature and significance. That, anyhow, was my impression when, this winter, I met Hester Johnson again in New York.

I had not seen Hester for fifteen years, and at first I did not recognize her. In her abbreviated and attenuated skirts, with a shingled head of glossy and perfectly waved fairness, she was exactly like hundreds of other modern young females, and, like them, a being whose age could not be guessed. Women seem, in shearing their hair and uncovering their legs, to have discovered a passport to universal youth. Perhaps that is why the older generation objects and emits vague mutterings about men looking at pink stockings. Certainly the space between knee and ankle bears little or no trace of "time's effacing fingers"; it would defy the most skilful expert to guess the age of the limbs presented to his observation everywhere. Hester showed a great deal of stocking; she looked younger than I had remembered her; she looked, above all, just like everyone else. Certain tricks of speech and manner that belonged to the old Hester only made more striking the change that had passed over her in the years, and assimilated her completely to the 1927 type.

I met her at a dinner party, a company of both sexes and various ages, though it would not have been easy to assign the right decade to any of the women. Two of the men were not so young. Conversation was free, lively, and intimate.

"I heard a story the other day that amused me," said Hester. She glanced at the older of the two men as she spoke smilingly.

"Yes?" he said, observing her eye. "What is it? You're not afraid I might be shocked?"

They all laughed.

"I assure you I know better," he continued. "My wife and daughters have cured me of that."

Hester, thus encouraged, proceeded with a narrative whose central incident was of what used to be called a very French type: it culminated in an expletive once confined to the stables.

Everyone laughed.

"Oh, that's nothing," said another woman. She proceeded to broaden the treatment. Hester capped her *conte drôlatique* with another, and the conversation moved, easily and freely, along what used to be called smoking-room lines. Needless to particularize the incidents or name the familiar key words that give to such conversation its characteristically modern note. There is a museum in Berlin which always comes in for mention. Everyone knows these conversations.

In this milieu Hester Johnson was evidently entirely at home. I looked at her and marveled at the achievement of the whirligig of time. When I knew her formerly she was, as she is now, exceedingly pretty. She has lost none of her fair-haired bloom: retains, unimpaired, the dewy look about the eyes, together with a trick of drooping them so that her

long lashes make a fringe on her cheek, and then lifting them suddenly with an effect of innocent startling unconscious blueness that is even more surprisingly effective now than it was then. Fifteen years ago it was really innocent and unconscious, that upward glance of Hester's. She was the shyest, most reticent, most completely inhibited young thing. Daughter of a Lutheran pastor somewhere in Wisconsin, she had the air of one just interrupted in reading her prayer book who finds the world presented to her both troubling and strange. She knew little or nothing. She was afraid of nearly everything. Her speech was a constant avoidance of words that might not be mentioned: her actions were conditioned by countless things that might not be done. One picked one's expressions in talking to her and one's friends in introducing them to her, for fear that she might be shocked. She was easily shocked. I took her to concerts, since nearly every play I thought of had, when inspected through her candid eyes, some incident that would not do. Concerts seemed safe: she knew little of music.

Hester had a story. It was, in fact, that story which had caused her dreamy ingénu of a father to rouse himself to bring her to Europe, in order that she might forget it. Of course she said she never would forget. At the time she believed that, fully. It was a simple enough story. A few weeks before the date fixed for her wedding, her fiancé had come to her and told her that he had received a call, couched in piteous language, to the deathbed of "another woman." Hester's delicacy would not allow her any more precision of description than that.

"Of course I told him he must go."

I looked at her as she said this and recognized the self-sacrificial Puritan conscience, sure that what is disagreeable must be right.

"Yes?" I said feebly.

She looked at me as though surprised that I had any question to ask. "Of course, that was the end of it—for me."

After a few minutes I plucked up enough courage to ask her whether she thought he cared for the "other woman."

"Oh, *no!* It was not that kind of thing." It was evidently the kind of thing to which no nice girl could refer; and no nice young man either. Hester could not look at it: it turned her to stone. Her emotion was precisely that given by the dictionary as descriptive of shock—recoil as with painful astonishment. She recoiled. She hid her eyes. She suffered—as perhaps no girl of her age can suffer to-day.

How long this suffering lasted I do not know. Certainly it was round her like a veil all the time she was in London; and something in its obstinate intensity, its impenetrable texture made the girl interesting. She was still enfolded in it, dignified by it, when her father, deciding that Europe could do nothing for her, took her back to America.

How long it lasted after that I do not know. There are no marks of it on the unlined, unshadowed face Hester shows to-day. She has to-day a hard bright finish that seems more than skin deep. But who can penetrate behind the modern complexion, from which every trace of emotional ravage is smoothed by skilled fingers in a weekly "facial"?

Before the evening was over she came across to speak to me. She "joined on," as they say, at once.

"I am so glad to see you again," she said. "Amusing how one always is. . . . I've often wanted to see you and tell you I realize now what a darn fool I was about Richard. We're great pals now and have had many a good laugh over my prudishness. . . . Oh, no, I didn't marry him. My first husband was a soldier; Frank is in Wall Street. He suits me much better as a husband than Richard ever would have done, or Billy did. For the meantime, anyhow. . . . Do you know, I was shocked, at the time: really shocked. I can't under-

stand it now. Nothing shocks me now. I almost wish it could." She sighed, then smiled. "It would be a new sensation—and they are so hard to get."

II

Hester's progress from being shocked by everything to being shocked by nothing is the typical progress of the modern maid or man. Immunity to the sensation of "recoil with painful astonishment" is the mark of our civilization, the sign of what we call our freedom. The criterion of an "advanced" community, as of an "advanced" individual, is its degree of incapacity for shock.

Hester is a New Yorker. She might just as well be a citizen of Chicago, Berlin, Paris, London, or Vienna. A sort of value is given to her freedom and her advancement by her knowledge that regions exist across whose rudimentary and unemancipated consciousnesses shocks still pass; where nerves can still recoil in painful astonishment; where people shudder with a delighted sense of daring when they see or read stories of "what goes on" in capital cities. There is a gap between the center and what in England and France are called "the provinces"—a word for which American States-sensitiveness allows no precise analogue. But that gap is continually contracting. The papers and, above all, the magazines that enjoy a "nation-wide" circulation, which are read on the Pacific Coast and in the West and South as well as in the East, imply shockability on every page. But their preoccupation with implying it, like their constant titillation of their public's nerves, is more suggestive than their modesty or reticence. And when one passes from the fiction which describes what is supposed to be, to the news columns which record what is, one sees how thin is the veil. Facts are the same, at center and circumference. If Judge Ben Lindsey is to be believed, the young people of Denver are little affected by the old commands and prohibitions; and no one imagines that Denver is peculiar. The only real difference between center and provinces is in freedom of reference to what goes on.

It is an important difference. Talk is the key to life. The Revolution we now see going on in "unchanging" China has been preceded by a more fundamental revolution by which the speech of the people has conquered its literature. The use of the vernacular in printed books is the big transforming event there. The same thing has already happened with us. Modern speech has conquered modern literature.

"Let me make a nation's songs," said a sage, "and I care not who makes its laws." Our songs come from the revue and the music-hall, and they give us our dialect. That dialect, in its turn, is the most expressive index of our minds.

Listen with a detached ear to a modern conversation, and you will be struck, first by the restriction of its vocabulary, and second, by the high proportion, in that vocabulary, of words such as, in the older jargon, "no lady could use." Its staples are nouns and adjectives that in the days when Hester Johnson received her "shock" were considered unmentionable in polite society; that were discreetly skipped when they occurred in the classics, and, in the "best" editions, were bowdlerized out of Shakespeare and the Bible. Most of these words belong to a common family: they are words describing the physical facts of life and, above all, the physical facts of the relations of the sexes. A better instance of the completely conversational modern novel than Ernest Hemingway's successful *The Sun Also Rises* need not be asked for; it is the perfect transcription. In it the word "bitch"—for example—occurs with wearisome iteration; acts, indeed, as a sort of refrain. There are other words in it of the same type; and here, as elsewhere, the words used foretell and correctly previsage the action. Another instance of the same tendency may be cited—John Barrymore's text for his performance of "Hamlet." The pas-

sages which he put back for that version are, almost invariably, the passages that used to be cut out on grounds of "modesty." "Hamlet" has to be cut for tolerable modern performance, to allow us time to eat our dinners; but Barrymore chose his cuts on a perfectly modern principle. All the "broad" dialogue came back, and all the franker passages in Hamlet's account to his mother of the precise nature of her relations with her husband. Anyone who looks up these passages will see what are the words I mean; anyone who listens to a "modern" conversation will hear them all, *ad nauseam*, and hear them on the lips of ladies no less freely and frequently than on those of gentlemen.

The same is true of another group of words that does excessively heavy duty to-day—the more or less unmeaning expletives and "swear words" that have no real significance in this unbelieving age. They are all over the place; they act as a sort of obbligato to a modern conversation.

In this so-called emancipation of speech women have been the pioneers. Among the trammels they have cast aside are those which belonged to the silence and reticence of their servitude, and to the ignorance which was its badge. Now, the wheel has come full circle. Once the measure of refinement, of cultivation, of belonging to the right set, socially and intellectually, was the possession of a delicacy that registered the largest variety and greatest number of shocks. The perfect lady was shocked by nearly every fact of life. Hardly any of them might be mentioned in her presence. A vocabulary wholly different from that prevalent among males had to be employed in her company; even among males the upward movement in the social scale was marked by the elimination of direct phraseology and the pruning of expletives from speech, which proliferated in elegant circumlocutions, innuendoes, and veiled allusions. Death was described as "passing," birth as an "interesting condition," and so on. Talk became an ingenious game of hide-and-seek, and was rated as elegant in proportion to the array of barbed-wire entanglements, bushes, and floral screens with which the scene was provided. The trail of this tradition still lies over public speech, leading articles, and provincial conversation.

Emancipation, beginning as a refusal to admit that there are any words that may not be mentioned, has landed us, at present, in a curious imprisonment. The one-time unmentionables have become the staple of conversation. They are never off duty. Listen to any genuinely up-to-date group and you will hear the nouns and the expletives of the farmyard, the ring, the stable, and the trenches, almost to the exclusion of all others.

Fifteen or so years ago Bernard Shaw was at great pains to unearth an authentic unmentionable. In his "Pygmalion" the utterance of the expletive "bloody" —an adjective which, in London, punctuates the talk of the hundred-per-cent proletarian—was intended to be the high note; was designed to administer to the audience a genuine electric shock. Even at the time, with the able assistance of the censor, the effect was only partial, and this although the word has the high merit of performing no function whatsoever and, therefore, of being charged with the highest associative and taboo potency. To-day, of course, the effect is lost. Eliza's natural talk is nearer to the contemporary model than that which Professor Higgins endeavors to teach her, and the results on what was once the big scene are disastrous. There is no shock to be got out of the word. Yet it and others like it linger on as symbols of freedom long after they have ceased really to be anything but badges of a new servitude, a new restriction. We are so busy not being shocked that we do not see the fetters which our preoccupation imposes.

The zest for the utterance of the one-time forbidden word, and its employment as a sign to one's self and others

that one is immune to the sensation of shock, has actually produced a sort of *rigor mortis* which is visibly affecting our language. Its growth, through expressive slang and through a more subtle and delicate adjustment of words to meaning, is being arrested. The vocabulary actually employed by up-to-date persons is extraordinarily limited, and the limitation, as is natural, works back from words to ideas. The physical facts that used to be forbidden now dominate the scene, and the vocabulary refers almost exclusively to them. The medium of conversation being thus contracted, its subject contracts likewise.

Words of precision, whether nouns or adjectives, are pale in comparison with the highly colored phraseology of open reference. Yet color, as every artist knows, is a matter not only of intensity but of value and relation. To use nothing but scarlet is not the means to a brilliant effect any more than is the employment of heavily leaded type all over a newspaper page. The effort to make everything salient defeats itself. So the over-emphasized high note of modern language ends in monotony: the swear word or the stable word bores us. Yet we cannot get back to greater range and freedom of language because the words that would give it imply the existence of a scale of values. To admit any such scale is to admit the possibility of being shocked. That cannot be allowed. To be shocked is out-of-date. To confess a capacity for it is to confess to provincialism. So, if a modern happens on a word that produces in him any faint reflection of that sense he immediately utters it, in as loud a tone as possible, by way of exorcism. Conversation consequently resounds with these words, and for all its blaring noise grows lifeless and dull: has no more music in it than the jazz band it resembles.

III

If we have found the courage to admit that modern conversation, either actual or as reported in the novel, is dull, monotonous, and, in effect, colorless, we may carry that discovery over and apply it as at least a partial answer to the question, "What is wrong with the Stage?" The question, to be sure, is dreadfully jejune; there is a modicum of correction to be found in the old story about *Punch*. "*Punch*," says someone, "is not as good as it used to be." "No"—so runs the reply—"it never was." So, no doubt, it is with our theater. The stage of the past looks to us more brilliant than it was; the stage of to-day, poorer than it is. But its dullness to-day is of a special kind; it is dull just in proportion as it struggles to be "lively."

The Censor is perturbed because it attempts, incessantly, to shock its audiences; what he might more reasonably be troubled about is the fact that it cannot possibly do so, for that is the root of the matter. The trouble is not that playwrights, producers, and managers are out for "dirt," but that they are out to shock audiences who, as a matter of fact, are immune to the kind of shock they seek to give them. They cannot be made to recoil with painful astonishment from any fact of life. Cruelty, perversion, obscenity—all these are tried. You can see them in a dozen theaters in any metropolis to-day—and see the audience utterly unmoved. Dramatists thoroughly involved in the effort to do "strong" things get "stronger" and "stronger"; their audience's reaction gets weaker and weaker.

Shock of some sort or another is the dramatic weapon *par excellence*. What situation that can be put before an audience to-day will give it a shock, cause it to sit up and ask itself "Can this be?" The method of "revelation" has been explored and exhausted. The dramatist, like the reformer, finds his armory bare or stocked with blunted weapons. It seems impossible to-day to rouse people by showing them what exists. They know.

So in the theater one finds the plays of even such a master as Ibsen less moving, less effective than they used to be be-

cause repeated violent assault has deadened certain nerves in his hearers. When "Ghosts" was first produced it roused a storm. Venereal disease was not then allowed to be mentioned, and many were innocently ignorant of its effects. To-day the theme has been so overworked that we are actually bored with it. A cynical society not only knows why Oswald Alving suffers; it suspects anyone in a play who is physically weak of personal or hereditary immorality. Syphilis has become a cliché. There is no thrill for us in the revelations in "The Wild Duck" or "The Pillars of Society" of the private life of the respectable citizen. Real life daily provides far more striking exposures. We expect respectable citizens to be whited sepulchres. And so on. Ibsen's imitators who have not bothered to understand his technic or perceive his poetry, fail in proportion as they try to "go one better" than the newspapers. Who is thrilled by Sudermann or Wedekind, Bernstein or Brieux? How inexpressibly tired we are of bedroom scenes, of the introduction of prostitutes at elegant dinner parties, of the discussion of babies months before their physical birth, and of all the variants of the Œdipus complex!

The two really successful playwrights of our period enforce this same point negatively. Chekov's success—notably in London and now in New York—is due, in part, to his refusal to make any effort to rouse or shock his audience, and his complete abandonment of situation; Shaw's to his early recognition of its futility. His surprises are intellectual, not emotional.

In fiction, in the same way and for the same reasons, the cult of violence has recoiled upon itself. Cruelty and perversion have been over-exploited. In the upshot the novelist is being beaten off the field by the criminologist and the psychiatrist. Freud and the Newgate Calendar are our best sellers. Nor is there anything surprising in this. It is merely the fuller exemplification of the truth expressed to me the other day in a remark by a young creature who said, almost plaintively, "You know, there's much less in all this 'unnatural vice' business than I thought." There is, if we think in terms of modern shock treatment.

But it has escaped the notice, apparently, of our playwrights and novelists, who are, of course, of the same psychological make-up and have the same psychological background as their audience, that there is another kind of shock available to the artist—the æsthetic. You cannot show the up-to-date denizen of our exposed world a fact he does not know, least of all a physical fact; but you might reveal to him a feeling. In order to do this, however, our writers and showmen must release themselves from physical preoccupations and transcend their belief that reality, being exclusively sensual, can be expressed in terms limited to the one-time unmentionables. The desire to shock is its own enemy.

IV

Descriptive realism is to-day the formula of the stage and of the novel. They strive to represent the life of the time, and do so with a success of which their close resemblance to its conversation is the index. It is idle to be shocked by what is. That never was useful reaction. It has become an obviously futile one.

Not so long ago, one used to hear people saying, "Nothing shocks me" with a sort of timid bravado. It was, and they knew it, not quite true. They hoped that saying it would make it true. Their hope has worked. It has worked mainly because of the powerful assistance it has received from experience. The theater and the novel show us facts. Facts have overwhelmed us. Our standards, our theories, above all, our values have sunk and broken under their weight.

This sense of overwhelming fact is at the root of modern "license" and—

what is more significant—of the ennui which is its doom. Facts have, literally, proved too much for us.

This has not happened in a minute. The old policy of averting the eye and withdrawing the skirt had begun to break down a generation ago. Hester Johnson, little as she knew it, grew up in a shaking house, underpinned only by negatives. For the old regime no one need feel any regret. Its false confusion between "decency" and concealment has much to answer for in constructive indecency. Young men and women brought up under its shadow found every natural impulse in themselves mysteriously tainted and suspect; they had, or so it seemed to thousands of them, to choose between stultification and rebellion. The motions of breaking out of a strait-jacket inevitably lack elegance; prisoners are not apt to put a high value on discipline; forbidden fruit nearly always looks nicer than it tastes. The stupidity of the old prohibition system brought its doom upon it. The young Scot whose faith collapsed after his first visit to the theater was typical; he lost his belief in Heaven and Hell because he had been taught that the pit was the entrance to the latter, and smelled no brimstone when he entered it. So, in countless instances, the rigid unimaginativeness of the old morality, and its arid remoteness from natural impulse and blank conflict with actualities, caused it to break at the first contact with reality. Before, everything was wrong. After, nothing was.

Hence, the progress of the refusal to be shocked has been rapid. Indeed, beginning as a refusal, it has become an incapacity. The field is now swept bare. The grandchildren of the generation that was shocked by everything are shocked by nothing. The "individual case" has destroyed the codes. "Divorce is wrong," said the moralists. That view collapsed as soon as a concrete instance challenged it. Unknown divorcées—yes, terrible people; one's friend—oh, no. The trumpet broke down the ramparts, and the army swarmed in.

Then came the War. After that awful onset of fact there was nothing left. Certainly nothing to shock us. How could there be? We "supped full with horrors"—gloated over, even glorified them. For four years all the resources of publicity were turned on the revelation of the things in ourselves and in our lives that, before, were not permitted mention. The veils were torn down, the imperfectly repressed and barely controlled instincts of the primitive beast within the civilized man were called forth, commended, even worshipped; a new philosophy arose to assure us that those instincts alone were "real," and a new psychology came to its support with the suggestion that any attempt to control them was dangerous to mental balance. The physical swept the rational completely off the board. Today "direness, familiar to our slaughterous thoughts, cannot once start us." How could it?

The War is, so we say, over. Yet its consequences are in our blood. Cruelty and instability have become part of the air we breathe. The statistics which show one divorce in every eight marriages range themselves with other statistics to form a colorless presentment of facts we all know by contact. Who now, after a brief absence, rings up a household with any confidence that no permutations or re-combinations have taken place, in the interval, among its inmates? Who feels any security in any relation? Who is surprised by anyone's doing anything? The things that used to be the incredible substance of drama, that happened to other people but did not happen to us, now happen to all of us. Hester Johnson is typical, although the outline of her story has an unusual simplicity. Once she was shocked, nay stunned, by the discovery that her Richard was "like other young men." Now she would deride the assumption that any young man existed who was not. Moreover, she claims and exercises

the right to behave in the same way herself. Why not?

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The answer to that question is not easy, nor is it to be found along the line of any attempt to recapture the sensation of being shocked that we have lost. Rather must we look for it in the results of immunity to shock—above all in the one universal result. That is boredom. Tedium is the surprising achievement of our freedom, our knowledge, our advance. It broods over our stage, over our fiction, over our conversation, even our life.

Experience—conceived of as a personal right to touch, taste, and handle everything—that, to-day, is the banner under which the army of the unsatisfied march to defeat. In its name they claim the right to do everything, say everything, know everything. It is the will-o'-the-wisp which carries them on, over swamp and quagmire, through wreckage and disillusionment, perpetually seeking—something which they do not find. They do not find it partly because they are in too much of a hurry to determine what it is that they are hurrying after; partly because they have, in advance, cast aside any and every principle of selection. Any experiment is in their view an experience. They think of it as of something external; they imagine that life is made up of experiences and, hastening from one to the next, with little or no sense of differentiation, deny to any the possibility of teaching them what they say that they want to know. For experience is intensive, not extensive; exists in the mind that conceives rather than in the circumstances that surround it, is a function of the experiencer rather than of the thing experienced. It is a flavor which gluttony misses as surely as does undiscriminating hunger. Abstinence rather than eating creates appetite—in spite of the proverb.

Our reaction to the old morality has, really, been far too simple. Like children, we have assumed that nothing is worth eating but the forbidden fruit; and we eat it, till we are sick of it, and talk about it, as if the world contained nothing else. We have, if we are to be honest about it, merely exchanged one convention for another. Our grandparents could not mention the "facts of life." We can mention nothing else. Our expression is their repression, stood upon its head, that is all.

Sex is not the only fact in life, although it was the one that they decided to say nothing about. Nor is sex limited to its physical expressions, although those were the ones they made taboo. There is more in the world, more in the spirit of man, than "facts" can cover or express. If we are to escape from boredom, we must retrieve some power of resistance to facts, some recognition of forces within ourselves, must recover, in a word, the capacity to select and to choose. We have submitted, helplessly, to things, have denied the existence of mind and its power over matter. Things now stifle us. We gape at them, and cannot so much as organize them in a series. Any and every system of values has been abandoned, because a particular one seemed to play us false. Because we lack the energy to say that anything is wrong, we cannot achieve the vision of anything that is right. Our color spectrum has been shortened, and by ourselves. We have stared at red till blue, green, violet, orange, yellow, elude us. We need to rub our eyes and look again.

SLOW POISON

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

WITHIN a stone's throw of his home Michael Swan slackened his pace, then stopped. He had forgotten about Dagmar's tea party. Dagmar entertaining the faculty wives at tea! It made him smile in spite of his interrupted flight toward her presence. Dagmar, the magnificent, intent on sugaring draughts of pallidness for a company of twittering wrens, adding cream or lemon to taste. The vision was too ridiculous and enchanting! But its drollness was not altogether capable of routing his irritation. Why on this of all days had chance conspired to put a tea party in the way of his homecoming—just at the moment, too, when he was keyed to such supreme elation? He felt the sharp collapse of his up-winging mood. He was like a runner bearing tidings of victory arriving breathless at the palace gates to find them shut.

There are few moments in the academic calm of a college professor's life that warrant unleashed exuberance, and Michael Swan's career had been no exception to this rule. He was jealous of the present opportunity to feel the fountains of joy welling up and making him garrulous and articulate. He wanted to rush into Dagmar's thrilling presence with his story—his astounding story—at high pitch. He wanted to kindle her enthusiasm by a veritable whirlwind of flame. If it could be kindled—or rather, if Dagmar's mood permitted conflagration. One never knew about Dagmar. Perhaps that was why, after ten years of married life, she could still shake his imagination so profoundly.

He retraced his steps with slow impatience. He had no destination, but his mood demanded movement. To go back to his laboratory was unthinkable. What man living could return to the calm calculations of science with delirious good fortune throbbing at his temples? He looked at his watch. Four o'clock. Dagmar's tea party had scarcely commenced. It would be six before the house was cleared of its social clutter. Two hours! By that time his emotions would have spent themselves. In two hours he would return to Dagmar with his joy tempered, his enthusiasm cooled—more than this, with a tale that under the chill of calmness might have its awkward angles. This last thought escaped him almost imperceptibly through the realization that the story of his good fortune would be more effective if told under pressure. Easier to tell, at all events; surer of a sympathetic response from Dagmar. Quite suddenly he felt a distaste for explanations of any sort. How ridiculous to have to explain anything—to anybody. Least of all, good news. Good news should be its own explanation. Already he felt the edge of elation dulled. He ended by being profoundly irritated. He ceased even to be on good terms with himself and it was with a sense of escape from a rising tide of ill temper that he found his footsteps turning up toward the lane which led to Gerald Whiteman's bungalow.

The path led up, up through an unkempt, sunburnt garden blazing with red geraniums. A breeze straight from the Pacific was blowing in the Golden Gate and making the hedge of bamboo enclosing Whiteman's garden crackle with dry laughter. Michael Swan turned about to face the wind. The town of Berkeley lay at his feet drowsing in the tempered sunshine of the San Francisco Bay region. Farther westward stretched the bay itself, ruffled to gray-green excitement by a trade wind that moved swiftly across its face in an eagerness to bury itself in the breasts of the sunburnt hills. There was at once something wanton and wistful and melancholy about these afternoon breezes from the Pacific. They started up so abruptly out of a noonday calm, like children suddenly turned lovers, with all a first-love's yearning and confusion and supreme sadness. Even in the South Seas it was the same except that there the breezes were warmer, more voluptuous. But they rose out of the sea with the same intensity, seeking the hills with the same profound unrest, half ecstasy, half sadness. The South Seas! It was no wonder that under the circumstances his mind should leap across the waters to a memory of their wistful charm and his thoughts should stray, even if somewhat reluctantly, to the figure of Hildreth Sterling . . . Hildreth Sterling, whose pattern so incongruously had been woven into the woof and warp of the mid-Pacific background! But why reluctantly, especially at this moment when his destiny bade fair to be so stamped by her generosity?

He began toiling up the hill again and presently from the bungalow's wide veranda he heard the voice of Gerald Whiteman calling out with its usual note of ironic banter:

"I say, what's on your mind? Anyone would think you were to be drawn and quartered."

As he passed the threshold of Whiteman's home he realized why he had turned his footsteps toward this final destination. It was not to escape ill-humor as he had first supposed. He had come to find an audience. More than that—a difficult audience. Something hard to try the teeth of his dilemma on. *Dilemma?* He felt betrayed as men so often are by a wanton thought.

Whiteman's living room was in the usual confusion. Manuscripts, reference books, dusty typewriter, unanswered letters, ravished envelopes in a triumphant litter upon the huge center table. Opened newspapers sprawling on the floor. Heaps of cigarette butts in an inconceivable army of ash-trays on the mantel, on the window ledges, on chairs, even upon the hard murky surface of the grand piano. It was strange to find a nature so mentally trim and keen edged capable or even tolerant of such insolent disorder. Whiteman, himself, was busy stooping over a spirit lamp that enthroned a teakettle. This was another one of Whiteman's caprices—to continue using a spirit lamp, with electricity at his elbow. Swan was glad to see this preliminary preparation for tea. It told him that Whiteman's working day was over. An interrupted author was never a lovesome thing, and Whiteman in this regard always ran true to form, as he did also in the matter of tea at the appointed hour. Whiteman was British.

Swan writhed through a clutter of furniture. Whiteman straightened himself, meeting his visitor half-way. "Good heavens, man, don't look so desolate! I'll have tea in a moment."

Swan laughed. "Desolate! I'm a thousand miles from that." He hesitated like a man hovering before a chilly pool; then, with triumphant determination he shot out, "You wouldn't expect a man who had just come into a fortune to be desolate, I hope."

Whiteman ran his hand through his thin mouse-colored hair.

"Meaning yourself?"

"Meaning myself."

"A matter of millions? . . . I mean does the extent of the fortune crush you?"

Swan tossed his hat upon a couch. "A mere two hundred thousand," he said with assumed nonchalance, and he felt his heart thumping.

"Two hundred thousand! Two hundred thousand!" Whiteman rolled the phrase caressingly under his tongue. "Gad, that's nothing to be cast down about. It's just a trim sum. Quite the proper sum for comfort. You know what I mean. Did I understand it was left you or did you turn some sort of trick, yourself?"

Swan removed a magazine from an easy-chair and sat down.

"It was left me."

"Left you? Fancy such a thing! Congratulations, old man. I didn't know you had any rich relations."

"I haven't. That's the astounding part of it. The money was left to me by an acquaintance. A stranger almost."

"Someone you'd been kind to, I suppose."

"Why do you say that?"

"Isn't that a logical conclusion? An acquaintance, I think you said—almost a stranger. Strangers don't fling two hundred thousand about for no reason at all. Unless they're mad. A lover might do it—or an enemy. But not an acquaintance. There are some things that aren't done. Don't tell me!"

Swan leaped past all but the last significant phrase. "An enemy—I don't quite follow you there."

"For revenge, my dear fellow. Haven't you ever heard of a person leaving another money for revenge? It's done every day. It may not appear on the surface, but revenge is back of the gesture. However, that is usually a woman's trick. Their motives are always subtle and a bit mixed."

Swan found himself taking a deep breath. "My fortune was left me by a woman," he said with an absurd sense of confession.

Whiteman stared, then laughed. "Ah, a woman!" He reached up on the shelf for the tea-caddy. "*A woman!* The plot thickens."

Whiteman's tone was full of tacit insinuation. Swan felt at once foolish and pleased.

Swan could have withdrawn at this point. Whiteman was much too well-bred to have pressed him. But more than ever he realized that he wanted to try the story out on somebody. Yet he sat for a long time in silence trying to decide where to commence. Whiteman measured the tea leaves with nonchalant accuracy, poured boiling water into the gaudy Chinese teapot, then set it aside to steep. He passed Swan cigarettes. They both struck matches. The silence remained unbroken. No, Whiteman was much too well-bred to have pressed Swan further, but some subtle understanding must have given him a sense of Swan's need, of his desire to become articulate, for presently as he poured a cup of tea he said reminiscently:

"A woman . . . fancy that!" It was an audible gesture comparable to the physical effort of gently dislodging a canoe from a sandbank and sending it into a live current again.

Swan's response was immediate. "Yes, a woman—Hildreth Sterling. I met her two years ago in the South Seas. I was studying the formation of a little group of coral islands. They were too insignificant to have even a name. You can imagine my surprise when I landed and found a white woman there—a New Englander in fact. . . . She used to sit under an absurd white-cotton umbrella and watch me delving in the salt pools for all sorts of exotic specimens of sea life. She gave one a sense of infinite patience—sad patience. She seemed to be waiting for someone—something that she had missed."

"Waiting for something she had missed—on an obscure coral reef in the South Seas. How ridiculous! How perfectly absurd!"

"My good fellow, don't be literal! It was just the impression she gave. She was on that island quite by accident—an accident that had a note of pathetic

comedy in it. Naturally, a nameless group of coral reefs was scarcely a port of call. But one of the big liners had stood by long enough to put down a missionary content with the saving of only a handful of lost souls. The lady had come ashore with a boatload of curious tourists. They had wheedled the captain into letting them have a taste of surf landing. They were ashore a scant hour. When it came time to return to the ship Hildreth Sterling was not among the group. The ship sailed without her."

Whiteman rattled the spoon against his cup with an air of assumed indignation. "Come, come, now! I call that a bit thick. It isn't possible for any ship's crew to treat a missing passenger that lightly. I know something of maritime ethics."

"The point is that they didn't really discover she was missing until after. In some unaccountable way they didn't have her name down among the list of passengers who left the ship. And nobody seemed to remember that she was of the party. At least nobody missed her when the boat put back. You see, she was that sort of person. Of course, the ship returned for her once it was discovered that she was missing. But the damage had been done. She refused to leave the island."

Whiteman piled his teacup with an outrageous amount of sugar. "My dear Swan," he chided, "if you'd only quit being cryptic one might have some notion of what this is all about. *The damage was done!* What damage?"

Swan thought a moment. "I think she had been overlooked all her life. But this time it came to her as a supreme revelation. I fancy she decided to step out of the current and let herself be completely swallowed up in oblivion. Besides, she was in great pain, and I daresay the ordeal of plowing through the surf in an open boat terrified her."

"Pain?" Whiteman lifted his faded eyebrows.

"Ah, I forgot! . . . She had broken her leg. That's why she wasn't on hand when the boat shoved off. She had wandered over to an uncovered reef filled with little salt pools and slipped upon some wet seaweed. She called for help, but the roar of the surf drowned her voice. The newly arrived missionary found her later in the day. He had a smattering of first-aid medical knowledge and so he did very well setting the bone. There was nothing to do but be patient and let nature take its course. And if there is one thing the South Seas are full of it is nature!" Swan gave a forced laugh at his own feeble attempt at levity and drained his cup.

Whiteman looked at him quizzically. "And this is the woman who has left you two hundred thousand dollars? . . . Hasn't she any relations?"

"A far-removed cousin or two. Quite as eccentric as she was, it appears, and as well-to-do. I have definite assurances that they will respect her wishes. In fact, I made sure of that before I told anyone."

"What does Dagmar think of it? Thrilled, I imagine." Whiteman's tone was slightly satiric.

"She doesn't know yet. I just made sure to-day—I mean about the cousins' attitude. I never believe in raising false hopes. As a matter of fact, you're the first soul I've told the story to."

Whiteman laughed quite shamelessly. "The first soul to try it on, you mean. Confess, that is what you came here for. Well, it's immensely diverting and you're a tremendously lucky man. But, I'd hate to have to tell my wife such a story —granting I had one."

"Story!" Swan said, trying to be cool.

Whiteman sneered a little. "Oh, not the story that you've just related. That isn't a story at all. It's just a situation. What I mean is, the story of why she left you two hundred thousand dollars."

Swan reddened but he kept his tone to a thin level of assurance. "Happily a recital of that story, as you call it,

will be spared me. I haven't the slightest idea what prompted the lady's generosity."

Whiteman stirred his tea with an air of insolent leisure. "Precisely. That's what is going to make it so difficult."

Swan knew at that moment Whiteman was right and he hated him savagely. It wouldn't have been so bad if he had ever mentioned Hildreth Sterling's name to Dagmar. Why hadn't he? The question emerged for the first time. It was just because it had seemed unimportant. And yet he had to concede, sitting there in silence and cross-questioning himself, that it would have been quite natural for a man away from home pressed for small-talk to have written his wife something of Hildreth Sterling—to have spoken of her at least. Her very eccentricities would have suggested that much. A New England spinster idling before the rim of a pool for hours, watching him at his work, watching his broad shoulders, bare and tanned by the tropical sunshine, dip into the murky stillness of imprisoned water and reappear again dripping crystals of moisture. Interested in his work—in scientific research! How absurd such a conclusion seemed now in the light of Whiteman's skepticism.

Was it interest in his work that had kept her in the same attitude of passive adoration for hours at a time while he strummed the jangling piano at the missionary's guest house during long intervals of rain? Or when she sat primly on the coral beach opposite his lithe nakedness stretched lazily between dips in the placid surf? Or when she listened to the impassioned voices of Keats and Swinburne while he read out loud from the tattered anthology of Victorian verse that some forgotten sojourner on that particular coral reef had left behind?

How sharply defined suddenly became the previously blurred intensities of Hildreth Sterling!

"Waiting for someone—something she had missed!" It was Whiteman's voice quoting from Swan's introduction. "And then you came along! . . . Why, it's as clear as day!"

Swan writhed uncomfortably. "Don't be absurd!"

"Absurd! Nothing of the sort. I know all about her. Even if you have only described her patience and her white umbrella to me. Until she was stranded on a coral reef in the mid-Pacific I'll venture she never got closer to a man than the North Pole. Ice-bound, that describes her. Then suddenly there came sunshine, languor, nakedness. She melted, that's all. Silently, perhaps, but completely. If she had been beautiful—"

"How do you know she wasn't beautiful?"

"If she had been beautiful she would have left her fortune to her cousins. . . . If she had been beautiful she would have missed nothing. She would have had no bitterness—no reason for revenging herself upon you so completely."

"Revenging herself—on me!"

"Ah, you don't see it now, of course. And, perhaps, even she didn't see it. Revenge is often a subconscious impulse. Never mind. If it seems fantastic let it rest—for the present. Of course she knew that you were a married man."

Swan drew himself up with pride. "Naturally. I had no reason to deceive the lady."

"How homely she must have been!"

"Further than that, we talked about Dagmar incessantly. I even showed her Dagmar's photograph."

"Ah, that was cruel, my friend. You might have spared her that."

"My dear Whiteman, don't be ridiculous!"

"How can I help it when the subject you introduce is so ridiculous! Oh, well, tragic if you wish. The terms are often interchangeable. She stayed behind when you came away, of course. And then one day she died and left you two hundred thousand dollars. It takes a woman to administer slow poison. Next time don't discuss your wife with

thwarted spinsters. Above all things don't show them Dagmar's picture. Unless you want them to step between you."

"Step between us! I don't know what you mean."

Whiteman laughed with sardonic good temper. Swan decided to take a light tone. "Ah, you authors! You can make a wire cable out of a thread of silk."

"Not quite. But we can take a thread of silk and follow it back to its source. . . . What do you say to a game of dominos?"

Swan rose. "Thanks, I really think I must be getting home."

"To Dagmar? What a lucky fellow you are! Will you tell her about your good fortune at once?"

"Yes, I want to get it over with!" Swan stopped short, irritated beyond words that such an exclamation had escaped him. But almost as quickly he rallied to a triumphant conclusion as he said, "Life's too short to waste a moment of happiness, you know."

Whiteman's answer was a brittle smile.

Outside the wind had died but its place was taken by a thin veil of high fog that obscured the sun. Michael Swan felt cold. He drew up his coat collar. This too was like the South Seas where ever mountains loomed—mists at sundown melting into a thousand rainbows. It was five-thirty, quite a good half hour before Dagmar's tea party would come to an end. He decided to go home anyway: to go home and—the annoying phrase still pursued him—get it over with. What had possessed him to tell Whiteman of all people? Any fool could have guessed how Whiteman's creative instinct would distort such a situation—an author and satirist in the bargain. Not that Whiteman's interpretation could change the issue, but it could color it to the point of embarrassment by making a man feel self-conscious. An hour earlier Swan could have rushed into his wife's presence with a tale marvelous and full of wonder. The tale was full of both these qualities still but, thanks to Whiteman, it now was faintly tinged with the ridiculous; already corrosion had set in.

He did not clatter up the shallow steps and close the door sharply upon his entrance as was his usual custom. Instead, he found himself tiptoeing. A significant fact had he but pondered it, for Michael was full of a joy and gusto of life which moved noisily on the surface. Yet at this moment he tiptoed. Above the thin murmur of voices he heard a man's laugh. He recognized it at once: young Arling, the new instructor in chemistry, given to inaccuracies, if not downright fabrications. An insufferable ass for whom both Dagmar and he had an abiding contempt. It was quite like Arling to push his way in where he hadn't been invited on the pretext of fetching home his inane but equally irritating wife.

Michael Swan continued his stealthy flight toward the living room. At the door he paused and looked in. A half-dozen women were gossiping in a corner; young Arling was sitting opposite Dagmar. He was talking with his usual animation. "Spinning one of his bragging yarns," thought Swan. Instead of entering the room he stood in the doorway and listened. What Arling was saying wasn't important; it was Dagmar, listening, that gave point to the proceedings. Swan thought he never had seen such contempt veiled under amused tolerance. One could see that she was discounting everything her guest was telling her and yet she smiled with encouraging blandness. But mockery was in her eyes, a cruel mockery. And Arling, like a feeble and foolish bird charmed by a serpent, was preening and fluttering unaware of the relentless disdain animating his hostess. For a moment Swan felt a trifle shocked by the revelation: he never had seen quite this expression in Dagmar's eyes. Was it Dagmar's custom to say one thing with

her smile and quite another thing with her glance?

But his fleeting uncertainties melted quickly in the fire of her presence. Was there anybody in the whole world as vital as she? No wonder he thought of her in secret as Dagmar, the magnificent. To have the admiration of such a woman—that was something! It was easy enough to strut before a pallid wife, as young Arling did. No wonder Whiteman had called him a lucky fellow. Lucky to have Dagmar, of course. Particularly upon terms of respect; even better than respect, for, in spite of her strength, Dagmar was a woman who demanded something more than *equal* terms from her mate. And Michael Swan felt that he would hate to have her meet his glance with the contemptuous tolerance that she was throwing at Arling. She was in red as he always liked her, and her blue-black hair came down over her ears and gave an ebony frame to the rich color of her cheeks. There was something at once subtle and primitive about her—like Lear's eldest daughter. No, he would not like to stand belittled in her presence, as Lear, himself, once stood before the flashing Goneril. The analogy irritated him.

At that moment Dagmar turned and saw him. "Oh, my dear," she called, "you're just in time. Do come over and listen to what Arling is telling me. You never heard such an adventure!"

"Adventure—to *him!*" Swan could not check this involuntary sarcasm but it flew past Arling like an arrow piercing a wraith.

Dagmar gave a thin smile. "To his great grandfather," she said, and her voice was cool with stifled laughter.

Michael Swan sat down. "Adventure!" he sneered. "Why, I'll wager I have a tale of just plain good fortune that is much more thrilling." He stopped, confused at the realization of how far he had been carried by a subconscious desire to unburden his mind, then plunged in again with a sense of high bravado. "Yes, sir, good fortune. Congratulate me, Dagmar. I've just fallen heir to two hundred thousand dollars!"

Dagmar sat motionless save for a nervous quivering of her nostrils. Arling stared stupidly. The only flutter of excitement came from the group of faculty wives in the corner. They got to their feet with a curious accord, and Mrs. Arling said in almost the same words that Whiteman had used an hour ago:

"Why, Professor Swan! I didn't know you had any rich relations."

His mouth dried. It seemed as if he were hours struggling to shape words that would not come and out of the awkward silence he finally found himself saying with cool assurance:

"There are always cousins lurking about somewhere. And cousins are such unknown quantities. One never quite knows what to expect from them."

For days after he used to repeat to himself with savage irritation: "But I didn't *say* a cousin had left me two hundred thousand dollars. It's no fault of mine if they drew their own inferences." He had grown childish, as all people do in the grip of self-defense. Even Dagmar had "inferred." How could he promptly explain the truth to her in the face of her complete and calm acceptance of his spontaneous equivocation? It wasn't that he had meant to lie. He hadn't even meant to tell of his good fortune to a crowd of inquisitive, gaping visitors. It had just escaped somehow.

He had known at once that he had been stupid. He had felt that instinctively. That was why he had determined to shut out further discussion by suggesting a commonplace explanation of his inheritance. A fortune from a relation, however remote, was not nearly so glamorous as a fortune from a stranger. When you said a relation had left you money there were no idle questions to answer. Besides, what business was it of anybody's? After all, it was only necessary to tell the truth to those whom it immediately concerned. In the

end he would tell Dagmar. That was inevitable. But for the moment the truth seemed just a little awkward. All because she had accepted his public explanation so casually. If she had said with Whiteman and Mrs. Arling, "Why, I didn't know you had any rich relations," the whole thing would have been perfectly easy. But, instead, when the door had closed upon the last guest and they were alone together she had exclaimed:

"And to think I've been neglecting my cousins for years!" Before he could put in a word she had swept on with, "Not that it seems to matter. Heaven knows you haven't kept any strenuous tab on yours. . . . Male or female?"

"A woman."

"An old maid, naturally. . . . Wait till I mix up a cocktail. We'll drink to her memory. Was she ill long?"

"I really don't know."

"As if that matters!" she had cried gaily. "After all, the important thing is the fact that you had her."

And so the matter had rested. For a time, at least. A week went by without a word concerning the good fortune being spoken on either side. In a mood of easy conscience Swan would have been puzzled at Dagmar's silence. As it was, he merely accepted it with gratitude. But presently, out of a clear sky, the subject was very much in evidence. Dagmar began to ask questions. The lady's name? Whether she was on the maternal or paternal side of the house? What her habits of life had been? Had he ever seen her? Not a flood of questions but in little thin dribbles that tore at his patience. The more evasive he attempted to be the more Dagmar pinned him down. In desperation he found himself giving the most minute details with appalling glibness. He was like a child dazzled by its reckless prevarications into a state of utter daring. When Dagmar's questions stopped, Swan's explanations went on with an intense creative passion. Suddenly, all his thoughts, the thoughts of Dagmar, his entire household revolved about the figure he had conjured up—half fact, half fiction. Half fiction? Decidedly more than that. For, as he progressed, there remained no trace of the reality, so bitingly outlined by Whiteman, no trace of the withered old maid sitting beside a sea-green pool upon a coral reef, waiting for something she had missed—an ice-bound creature, overcome by the languor and nakedness of the South Seas. If this indeed were the reality and not the creation of a satirical scribbler poking fun at a methodical, scientific mind! But whatever the source of this picture, certainly the sketch Swan gave Dagmar was his own: a prim lady filled with all the pallid virtues, against a blameless background of mahogany and pewter, taking her God and her pleasures with equal gentility. His father's cousin, who sent him knitted wristlets and moral books at Christmas, and who had never had a fleshy thought in her entire life. . . . Swan took such pains to etch the portrait with fine ethereal lines. But there were moments when the expression in Dagmar's eyes, as she listened to him, made him wonder whether the outline were not too thin, whether she did not see the blacker surface showing underneath. And he remembered with uneasiness the glance that she had given young Arling that afternoon when he had chanced upon them. Could it be that she was casting the same glance of contempt, veiled under amused tolerance, at him? Or was he imagining things?

And there was Whiteman. Had the "cousin" story reached his ears? He should have warned Whiteman not to betray him. But it wasn't a thing a man cared to do. Fancy having to go to a cynic like Whiteman and say:

"My dear fellow, I've lied to my guests and incidentally my wife. You were right, it isn't an easy situation to explain."

No, he would have to hazard Whiteman's ignorance of the current fiction, or, failing that, his discretion. After all,

Whiteman was not one who ran about much and gossip didn't float readily up to the hillside refuge of a man well versed in keeping the world, for the most part, at bay.

And then, what did the general public matter? So long as Dagmar knew the truth the rest were unimportant. Without doubt he must tell Dagmar—at the very first opportunity.

There arrived the morning when he came upon Dagmar at the breakfast table, wearing a hat. Usually at this hour Dagmar was like a prodded cat, awake but languorous. To find her thus proverbially booted and spurred was a surprise.

She said, "Do you know what has become of Whiteman? I've been trying for days to telephone him."

Just the mention of Whiteman's name gave him a little start. "Perhaps he hasn't paid his telephone bill," he threw out with a feeble attempt at lightness.

"I'm having some people in to dinner Friday. I want him to come. I've got to have at least one lion. I thought I'd run in on him early, before his muse gets cranked up."

Swan lifted a piece of scorching toast out of the rack. "Don't bother," he said easily, "I'll deliver your message."

"But I want to know about it at once."

He tried to conceal his irritation. "I'll deliver the *message* at once."

"Nonsense. It will throw your whole day completely out of balance. I've heard you rave too many times about how perfectly a delayed start wrecks your working day." She said this with a laugh that had a purring note in it. "Besides, I'm all set for a walk. I'd be terribly peeved if I were cheated out of it, now."

Slowly, reflectively, he spread his toast with butter. He knew better than to attempt to dissuade her. Yet, it was obvious that she mustn't see Whiteman alone before he had a chance to tell her the truth. Naturally, the subject of the legacy would come up. And even with the best of intentions Whiteman might blunder. How stupidly he had managed! He might have known that it was always this sort of complication that materialized.

During the rest of the meal he was silent. Dagmar, too, seemed steeped in preoccupation. He began obviously to dawdle over his food. Finally Dagmar said:

"Well, I guess I'll be on my way."

He rose with her. "I think I'll go along to Whiteman's, too," he shot out baldly.

"Oh!" Dagmar's voice was full of mocking surprise. She must have fancied him jealous. He was glad of that. Suddenly she began to laugh. He went to look up his hat. She was on the porch waiting for him when he finally emerged. Her gravity was entirely recaptured. She said something about how early the asters were blooming this year, and they went down the graveled pathway together.

He was relieved to find that she was not inclined to make any comment upon his extraordinary resolve to go with her. And yet he knew instinctively that it would have been the normal thing for her to do. He had a sense that she was smiling at him secretly. He felt at a decided disadvantage.

Whiteman was still in his dressing gown, and the remnants of a sketchy meal littered his center table.

He said, "I ought to make you wash the breakfast dishes as a penalty for such an early appearance."

Dagmar flashed him a reproving smile. "That's a nice way to talk to a kind lady who got up hours ahead of time to come and ask you to a dinner party. By the way, what's happened to your 'phone?"

"I just don't answer it."

"Does that mean that you don't want invitations to dinner?"

He lighted a cigarette. "How dull you are! If my telephone were answered how could I ever expect charming ladies to come call on me?"

"Charming ladies with their husbands," she corrected.

He gave Swan a glance of amused appraisal. "With their husbands for a fact. . . . How does it come that you're playing truant this morning, Swan? Aren't there recitations or research or faculty meetings at these ungodly hours? You'll never be president of the university at this rate!"

"President of the university! *President of the university!*" broke in Dagmar. "Why, my dear man, we're leaps ahead of that. Haven't you heard? We're plutocrats. Absolutely. Tell him about it, Michael."

Swan knew what he should have said. He should have said, "Whiteman knows. I've already told him." But instead he stood staring like a trapped schoolboy and Whiteman leaped in with:

"Yes, by all means. I'm completely consumed with curiosity!"

Swan felt a cold rage possess him. Whiteman was making sport of him. But he knew that he must appear at his ease and so he laughed casually and said:

"Let Dagmar have the fun!"

"There stands the perfect husband." She blew him a kiss and turned to Whiteman. "It seems Michael has been concealing a cousin all his life. Though why, no one can possibly imagine. Especially a cousin worth a couple of hundred thousand. To be brief, she up and died on him and left him all her fortune. Can you picture anything more amusing!"

Swan could feel a flush mounting to his face. Whiteman let out a sardonic chuckle. "A cousin? Come, come, now!"

Dagmar nodded back gaily. "A cousin. Absolutely. A prim old New England spinster, given to knitting wristlets and buying moral books for the young. You should hear him describe her, you really should. It's positively quaint!"

"Not a Californian, then." Whiteman gave the impression of a man feeling his way.

"Hardly," replied Dagmar. "Died in the very house she was born in. The perfect New England type."

Swan moistened his lips. "I don't remember making that point," he said defensively.

"That wasn't necessary. It's easy enough to supply the proper frame for a definite picture. Your cousin couldn't have been a gadabout. She'd have thought gypsying immoral."

Swan felt suddenly inadequate and helpless. Why had he bothered to come if he could not so much as check Dagmar—at least, shift the topic of conversation? He saw Whiteman's thin lips shaping into a pallid smile, half amusement, half contempt, and he knew at once that his friend was framing a derisive reply.

"My dear Mrs. Swan, what astoundingly credulous people married women are! Husbands are such adepts at drawing pictures of scrawny female cousins. They serve so many turns. You should investigate that husband of yours—you really should—he's much too attractive for a college professor!"

Whiteman's voice ended upon a high note of banter. Swan, baffled, merely stared. Was Whiteman trying to be funny or diabolical? Damn these Britishers and their humor!

Dagmar was all of a twinkle. "Ah, I see you've heard stories like this before!"

"Have I!" Whiteman gave a shrug. "Why, just the other day I heard of a case. An inhibited old lady falling under the spell of mid-Pacific sunshine and languor and nakedness. Going daily to sit beside a sky-blue pool while a lusty male swam and sunned himself. She had a fortune, too. And the man had a wife. She died and left him all her money. You can see how awkward the situation was. Or would have been if he hadn't used his wits. He merely invented a cousin—a terribly commonplace solution to the dilemma."

"But surely that isn't the end!" Dagmar's voice rose suavely, filling the impending silence.

"My dear lady, if you want to be a successful story-teller always stop your tale on a high note. The end, as Mr. Kipling would say, is quite another story."

Dagmar's eyes glittered. "Begin a new story, then. Do!"

"Very well: Once upon a time, there was a plain homely woman who revenged herself upon a beautiful wife."

"Why not upon the husband?"

Whiteman shrugged. "That depends on the point of view. She and her fortune came between them."

"Naturally!" Dagmar's voice broke into showers of steel-pointed laughter. Whiteman laughed, also.

Swan felt himself to be standing out of the picture.

He came down the hill from Whiteman's house that morning indignant and confused. What had Whiteman meant by his insolence? Because it was insolence, this betrayal of a man's confidence, even if Whiteman's manner made a pretense of its being chaff. Dagmar had been disturbing, too. And yet it was inconceivable that Dagmar could have taken these flippancies at anything but their face value.

He ended by being defiant. He had lied to his wife, and Whiteman knew it. To back down now was inconceivable; he was damned if he would recede. He had only to brazen the thing out a little longer and force Whiteman's admiration. Having lost it in the first scratch, he felt competent to retrieve it with a show of contemptuous indifference. Temporarily, his problem, so far as it concerned Dagmar, was pushed into the background and he was much more eager to set up further barricades than to cut an avenue toward the truth.

He got to his laboratory to find a communication from Hildreth Sterling's lawyers, enclosing the final papers that turned her fortune over to him. And, in a postscript, they advised him of another slight legacy which had been more or less swallowed up in the larger issue: Hildreth Sterling's portrait. It was being forwarded to him by express.

Hildreth Sterling's portrait! He found himself wishing that it had been bestowed elsewhere; the prospect of Dagmar's feminine appraisement of the lady was a little chilling. But this trifling circumstance, as well as the disagreeable encounter of the morning, melted in the fire of tangible good fortune. Until now he had felt only vaguely the reality of his inheritance. He decided to say nothing about this final consummation to Dagmar. He would wait until he was ready to tell her the truth about the whole matter and thus kill two birds with one stone. The realization of their hopes would be a great reconciler to an essentially innocent deception. Dagmar would understand—at the proper moment. But the moment had not yet come and meanwhile the desire grew to swagger for Whiteman's benefit. He even became a little eager for another encounter. Well, he would have a chance on Friday—the night scheduled for the dinner party. The prospect held a singular exhilaration and a feeling of security mounted with the passing of the days.

As Swan left the house on Friday, Dagmar called after him, "Better come home early. Whiteman's running in at five o'clock to mix some cocktails. He's just learned a very special kind."

Swan's pulses quickened: it was the first time that Dagmar had mentioned Whiteman's name since they had paid him that early morning call. But his agitation was only momentary; the casual note in Dagmar's voice was too reassuring. It proved to him so conclusively that he had been battling with shadows. He felt singularly happy, like a man who finds a threatened treasure secure. So long as he held Dagmar's admiration nothing else mattered. And the events of the past ten days had brought home to him at least one fact—without her admiration their relationship would be less than an empty husk.

But his serenity was ruffled when he got to his laboratory. Hildreth Sterling's portrait had arrived. He felt a strange and inexplicable sinking of heart. And again, the picture of Dagmar coldly critical rose before him. Could it be possible that Whiteman's morbid creation had at last got under his skin? An inhibited lady of uncertain years falling under the spell of mid-Pacific languor and nakedness. It was too ridiculous!

Quite suddenly there leaped into his mind the sly suggestion that it was not necessary for Dagmar to see the portrait. He had plenty of storage room in the attic over his laboratory. He could leave it boxed up awaiting a convenient season, as he left so many specimens that came to him for classification. . . . Hildreth Sterling's portrait in the attic with acrid specimens of sea life—dried, dead things evoking a certain pathos of life!

But, as suddenly, the idea was revolting. What was coming over him! It was absurd to think of there being anything disturbing in letting Dagmar see the portrait. At all events he ought to be sportsman enough to face the issue. Very well, he would take Hildreth Sterling's portrait with him when he went home that night—to be opened before Whiteman and Dagmar. They would hang it up, toasting the memory of Hildreth Sterling in Whiteman's very special cocktails, and at that moment he would tell Dagmar and this ridiculous Whiteman the truth. A great content came over him. He felt justified and worthy and at peace with life.

He sent the boxed portrait on ahead in his janitor's Ford. He followed at a discreet interval, walking. He could not have said what prompted this sequence: it would have been quite as easy to ride home with his incidental legacy.

Dagmar met him in the hall. "I'm so glad you came! Whiteman and I are simply consumed with curiosity." She had on the red dress he liked so much and her voice was vibrant yet cool.

He had the wit to eschew pretense and leap instantly toward her meaning.

"Ah, then the picture has come." He took a deep breath. "It's Hildreth Sterling's portrait."

Her eyes gleamed. She turned swiftly and made a trumpet with her hand: "Whiteman!" she called. "Do come! We're going to have an unveiling."

Whiteman's voice issued from the pantry. "In a moment. Just as soon as I've squeezed another lemon." Swan said, "Where is it? Up here? Then I'll go down and get an axe."

When Swan came back Whiteman was in the living room shaking up the cocktails. The boxed picture stood before the fireplace; Dagmar was studying the valuation marked in bold strokes in the upper left-hand corner. She turned swiftly and took the axe out of his hand; he released it quite simply and naturally.

Suddenly he seemed to be nothing more nor less than a puppet moved about by an unseen force and the figures of Dagmar and Whiteman, equally puppets pulled by invisible strings. The very portraits on the wall of Dagmar and himself, lit to sudden glory by dying sunplay upon their gilded frames, seemed much more actual than anything else in the room—Dagmar in the stiff unreality of a bridal robe and he smiling across at her with gay artificiality.

The tinkle of ice flung rhythmically against the sides of the shaker beat a mocking tattoo into his consciousness. He heard the rasping sound of Dagmar's axe; he felt his heart contract with a sort of pity for Hildreth Sterling. Dagmar's red dress flashed back and forth as she pried the concealing boards loose. She was like a flame eager to eat its way into whatever had been withheld.

Presently Hildreth Sterling was revealed. Whiteman stood motionless, and even Dagmar was suddenly inanimate. The portrait was not what Swan had expected. It was not the mature Hildreth Sterling of the cotton umbrella, sitting before a pool in the South Seas. Instead, a young girl half smiled down at them. She was far from

beautiful, yet there were wistful potentialities in her eyes. Dagmar began to laugh.

Swan found his voice. "Are you surprised?"

"Surprised! Why, my dear, wherever did you invent that prim New England spinster rubbish? Knitting wristlets and buying moral books for the young!" She stopped like a sharpshooter preparing for a deadly aim. Swan struggled to find his voice. "Your *father's* cousin, I think you said."

This was the moment for him to speak, and yet something told him that the only issue which remained for him was the issue which involved his self-respect. The truth, now, might recapture his self-esteem but scarcely his happiness.

He was conscious that Whiteman had stopped shaking cocktails and was waiting expectantly for his reply to Dagmar's challenge. He saw a glance of understanding flash between them. It was useless to explain; more than that, it was impossible—it always had been impossible. Whiteman was right: it took a woman to administer slow poison. A stubborn muteness fell upon him. Whiteman began to shake the cocktails.

Dagmar spoke again. "She's more like your inhibited lady of the South Seas, Whiteman. You remember, the one who went every day and watched a man sun himself. . . . No wonder your friend invented a cousin."

As she finished she turned and smiled upon her husband with the same glance of amused contempt that she had reserved for young Arling. Her blue-black hair came down over her ears and gave an ebony frame to the rich color of her cheeks. There was at once something subtle and primitive about her like Lear's eldest daughter.

Whiteman took the lid off the cocktail shaker and began to pour the drinks. Dagmar fell back studying the portrait with a deceitful suaveness. "I'm so glad it's an oil," she purred, stopping to stifle the potential laughter in her voice. "I know just where I shall hang it."

Her eyes turned instinctively to the two pictures on the opposite wall, the one of herself in the stiff unreality of a bridal robe and the other her husband smiling across at her with gay artificiality.

"Naturally," broke in Whiteman, dryly, as he pointed, "over there between Michael and yourself."

MASON'S ISLAND

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

I WENT down through the winter wood
With sudden stains of sky and sea
Between the naked trees that stood
Wine-dark around me.

There was no sound at all, at all,
No grieving of the lonely tide,
I only heard my own footfall
On the bare hillside.

But I had eaten fairy bread,
And I had drunk a heady wine,
And I could see the shapes that fled
In the pale sunshine.

PORTRAIT OF AN ELECTED PERSON

BY ELMER DAVIS

ONE morning last April the whither-are-we-drifting boys had the time of their lives. A dreadful thing had happened: the Honorable William E. Dever, regarded by Serious Persons as the best mayor Chicago ever had, had tried for re-election and gone down in disastrous defeat. What was worse, he had been beaten by the ex-Honorable William Hale Thompson, who in times past had proven himself (to Serious Persons) the worst mayor Chicago had ever had.

Thompson is best known to the outer world for his famous description of Chicago, just after America declared war on Germany, as "the sixth German city in the world," and for a wartime administration so anti-war that Chicago narrowly escaped being put under martial law. But at home they know more about him than that, for they had him as mayor for eight years; and if you ask Serious Persons in Chicago about him they begin to groan. Some of them have become sufficiently toughened to laugh instead, but most of them groan even yet. If they can stop groaning long enough they will tell you that he is a political accident, an ignoramus, a buffoon. His campaign this spring set a record, even in American municipal politics, for irrelevance and bad taste. His cardinal issue had been settled a hundred years before he was born—freedom from the British yoke. He called his Irish-Catholic opponent a tool of the King of England, and from the platform he bellowed promises to "hand King George one on the snoot" if the royal nose were ever unveiled in Chicago.

And, as observed above, he beat the best mayor Chicago had ever had by some eighty-three thousand votes; which has occasioned much despairing of the Republic. There have been pained inquiries as to what is the matter with Chicago, doleful analyses of the collapse of democracy. About the only positive note in the melancholy chorus was offered by an earnest young man in New York, who wrote a newspaper editorial declaring that Thompson should be exposed.

II

This article is not a response to that appeal; I am not going to try to expose William Hale Thompson. For one reason, the Chicago papers have been exposing him as hard as they could for a dozen years; but more powerfully still, he has been exposing himself. He is no shrinking violet who seeks the shade; exposure is what he lives on, and he feeds himself a good dose of it every day. Considering what he has done in that direction, I might as well try to expose the Washington Monument.

Nor shall I endeavor to expose Chicago. It seems to me that Chicago has come in for a good deal of unjust derision in connection with Big Bill Thompson. I believe he would go just as big in any other large city of the United States. Certainly New York can point no finger of scorn; New York would probably have gone on re-electing Hylan as long as Tammany had gone on nominating him; and Thompson seems to me ten times as clever as Hylan.

Hylan and Thompson have often been bracketed together—the Great Twin Brethren our ablest political satirist once called them. They are both professional patriots of the anti-British type, both enjoy the favor of Hearst; and they used to foregather now and then for reciprocal back-scratching, admitting in loud tones that they were the best mayors New York and Chicago had ever had. But it was an unequal partnership; Hylan had none of Thompson's originality, none of his instinctive perception of immediate advantage; moreover, Hylan believed everything he said, even if other men wrote it for him and he didn't quite know what it was all about.

Thompson impresses me as far too shrewd to swallow his own bunk; and this opinion is corroborated by men of insight, who have known him thirty years. Serious Persons in Chicago call him an ignoramus. If he is, he is an ignoramus of the type of Henry Ford. Ford is densely ignorant about ninety-eight per cent of the field of human knowledge, but about the other two per cent he knows more than any other man who ever lived. Thompson may be ignorant of the art of government, but he is an expert of the first rank in the art of getting elected; and in a democracy no man is going to have much chance to practise the art of government unless he has mastered the art of getting elected first.

Why do I waste good white paper on the statement of this obvious truth? Because, obvious as it may be, it commonly escapes the notice of city clubs, reform associations, and good-government leagues.

The simple and all-sufficient explanation of Thompson is the explanation of Ford as well: they are artists. The artist is not required to possess the general education that is looked for in other men; he may have it or he may not; nobody cares—if he can do one thing surpassingly well, that is enough. Thompson knows what he has to know, and knows it better than anybody else in Chicago. Will Rogers commented on the late election with his usual insight: "They was trying to beat Bill with the better-element vote. The trouble with Chicago is that there ain't much better element." That is no news to William Hale Thompson; he knows what other elements want, and he knows how to convince them that he will give it to them.

So, if this article turns out to be an exposure of anybody, it will be an exposure of the Better Element, of the Serious Persons. The trouble with the Better Element is that it habitually regards politics in the optative instead of the indicative mood; it thinks in such phrases as "the voters should," "the people ought." Not till the Serious Persons realize that their major premise is "the voters do," "the people won't," are we going to get a grade of municipal government that is anything to brag about. Last April the Better Element of Chicago made enough mistakes to ruin a worse candidate than Dever; with all the experience of recent decades behind them, they still tried to jam virtue, or what was called virtue, down the public throat. Not, of course, that all of Dever's supporters were Serious Persons; they included some very practical politicians, notably one George Brennan. But Mr. Brennan, during the campaign, seems to have been under some evil spell; he behaved almost like a Better Element himself.

III

But to return from these general considerations to Exhibit A which is offered in proof—the Honorable William Hale Thompson.

An astute observer who has known him for many years remarked to me that Thompson has a tabloid mind. You might go farther and say that he is a tabloid, in his own person. Chicago has no tabloid newspaper, but the tabloid state of mind is endemic among the population, and Big Bill has filled a long-felt want.

The essence of a tabloid is that anybody can understand it; even people who

cannot read ninety-six-point type can look at pictures. So with Thompson; whatever else he may not do, he never fails to make himself clear. Of late years the Irish and Germans have stirred up much agitation in the larger cities about alleged pro-British school histories. How much there is in their argument is a matter of contention, but one thing is sure—to find out whether they are right or not you must read the histories, and you must have some knowledge of the events they deal with. Not many people, in Chicago or elsewhere, care enough about the truth to do that. So Thompson simplified the issue with a stroke of genius: he denounced William McAndrew, superintendent of the Chicago schools, as "King George's stool pigeon." That is as plain as the picture on the front cover of a tabloid; like the picture, it may be faked, but few of the customers are going to be curious enough to inquire into that.

This matter of schools, which played a considerable part in the late campaign, might have been supposed to be a delicate topic for Thompson. Toward the close of his second administration two dozen of his henchmen were indicted for stealing school money. One of them was Fred Lundin, the Columbus who had discovered Thompson years before (like Columbus, Lundin never dreamed what an expansive continent he was discovering, or what it was destined to do to him). None of these gentlemen was convicted; but their indictment put the capstone on a pretty general condemnation of the Thompson administration of the schools.

Under Dever, who followed Thompson, there were new men in the Board of Education; McAndrew was brought from New York as superintendent, and the schools improved perceptibly. None of Dever's school men was indicted; but Thompson had an easy explanation for that. "The King of England wouldn't let them be indicted." Who, you may ask, would believe that? Well, a lot of Chicago voters.

Then there is the water situation. Despite considerable effort, I do not wholly understand the Chicago water situation; but I am solaced by the assurance of experts that a lot of other people do not understand it, including William Hale Thompson. None the less, the first thing Thompson did when he took office last April was to try to unsettle it.

Chicago draws water from Lake Michigan—eighty-five hundred cubic feet a second—to dilute its sewage and wash it away down the drainage canal. Other lake cities have roared a protest that their water front will be lowered by this diversion; and the War Department, which controls the lake water, threatened a couple of years ago to cut Chicago's allowance in two unless water meters were installed in the city, to reduce the amount diverted (outside of this allowance) through the city water works to what was actually needed.

Chicago at present uses more water per capita than any city in the United States; more than twice as much as New York, which passes as tolerably cleanly. To be sure Chicago needs a good deal of water; what with the unabated smoke nuisance, and the winds that bring in prairie dust gathered over a sweep of fifteen hundred miles, a Chicagoan has to wash about twice as much as a New Yorker to maintain the same outward decency. None the less, the experts seem to think that Chicago wastes water shamefully. But Thompson made a great campaign issue of repeal of the water-meter ordinance.

He argued, one is told, that water, drawn from the lake before Chicago's doors, was one of Nature's gifts; it ought to be free as air. It takes a costly plant to pump and purify and distribute that water; a plant that must be maintained somehow. But Big Bill knew that the average voter would not figure that taxes to maintain the city water works are included in his rent, any more than the average New York voter who stood by Honest John Hylan and the five-cent fare figured that the cost of subways paid

for by taxes and city borrowings and increased real-estate assessments was included in his rent. It was argued that the meter ordinance was part of a bargain with the War Department, that if it were repealed the withdrawal permit might be rescinded; but Thompson replied that no President who wanted to get the vote of Chicago would permit the curtailment of Chicago's water supply. Thanks to this nefarious measure, he declared, you could go into the flats of the poor and see five children taking their bath in the same tub of water because their parents could afford no more. Now, at the water rate that prevailed before the meters were installed, five tubfuls of water, one per child, would cost about seven and a half cents. At the new rate they would still cost less than eight cents, a difference not ruinous, even for the average slum family.

But it was a powerful argument, all the same. The water situation is complex and obscure; but there is nothing complex or obscure about Big Bill's picture of the five children bathing in the same tub; it is as plain as the front cover of a tabloid.

Like a tabloid, too, the Mayor lives from day to day, fresh every morning. What if his pet issue falls by the wayside, rejected by an obtuse Federal government, by a hostile legislature, or even—this has happened—by a referendum of the Chicago voters? That was yesterday's issue, as dead as yesterday's newspaper. To-morrow morning Big Bill will have another and, whatever you may think about its merits, you can be sure that his side of it will be as clear as plate glass. In the twelve years since his public career began he has been on both sides of practically every question—consecutively, as a rule, but in one notable instance he was on both sides simultaneously. Even his cardinal issue, the great guiding principle of his life, "America First," suffered a brief eclipse; while America was at war with Germany he was for America second. But this has done him no harm.

For he understands his people as well as Sophocles understood the Athenians. Like Sophocles, he gives them a periodic catharsis of pity and terror, and like Sophocles he finishes off with slapstick stuff that sends them home laughing. The Athenians thought so well of Sophocles' plays that they elected him admiral, and from all accounts he was about as good an admiral as Big Bill is a mayor. The art of politics has a lot to learn from the show business, and William Hale Thompson has learned it.

IV

It was a showman who first really put him into politics. Before that he had made some efforts to put himself into politics, but he had never got very far; though he had picked up some connections which turned out to be useful when he did get into politics.

Thompson is a millionaire and the son of a millionaire, the grandson of Chicago's first fire chief; in short, as aristocracy goes in Chicago, he is a patrician; and if, when he went into politics, he divested himself of his patriciate and applied for membership in the common people, he was only following the example of such excellent practical politicians as Julius Cæsar and Theodore Roosevelt. He grew up on the South Side of Chicago, in the Second Ward, and his father meant to send him to Yale; but long before that menace became imminent—in 1883, when he was fifteen years old—he went to Wyoming and became a cowboy. A few years later he bought a ranch in Nebraska, and he was evidently a good cattleman. He had made money—not big money for the Thompsons of Chicago, but big money for a boy just old enough to vote—before his father's death brought him back to Chicago to manage the copious estate.

There was plenty of time for other diversions, and he devoted most of it to sport. In 1896 he was captain and manager of the Chicago Athletic Association football team, which won a champion-

ship; he was one of the founders of the Illinois Athletic Association; he was and is an enthusiastic yachtsman. I surmise that he feels himself a sportsman much more than a politician; and he certainly looks it. You will not find many men of his type in the city halls of the country; but you will find plenty of them in the clubhouse at Saratoga or Churchill Downs, at the ringside at heavyweight championship fights, in the field boxes at world's series games.

He was elected alderman in 1900, and started, at Wabash Avenue and 24th Street, the first public playground in the country. Hence you will see him set down in campaign literature as the father of the public-playground movement. One hears that an obscure reporter, long since dead, first whispered the public-playground idea in his ear. Big Bill has a habit of listening to what people tell him, and this time he certainly listened to something good; but at the moment it worked no great service to his fortunes. He held one or two minor offices, and then dropped out, devoting himself to business and sports, until local politicians who thought they saw possibilities in him brought him to the attention of Fred Lundin.

This was years later—at the beginning of 1915. Chicago had a habit in those days of going Democratic in municipal elections; Carter Harrison, the incumbent Democratic Mayor, was finishing off his fifth term. But Harrison had given no help to Roger Sullivan when that elder statesman ran for the Senate in the previous fall, and Sullivan was out for his scalp, backing Sweitzer against Harrison in the Democratic primaries.

Meanwhile the Republicans were preparing to go through the motions; and the serious persons, the municipal reformers, the better element, were preparing to back the Republican candidate in a forlorn hope. Judge Harry Olson had been agreed on by most of the leaders to carry the Republican better-element banner to a moral victory; but Fred Lundin had other plans.

This Lundin had first come to Chicago, years back, as a medicine man, selling the old Indian remedy from the tail of the wagon under the gasoline flare; and in that calling he had learned the great truth which no politician and no artist should ever forget—that it does not make any difference how good an article you are selling unless you can get them to stop and listen. He had managed to put together the disjected fragments of William Lorimer's old Republican machine; and, poking around the bulrushes in search of a candidate, he had stumbled on William Hale Thompson.

For Lundin, Thompson must have seemed made to order. A millionaire sportsman, able to finance his own campaign if other sources of income failed; with a wide acquaintance, an attractive appearance, a popular personality; and (so it may have been reasoned) not so heavy in the cerebrum as to endanger Lundin's intentions of being the power behind the throne. So Thompson put on the traditional Stetson hat of the cattleman, took the name of Cowboy Bill, and started campaigning for the nomination.

Nobody but Lundin took him seriously. Harry Olson was so sure of his nomination that he spent Washington's Birthday, just before the primary, on his farm down state; Thompson spent it going around town and making speeches. He was only a so-so campaigner then; the brilliant technic which he exemplified last spring was still to be worked out; but any campaigner is better than no campaigner and Olson, at the moment, was not campaigning at all. Worse still, Olson's financial backers were asleep at the switch; on the eve of the primaries the money to pay the local workers was lacking; one by one precinct captains turned up at the Olson headquarters, found the cupboard bare, and went home to do their bit for Thompson. On primary day the bulk of the Republicans marked the Democratic ballot and helped Sweitzer beat Carter Harrison; while the regulars turned out and gave Thompson the Republican nomination,

and the support of the better-element reformers which went with it.

Carter Harrison was down but he was not out; he whetted his knife, after the Chicago fashion, and set to work to help Thompson beat Sweitzer. (Even yet, after twelve years, Thompson's conglomerate retinue includes a group which calls itself the "Carter Harrison Democracy.") Other people were also out to beat Sweitzer; he was a Catholic, and the sentiment which was later to flower in the Ku Klux Klan appeared toward the end of the campaign and drove all the fanatical Protestants to vote for Thompson. Sweitzer was of German ancestry; a few days before the election leading Germans, Austrians, and Magyars of Chicago got out a handbill adorned with portraits of Kaiser Wilhelm and the Emperor-King Franz Josef, urging all citizens of Central European origin to vote for Sweitzer and the Fatherland. So all the pro-Ally vote—which included the Czech vote, powerful in Chicago—went for Thompson.

And in the meantime Big Bill was getting other votes by his own endeavors. The great negro influx was not yet at its height, but already the negroes dominated Thompson's own ward, and he was shrewd enough to recognize their rising power and play up to them. In that day the Sunday closing of saloons was a hardy annual issue in every American city; Thompson promised the reformers he would close the saloons, and secretly promised the saloon-keepers he would not. So on the 6th of April, 1915, the Honorable William Hale Thompson, the wet-dry-Nordic-negro-Protestant-pro-Ally-better-element-Carter-Harrison candidate, beat the unhappy Sweitzer by a margin of 148,000 votes—the most sweeping victory recorded up to that time, in any municipal election ever held in the United States.

V

Chickens come home to roost, but they never roost long on Big Bill Thompson; he moves right out from under them. Before he had been in office three months the reformers came down on him, and demanded the closing of saloons on Sunday. Thereupon the saloonkeepers produced his secret pre-election promise (he had even put it in writing) not to close the saloons on Sunday. Thompson closed them all the same and became immediately the hero of the Anti-Saloon League. True, it appeared before long that a good many saloons were open on Sunday, these being saloons that had the right political connections; but that happened in every American city in those days, and Big Bill had no difficulty in being a wet-dry till something else attracted public attention.

The something else, in this case, was a street-car strike, a serious event in any city. Big Bill settled it; he brought the leaders of the strikers and the heads of the trolley companies together in his office and told them they would stay there till the strike was settled. It was settled before supper; the employees got an increase in wages and Thompson got another block of devoted supporters. The increase in wages was presently passed on to the public in the form of higher fares, but by that time the war was on and people were too busy to think about trifles.

Big Bill's war record is too well known to need lengthy exposition; its first manifestations brought such a roar of denunciation from all over the country that eventually he throttled himself down and kept within the danger line, extending only spiritual aid and comfort to the enemy. Some men who know him well say that the hatred of England which showed itself in the War as friendship for Germany is genuine. But one thing could not escape his eye; the Germans are the largest single racial group in Chicago, and by his friendliness at a time when the rest of Chicago was taking its patriotism as hysterically as Chicago takes everything he made himself solid with them for life. Last spring, eight years after the War was over, thoughtful

Chicago Germans were telling their friends, "Damn him, we know he's no good, but he made life livable for us in 1918 and he gets our votes."

He needed those votes, too, for his city administration was getting nowhere in particular. Then as now, he was an inspirational person, living from moment to moment, on bright thoughts which were here to-day and gone to-morrow. He gave so many jobs to negroes when he first took office that irreverent persons called the City Hall "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The tone of the administration, for that matter, was a good deal like a Tom show, which greatly distressed the Better Element; but Thompson had been shrewd enough to perceive something which more ponderous intellects were not to discern for years, that the average voter regards politics as a show, and will generally give his vote to the candidate who best understands how to mix up the laughs and the thrills. In the municipal primaries of February, 1919, Harry Olson ran against him once more for the Republican nomination, and once more Thompson beat him. The Germans and negroes did it; by this time the negroes controlled three South Side wards and they knew who was their friend. Once more Sweitzer had the Democratic nomination, Sweitzer who four years earlier had run under the Kaiser's portrait; but this time the Germans voted for Thompson. Maclay Hoyne, an independent Democrat, drew off a good many votes from Sweitzer; the Socialists made a surprisingly strong showing; altogether the five candidates opposed to Thompson polled 150,000 more votes than he did. But he slid in over Sweitzer, the leader of the five, by a plurality of 18,000, two thirds of it in the negro wards.

It was a day of mourning for earnest patriots, but a day of joy for practical Republican politicians, who saw in this election, among other things, another symptom of the reaction against Woodrow Wilson. In an ebullient moment in 1916 Thompson had admitted that he would accept a presidential nomination. No chance for that in 1920, but he threw in with the anti-League group, working for Hiram Johnson and against his bitterest enemy, Governor Frank Lowden, who had once ordered down-state National Guardsmen into Chicago in the heated days of 1918. Lowden and Johnson both fell by the wayside, but in the election of 1920 Thompson (and Lundin) got the state administration in their hands. At the moment he looked like a coming man.

But in 1921 he began to slip.

VI

It would be a pleasure to report that he slipped because of the inadequacy of the government which he and Lundin had given the city, which he and Lundin and Len Small were giving the state, but he did not; he slipped because of factional quarrels.

As to the merits of his municipal administration, there are divergent opinions. He has never been personally accused of graft; but a good many of his followers, who did not have his felicity of inherited wealth, were gravely suspected, though never jailed. Read his campaign booklet entitled *Big Bill the Builder: a Chicago Epoch*, and you must feel that his reign was a little better than the millennium; read the files of the Chicago papers (except the Hearst papers, which have pretty consistently backed him) and you will get a different idea. Thompson used to hit back at his critics with libel suits; without having added up the figures, I believe he has filed more than any other public man of our time. Only one, so far as newspaper records go, came to trial; that dragged on till one of the jurors went insane from listening to the evidence, and then everybody gave it up.

His prize performance, however, was the filing of libel suits in the name of the city of Chicago against the *Tribune* and the *Daily News*, for ten million dollars apiece. That, I believe, is a record. These were tried; the lower court decided

for the newspapers, and the Supreme Court backed it up, holding that when the *Tribune* and *Daily News* said that Thompson's administration had bankrupted the city they were only exercising "the right of every citizen to criticize the government and its administrators."

It would serve no purpose to go into these old, unhappy, far-off things; but certainly "bankruptcy" was a bit strong. On at least one occasion the voters had to authorize a bond issue to meet current municipal running expenses, yet somehow Chicago continued to get by. Great things were done in Thompson's two administrations, and he claimed the credit; great things went on being done after he went out of office, and he claimed the credit for them too.

Most especially, the Michigan Avenue bridge was built. The wicked say it cost enough to build two bridges, still it was built, and there resulted the tremendous development of the nearer North Side. Other mighty deeds were done; Thompson says he did them, his enemies say they were done over his prostrate form. Generally speaking, these achievements are part of the slow but implacable working out of Burnham's Chicago Plan, which goes on, now rapidly, now slowly, from administration to administration. Chicago, so long imprisoned in the Loop, has broken out at last, overflowing on the lake front, the river front, the North Side. Much of that took place while Thompson was Mayor. His enemies say that for him to take the credit is as if whoever might have been Mayor of Chicago at the end of the Glacial Age had taken the credit for the melting of the ice.

But almost any Mayor of almost any city would have claimed the credit for all this, whether he deserved it or not. Thompson's original contribution was the tabloid touch, the assumption of a new title—"Big Bill the Builder." In this last election his campaign handbook was adorned with photographs of about all the public improvements of his administrations and of Dever's too; and your well-read voter, when he looks at any large new building in Chicago, will find that phrase flashing into his mind—"Big Bill the Builder." He may not believe it, but he can't forget it.

So, toward the end of 1922, our hero set out, full of confidence, to get himself a third term. He had lost minor elections, he had experienced numerous defeats, but he still had his cardinal issue—"America First." His great forerunner Lorimer had adopted Abraham Lincoln as his spiritual ancestor; Thompson went him one better and took George Washington. "The principles laid down by Washington and reaffirmed by the twenty-six presidents who followed him" up to Wilson (you have to count Cleveland twice to make it come out right) were Big Bill's principles too, and he nearly had them copyrighted, in Chicago.

But a month before the primaries he withdrew from the campaign, "overcome," he said, "by the forces of grasping wealth and aggrandizement." A little later he offered another explanation, "My friends have crucified me."

The friend who is said to have been busiest in crucifying Big Bill was State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe.

VII

Chicago politics are chaotic and incomprehensible to the outsider, but in general it may be said that politics in Chicago are like war in China, an exercise in changing sides. (Especially Republican politics; George Brennan has built up a tolerably stable Democratic organization, though God knows how long anything will stay stable in Chicago.) But Republican Chicago, like China, is divided into factions, personal and regional, controlled by local war lords—literal war lords, in many cases, with their retinues of machine gunners who kill more men than fall in Chinese battles. They combine, and split, and recombine, with no more stability in their arrangement than you find in a deck of cards reshuffled for each hand.

I know Chicago only from casual visits two or three times a year; but if an outsider's opinion is worth anything, I should say that what Chicago most needs—more than subways or smoke consumption or combined railroad terminals or anything else—is a Tammany Hall. It would be a godsend to the city if these double-crossing and throat-cutting factions were replaced by an integrated organization in which power and responsibility could be centralized, which would give as good government as the majority of voters are willing to tolerate. But to return to Mr. Crowe.

He was, and is, one of the most powerful of Chicago's war lords. The business of the State's Attorney's office is the war against crime, and luckily there is no lack of crime to war against. So subtle are the relationships of these matters, in Chicago, that they may best be expressed by a theological formula—where crime abounded, there the State's Attorney's office did much more abound. In the pre-primary campaign of 1922–23 Crowe's faction turned against Thompson and was strong enough to thrust him out. Arthur C. Lueder got the Republican nomination for mayor, while the Democrats put up Judge William E. Dever.

Where was William Hale Thompson while the battle of that year's election was being fought out? Don't worry, friends; he was there. In the three negro wards Thompson's lieutenants kept the negro voters at home on election day, and the scattering white residents who went to the polls carried those wards for Dever. It was a warning that in Chicago it is easier to nail a man to the cross than to keep him there.

Dever was elected, and straightway engaged in the hazardous occupation of being the best mayor Chicago ever had. I take that designation on the word of the Better Element; to the foreign eye there appear some flaws in this perfection. But Dever undoubtedly had some tough problems to handle, one of them being the transit situation.

The Chicago surface lines, owned by several companies, were running under franchises which would expire in February 1927. On a seven-cent fare they were making some money, and part of their earnings was being turned into the city treasury as a nest egg, from which optimists hoped that the first of the badly needed subways might be hatched. The elevateds, on a basic ten-cent fare, were making money under long franchises; but since something would have to be done about the surface lines this was an obvious chance to unify the whole transportation system.

Big Bill the Builder had faced this problem from a distance and found a fine issue —the five-cent fare. But to restore this legislation was needed, which the state legislature refused to give him; so Big Bill, after being photographed—People's Friend Crucified By Interests—went on to something else. But Dever had to tackle it because the trolley franchises would expire before he went out of office; and eventually, in 1925, he submitted to popular referendum a plan for unification of surface and elevated lines, under a modified form of municipal ownership and control. It was undoubtedly better thought out than any of Thompson's ideas on the transit question; but it was not well enough thought out to get by. It offered too much municipal control for some people, not enough for others; so it was voted down. A miss is as good as a mile in politics; from the practical standpoint, this is Count One against the best administration Chicago ever had.

But worse was to come. If you want to see the man who more than anyone else is responsible for Thompson's return to power, gaze on the austere countenance of the Honorable Andrew J. Volstead. Dever essayed to enforce the prohibition laws, and while that optimistic enterprise was still in its infancy Judge Gary introduced him, at a dinner of prohibitionists in New York, as "the man who showed Chicago that the law was going to be enforced."

This was about as accurate as most of Judge Gary's pronouncements outside of his own special field. Dever, in fact, was the man who showed Chicago that if you entrust the police with the enforcement or non-enforcement of the prohibition laws, the police will waste little time on anything else, least of all on the onerous, perilous, and unprofitable business of suppressing crime. Chicago was never a notably peaceable or law-abiding city, but the great outburst of robbery, homicide, and machine-gunning came after Thompson went out of office. It came under the best mayor Chicago ever had.

Homicide, of course, is not much of a crime in the eyes of the average prohibitionist; but many Chicago homicides are only incidental to what the prohibitionist regards as graver offenses. For while the ladies who kill their husbands, or their lovers, may get most of the newspaper space, most of the killing done in Chicago results from private feuds in the underworld. And most underworld feuds of late years have sprung from disputes over bootlegging privileges, in the city whose standard of law enforcement aroused the admiration of Judge Gary.

I have never heard of a time, since the Volstead Act went into effect, when it was very hard to get a drink in Chicago. One hears that in the early days the privilege of violating the liquor laws was in the hands of ward and precinct politicians, who passed it around where they thought it would do the most good. When Dever transferred it to the police (for as the power to tax is the power to destroy, so the power to suppress is the power to tolerate) he simultaneously demoralized the police and alienated the politicians. Which is one reason why reform mayors are not re-elected.

Mr. Dever, being an intelligent as well as an honest man, was not long blind to this; in 1926 he told the American Bar Association that "the liquor question is not yet settled," and intimated a belief that it never could be settled, in the cities, on the present line of attack. Immediately the drys damned him as a traitor; the wets, of course, were against him already. Yet he went stubbornly and dutifully on, trying to enforce a law which he had virtually admitted was unenforceable. Which is another reason why reform mayors are not re-elected.

Meanwhile, where was Big Bill the Builder? He was coming back from Elba, preceded by several brass bands.

VIII

It will be recalled that when a well-known politician retired from office some twenty years ago, leaving his successor well supplied with rope to hang himself, he whiled away the requisite interval by going to Africa to hunt big game. Thompson got a somewhat similar idea in the spring of 1924.

Somebody had told him—and, as before stated, Big Bill usually listens to people who tell him something—that in Borneo there was a fish that climbed trees; and straightway the ex-Mayor reverted to the status of a sportsman-scientist and set out to find it. He bet a friend twenty-five thousand dollars that he would bring back that fish, or at least motion pictures of its tree-climbing; he organized the South Seas Research Association for scientific inquiry; and he constructed a vessel which was duly christened the *Big Bill* and ornamented with a wooden statue of the Builder by way of figurehead. In that ship he was going to sail to Borneo and bring back the tree-climbing fish; and on the way he would go down the river to New Orleans, spreading propaganda for the Illinois Lakes-to-Gulf Waterway, which is one of the enterprises that he takes up and boosts whenever there is no other immediate material for boosting.

Of course the scoffers, the knockers—Big Bill despises knockers—got to work at once. They alleged that his tree-climbing fish was no novelty; that it had been described and depicted in magazines sixty years ago, that an American scientific expedition had lately brought

back the motion pictures which Thompson was about to seek, that, in fact, several mounted specimens could be seen in Chicago, at the Field Museum.

None of which worried Big Bill; he went right on with his well-advertised expedition, and seventy-five thousand people saw his ship start out on her voyage to Borneo via the Chicago Drainage Canal. Something happened every day—something that got into the papers; one day, even, a newspaperman from Zion City (the village that voted the earth was flat) fell overboard and was properly rescued, by none other than William Hale Thompson.

So the *Big Bill* proceeded on its watery way—not all water, at that—as far as New Orleans. There Thompson was compelled to leave it; business recalled him to Chicago. His friends left, too, or so many of them as had not fallen away on the trip down the river; and the unhappy captain, who apparently had supposed all the time that they were really going to Borneo, was left with his schooner on his hands and was last heard of hiring her out to fishing parties in the Bay of Panama. As for the twenty-five thousand dollar bet, what happened to that is not recorded.

They laugh at Big Bill even yet for that enterprise, but I fail to see why. At a time when he was out of politics it got him about a kilometer of newspaper space; it kept him in the public eye, no matter how; it reminded the public that here was a man who Did Things, or at any rate started to do them. And how many people notice what happens to anything after it leaves the front page?

Big Bill was out of favor, for a time, with the dominant group in the national Republican organization; but on one issue he guessed right when they guessed wrong. When the Republican National platform of 1924 spoke favorably of the World Court, Thompson exploded that "our foreign policy has been dictated by the King of England." Where is that World Court now? Smothered in its sleep, like Desdemona, and Big Bill made some slight contribution toward smothering it, incidentally and simultaneously making a larger contribution toward the return of Big Bill.

In 1926 that missionary bishop of the mavericks, William E. Borah, was going the rounds making speeches against senators who had voted for the World Court. When he came to Chicago Big Bill took charge of the meeting and ran away with it; Borah and George Washington were only secondary figures. Last fall Thompson put an anti-World Court candidate, Colonel Frank Smith, into the Senate. Smith had been chairman of the Utilities Commission, and his campaign fund had received heavy contributions from Samuel Insull, who owns most of the utilities around Chicago. A Senatorial committee, you will remember, asked about this; among other people, they asked Big Bill Thompson. What was his explanation of this curious behavior of his candidate? Why, that "I have tried to carry out the policies of George Washington and the twenty-six presidents who followed him." America First.

By this time, you will observe, he had already retraced most of the journey from Elba. Unsuccessful indictments of Thompson's friends Lundin and Len Small had reacted in his favor; and Dever's policemen were breaking into houses and arresting home brewers who had failed to provide themselves with the proper moral support, while machine guns sputtered merrily around the corner. But before Thompson could get back in the City Hall he must get the Republican nomination; and he got it with the help of the man who had crucified him four years earlier, the Honorable Robert E. Crowe.

Mr. Crowe, they say, had had delusions of grandeur, but by this time he had got over them; he had discovered that he and Big Bill might be reciprocally useful. There was room for a great ally in Thompson's camp, for by this time he had broken with his friend and discoverer, Lundin. He had said harsh

words about Crowe four years earlier, had said that if he ever shook Crowe's hand again you could set him down as a crook. But remarks like that are rarely taken too seriously by working politicians. Righteousness and peace kissed each other, Crowe and Thompson came together, with three cheers for George Washington and America First; Thompson helped Crowe elect his county ticket last fall, having first pledged them to America First and no World Court; then Crowe helped Thompson to the mayoralty nomination, and they set out to beat the best mayor Chicago had ever had.

IX

Say what you like about the taste of that campaign, it was a theatrical masterpiece. Lundin, for instance, had set up an independent candidate, Dr. John Dill Robertson. Thompson proclaimed that Lundin was a rat and Robertson was a rat, and he brought two caged rats up on the platform as visual reminder. Tabloid stuff—picture on the front cover, story inside, if you care to look for it. And I surmise that King George, whose involuntary appearance in the campaign aroused so much ridicule and disgust, played just about the same part as these caged rats. He was a tabloid picture too.

For every time Thompson said "King George" every German in Chicago had his whole 1917 complex recalled to his attention; the Germans might have remembered anyway who had been their friend when they needed a friend, but Thompson took no chances. But King George was worth more than that. The great offense of King George's stool pigeon McAndrew (that is, the great ostensible offense; I suspect a competent administration of the schools was one of the real counts against him) dealt with certain textbooks. These were not school books; they were used only in teachers' training courses which McAndrew had recommended; but they were a good talking point. For these books, it appears, shamefully distort Revolutionary history, as follows:

(1) They speak of the Scotch-Irish in Washington's army, when as every Irishman knows these were South Irish. (There are a good many thousand Irish voters in Chicago.)

(2) They pay insufficient attention to the deeds of the Polish Revolutionary heroes, Pulaski and Kosciuszko. (There are a hundred thousand Polish voters in Chicago.)

(3) They fail to mention the exploits of Steuben and the immense number of German soldiers in Washington's army. (There are two hundred thousand German voters in Chicago.)

Why no protest was made against the undoubted belittling of the achievements of the negro soldiers in Washington's army I do not know. Possibly Thompson was sure of the negroes without that.

So much for King George. But, as observed above, it was not King George but Volstead that really ruined Dever. Thompson could count on the Germans and the negroes, but most of the hundred thousand Polish voters in Chicago are normally Democratic. They are also normally wet, or abnormally wet, if you like. Anyhow, when Thompson strode up and down the platform promising to send the police back to their old job of fighting the crooks, and declaring that "I'll fire any cop who walks into a man's house without a warrant and fans the mattress for a pint flask," he got most of the Polish vote, and he got a good many other votes too. Chicago, brethren of the dry cause, is joined to its idols; it still contains a good many people who regard murder as a more serious matter than taking a drink.

If you doubt the accuracy of this diagnosis, consider this: In November George Brennan, running for Senator as a wet against the dry Frank Smith, carried Chicago by 83,000. Five months later Brennan's candidate Dever, running as a dry against the wet Thompson, lost Chicago by 83,000.

Apologists for Chicago point out that

more than 50,000 of Thompson's 83,000 plurality was rolled up in the three negro wards; but he got a lot of white votes too, and the above observations may explain where he got them. And the tactics of the opposition helped him powerfully.

In the first place, the title of "the best mayor Chicago ever had" was a millstone around Dever's neck; is there an instance in American municipal politics of the re-election of any mayor who was stigmatized by the better element as the best the city had ever had? Another millstone was the infelicitous slogan, "Dever and Decency." As a veteran of many municipal campaigns dolefully observed after the election, "Who the hell is attracted by decency?"

How much Thompson's grotesque denunciations of King George affected the campaign is a matter of doubt; possibly not much, aside from recalling to the Germans the situation of 1917. But Thompson played it so hard that the opposition decided to reduce it to absurdity; they dressed up a negro as Paul Revere and sent him galloping down Michigan Avenue, crying, "The British are coming!" This, apparently, had no effect at all; Thompson's King-George campaign was already so absurd that it could be reduced no farther; of those who saw the Afro-American Revere a few doubtless thought that the British *were* coming, and that only Big Bill could keep them out; and the rest, discarding Paul Revere and King George, held fast to their determination to vote for Thompson and save that pint flask under the mattress.

But the culminating blunder was committed by no less a person than George Brennan himself, when in a peevish moment he remarked that "all the hoodlums are for Thompson." Big Bill seized on that with a whoop of joy; he stigmatized the Democrats as aristocrats; he paraded the platform bellowing a merry appeal—"Hoodlums, come out and vote, and bring another hoodlum with you." Al Jolson, just after the election, gave Big Bill a bulldog which the donor had named "Big Boy," but Thompson had a better inspiration than that; he gave the dog a new name and put it on his collar for all the world to see —"Hoodlum — Mayor's Office — Chicago." Showman stuff? Yes, and good showman stuff; it made votes. And behind that he had the solid support of the Germans and negroes, he had the scattering—but considerable—support of the people who thought that the police might better be trying to prevent homicide than fanning mattresses for pint flasks.

Is there any mystery, now, about that election? Well, one mystery, perhaps—in spite of everything, 430,000 people voted for Dever.

X

Well, now that Big Bill has got it, what is he going to do with it?

Prophecy is perilous, in politics; but one or two things may be predicted with some certainty. In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he will be for America First (unless there is another war with Germany, or with Poland, or Czechoslovakia, or Africa). And he will have plenty of issues; they may not last long, but he will let go of them before they die on his hands. For like most artists he lives by inspiration, not by reason; and he seldom rides an inspiration till it gives out. He can always get a new one, just as good.

For example. On the day after he took office he started on another trip to New Orleans to boost the Illinois Lakes-to-Gulf Waterway. The great Mississippi floods had then just begun, and that morning the *Tribune*, which has always fought Thompson, carried a cartoon of his steamboat traversing the flooded regions while farmers marooned on the housetops cried out for help. Big Bill looked at that and wired to his vassal Governor Len Small at Springfield to entrain a speedboat which Thompson happened to know the state possessed, and send it down to meet the Mayoral expedition at Cairo. "We *will* rescue

somebody," he declared, "and I'll be at the wheel of the speedboat myself." As this is written he had got only as far as Memphis; but I conjecture that before he reaches New Orleans he will have rescued somebody, even if he had to plant them on a flood-encircled housetop first.

On the first lap of this voyage, moreover, Big Bill delivered himself of another happy thought. Power was going to waste, he discovered, at city pumping stations; why could it not be used to operate ice machines, so that free ice could be given to the poor at no added cost to the municipality? (Where he would find the money to build the ice plants, he did not say.) And if delivery proved impracticable, could not the ice be laid out on platforms, for the poor to gather up and take home at their convenience? I should be astonished beyond measure if anything more were heard of this enterprise; yet some few voters may keep it in mind, and reflect that Big Bill must have been balked in his beneficent purpose by the Interests.

"Make Chicago Hum" is the slogan of the new administration; on which a skeptical evening paper commented, "Hum like a humbug." Yet I have heard shrewd observers suggest that there is a possibility—just a possibility—that he may spend his third term being the Best Mayor Chicago Ever Had.

On the morning after he took office he told me, "Last night thirteen people called me up to tell me they'd seen a cop patrolling a beat." That is a tabloid picture of an issue, perhaps, but this picture is not faked; even his enemies expect a perceptible reduction in crimes of violence under his administration; and there is an old-fashioned theory that the prevention of crimes of violence is one of the cardinal purposes of government.

"They're stealing half a million dollars a day in this town," he exploded. "I'll stop that; I'll run the crooks and thieves and lawbreakers out of Chicago in ninety days—and then they'll try to get my Chief of Police indicted." Well, they can't indict him without the assent of State's Attorney Crowe, and when Thompson said that, on April 18th, he and Crowe were like David and Jonathan. By the time this magazine is on the news stands they may be gunning for each other; life is like that, especially in Chicago. However, the ninety days which were to suffice for the complete expulsion of the criminal element will be up on July 17th; anybody who is curious can go out to Chicago on that day and see if they are all gone. I suspect a good many of them will have departed, but you may find some few still on the premises. But if you do, don't run to Big Bill with your story; he will have another issue by that time.

By the time you read this the water-meter question, too, will probably be ancient history. But there is one issue that will stay there till it is settled—the transit question. "I will give the solution of this problem my best thought and energy" the Mayor promised in his inaugural. So, I surmise, will some other people. But it is noteworthy that in this last campaign Big Bill was not talking about the five-cent fare. Suppose, now, that gentlemen interested in traction economics and not at all interested in the five-cent fare should put some of the most costly brains in the country together and work out a solution of the Chicago transit problem. They would be too clever to try to get too much; and, to give Big Bill his due, they would probably be more afraid of him than they would be of some other mayors. But he knows the question must be settled—must, this time, because the franchises of the surface lines have expired. And if somebody else works out a settlement that will be reasonably satisfactory all round—that will take care of the interests of the security owners without doing visible injury to the interests of the public—will Big Bill toss it away? Maybe; but maybe not. It is at least an even money bet that he

will accept it, and appear in his next campaign booklet as the Mayor who settled the transit question for all time.

So with other things that are going on in Chicago. The town needs a new and stupendous civic auditorium to take care of great conventions. That would probably be built in the next four years, no matter who was mayor; but Big Bill is behind it and it will go into the next campaign booklet too. Chicago is moving ahead, working out the Chicago Plan; in fact about all that any mayor need do to be a good mayor, from the civic point of view, is to stand still and let the Chicago Plan flow on around him. Whatever your estimate of Big Bill's past contribution toward the working out of that plan, he is not likely to squat in the way and dam its flow.

There are new faces in the City Hall, and some old faces. Many of Thompson's old gang are gone; of those who survive, some are trusted and some are not. Of the new men, some look trustworthy and some do not. But if Big Bill runs out some of the crooks, leaves the Volstead Act to the Federal prohibition agents, and lets subtler minds take hold of some of the more intricate problems of Chicago, he may go down in histories more impartial than campaign textbooks as Big Bill the Builder.

There is, to be sure, the overshadowing figure of Mr. Crowe, who is believed to have intentions of being the power behind the throne. Well, Fred Lundin was the power behind the throne once; but he has retired into the shadows and Big Bill is still in the spotlight. One thing is certain—the people who hate Thompson, or most of them, hate Crowe worse; the people who distrust Thompson distrust Crowe more profoundly. If it came to a fight between them Thompson would probably have most of the Better Element with him. But that need not worry him; he had the Better Element with him once before, and lived it down.

And whatever else happens in the next four years, you can be sure there will always be a good show at the City Hall, always a fresh picture on the front cover of the tabloid every morning. Big Bill learned from Lundin, if he did not already know it by instinct, that you have to make them pause and listen, in the light of the gasoline flare, before you can sell them the old Indian remedy.

OTHER WOMEN'S CHILDREN

ANONYMOUS

MUCH has been written about the "mother's job," and her place in the home. Women in general—from those who advocate the use of So-and-So's flour on the glaring billboards of our cities to those who run women's pages in our dailies—are willing to give advice to mothers at all stages of the game. But what of the stepmother? Her problems are those of the ordinary mother "plus"; but nobody seems to take particular interest in them.

With divorce figuring increasingly each year, there are more and more children who are either losing or gaining parents, and the problems of these altered homes are almost more important than those of the happy homes into which the verdict of a decree *nisi* has not fallen. In one case you are dealing with nature; in the other, with nature at variance.

I have very little patience with those who shake the family skeleton in front of the public, hoping thereby to attain a personal notoriety. Before dragging certain rattling bones out of a musty cupboard of past memories I want to say that it is the complications of the marriage situation to-day which tempt me to write down real experiences, and not the desire to wash private laundry in the market place! I am hoping that my experience may help some girl facing stepmother-hood, either through marriage with a widower or with a man who has been through the divorce courts—the latter more likely. The modern girl is not merely faced with the choice of controlling or enlarging her own family at some future date, but with the possibility of having to bring up another woman's children; and when the passion and enchantment of the honeymoon are over she may find herself at once in the harness of maternity without having grown accustomed to the idea through the gradual process of pregnancy, lactation, and so forth.

I speak as "one having authority," since I have had two stepmothers and am now a stepmother to two stepchildren—truly a bewildering situation. Having been a stepchild, I have tried hard to put my own experiences to the good in rearing my stepchildren. It is as though one had seen both sides of the looking-glass and had to look backward in order to see forward.

As I lost my own mother when a baby, the delightful woman who took her place in my father's home has, as regards my affection for her, always held the position of a real mother in my life. Attractive, clever, and young, she comes out of the mists of past years with a frou-frou of silk skirts that delighted my heart. From the very first she appeared to take her job to heart. My nursery was full of wonderful toys; the dresses she and nurse made were always, to my mind, prettier than those of my little friends, and it never entered my small head that I was other than her own child. After some years a little sister appeared on the scene, and life was indeed a delight! There was no more loneliness in the nursery and existence became doubly interesting! It meant also that "mummy" came to our end of the house rather more often than

before, and this in itself was an added joy since she always brought with her a spirit of happiness.

Then a dreadful thing happened. On one of nurse's afternoons "off" the housemaid, who looked after me in her place at teatime, corrected me when I alluded to mummy as my mother and said, "She's not your own mother, dear. Your own mother's dead."

To this day I can remember the dull, numbing ache that came over me, and how I hated the girl and the world at large! Realizing that she had done something foolish, the bull that had crashed into my china shop tried to repair the damage! It was too late, nothing helped! Even my little half-sister seemed a thief in my eyes since mummy was hers and not mine—*she* belonged, I didn't!

I nursed the injury in silence and distrust, and some months later brought down on my head the scorn of my tiny world by saying that I wished sister had never been born. It was the eve of her first birthday. She was being bathed by nurse in front of the nursery fire, and mummy and father were an admiring audience. "Aren't you glad she was born?" asked father. All the bottled-up injury caused by the maid's injudicious remark flashed up in my heart as I said, "No!" Everybody laughed. "Jealous," said father as he and mummy went out, leaving me to a tirade from nurse to whom sister was the very light of existence. No amount of tears could wash away my error in her eyes, and I can remember getting out of bed after the lights were out, going into the day-nursery, taking my gift (a wooden horse and cart) from its hiding place under the sofa, going back, and putting it on sister's cot, in a state of choking sobs, saying, "I do love you! I do love you and I *am* glad you are born."

And all the time my stepmother never knew. In the kindness of her heart she had always been the real mother in word as well as deed.

School days arrived, my companions quoted legends from Grimm, wanting to know if my stepmother lived up to the name of the usual ogrelike person in those tiresome tales. They seemed abashed when I disappointed them, and little by little I realized that the word "stepmother" had, up to that time, meant to them something hideous and I, conscious of all the kindness my own stepmother showed to me, could not quite understand their prejudices. It appears that, in later years, my own stepchildren came to the same conclusion since they remarked to their father, "Daddy, we're lucky that mummy is not a horrid stepmother like in the fairy-tales, aren't we?"

My father had given me a photograph of my own mother but, except for exciting a certain pity because she had died young, I must frankly confess I never felt the slightest pang that I had never known her and, since all her relatives were dead, there was nobody to awaken in me any sentiment about her. My only quarrel with life was that I had not been allowed to be the real child of my stepmother, and so all the stupid school talk worried and puzzled me.

As time went on I saw more of my father's people, less of mummy, and nothing at all of my father, and it was with a shock that in my teens I learned of his divorce and remarriage. The fact that there had been serious trouble in our home had been withheld from me, and I bitterly resented having a *new* stepmother.

At that time youth was not initiated into all the problems and phases of human life, and I blamed both her and my father for our deserted home. I did not realize that sometimes people are better apart. I merely blamed.

And once more there was the pull of not being "real," for sister went with mummy and I was sent to relatives and visited my old home only on odd holidays. I know now that financial reasons made this needful, but at the time it was a sore, unsolved problem and I felt very bitter often, for no one was ever dearer to me than my half-sister and her mother.

Gossips were busy with young ears, and I was filled with stories, pro and con, about my father's new wife—but blame was, I fear, always uppermost in my heart and mind. However, one day a wise old friend, knowing my muddled state of mind and my real love for my father, suggested it might be fairer to him and to my second stepmother (and doubtless to my own character and growing knowledge of life) if I visited them and made my own conclusions. This advice was not followed out at once although certain letters passed between us.

Some years later, when I was beginning to think my own love affairs the most serious of all problems, the proposed visit was paid. My father was delightful as of old, and his wife, a woman with an unwavering love for my father, welcomed me with charming hospitality. So far so good—but I could not overcome the strangeness of seeing father with another woman and felt that, although remarried, he belonged to my own home. I could not forget certain injustices, both real and imagined, and after the first excitement of meeting father had worn off, I talked constantly of mummy and sister—who, by the way, did not see him again till years later. Although modern, this was rather tactless, and my father's new wife must often have wished this relic of her husband's past had kept out of the way. On the other hand, if frankness is to be the basis of things, this should have been expected, and is one of the things that the stepmother must recognize if she is to get nearer to her stepchildren.

The love for my father grew and at the same time diminished—he had, up to now, remained the father of the nursery days, but now he became less my father and more a very interesting friend. But although outwardly pleasant to each other, I could not help feeling that his wife and I were not *en rapport*. Later, as I grew in experience, this unfortunate situation softened. There may have been, and probably were, faults on both sides. To my mind she had taken away something of what belonged to "us"; to her mind I was probably a serpent in her Eden—an item she had hardly reckoned with in her marriage.

Meeting mummy after this visit was not exactly easy. I felt that I had been guilty of disloyalty, and yet she, among the first, had always been most broad-minded about father's remarriage and was glad of his happiness. Indeed, could they have ever met again I always feel that they would have been the same friends as always—minus the strain matrimony had put upon them.

Naturally it is impossible to say how the entire situation would have been handled had another girl been in my position. I can speak only from my own experience. Complexes, Freud, and Krafft-Ebing, etc., were not drawing-room topics in those days, and even divorce was still somewhat taboo. "Home life" was the rule of the day, and it meant a great deal to me. I was rather too much of a sentimentalist, and the crude analytical light of science and facts failed to make any appeal until many years later. Grieving over the various domestic upsets, I never became quite reconciled, even when reason made things clear. But the chief annoyance was outside gossip. That mummy should be fonder of sister than of me was human and natural, but I can truthfully say that, whatever her feelings, she never made any difference between us. It was the busybodies who made the trouble. People who had known my own mother; people who loved mummy; people who loved my father's third wife—they all had their innings as far as I was concerned, trying to find out how I felt, putting ideas into my head that were never there, and often causing my emotions to overrule my caution. In some instances I listened, in others not—but it was a very tangled skein to unravel, and the best piece of advice I can give to the stepmother of the future is to shield her charges as much as pos-

sible from "Meddlesome Matties," to question them from time to time to see whether any seeds of rancor have, unknowingly, been sown there and, if so, to weed the gardens of their young minds as often as possible and so prevent unhappiness for their youthful hearts.

It takes a very strong nature to be absolutely fair in such relationships, but I can truthfully say that if every "real" child got as much love and affection from a "real" mother as I did from a stepmother there would be fewer complaints from the rising generation.

II

However kind "steps" may be, I have noticed that children of divorced parents often feel a bit queer and have, perhaps, an older outlook on things. This may not be due to the influence of the home but to the chitter-chatter overheard at school, the advice of well-meaning but interfering friends, and to their own thoughts.

Never shall I forget a conversation I once overheard at a fashionable seaside resort. A little girl of about seven was making sand-pies with her father. Suddenly she stopped and looking up into his face said, "Daddy, why don't grannie and grandpa live together?" For a moment her father looked abashed and then replied, with wise simplicity, "They didn't get on, honey, so separated and lived apart." "Humph" from the child. Then, "Why don't you and my real mother live together?" "We didn't get on either, honey, so we decided to live apart, too, and now you and I live with mummy." Silence. Then with a sigh, this child, evidently bred in the cradle of divorce, said, "Are you and mummy getting along *pretty well?*" The use of the adjective "pretty" stabbed me. It was as though her seven-year-old mind had already seen through the hypocritical veneer of human society and knew for a certainty that marriage was a gamble at the best, and was ready for any emergency.

Shortly after this I was faced with my own marriage. Much to the astonishment of most of my friends I was to marry a man whose divorced wife I knew and whose children I expected to raise. I put in some "heavy thinking" during those days and came to the conclusion that the mother's job was simple compared with that of the stepmother's, and my heart sang a song of gratitude for the unselfishness of my own stepmother whose example would help me so much.

One may be blasé these days; free love is the vogue; birth-control is a religion; camouflage of one's heart and soul is as popular as paint, powder, and lip-stick; but under it all lies the woman and the mother—the woman who wants her man for her own and the mother whose desire is that her child shall be the first to be given to the father. If her child is to be third or fourth, will she be strong enough to show as much love and kindness to his children as to her own? If not it seems to me she should make the sacrifice—look after the other woman's children with the best love she can give them and go barren herself.

I am speaking here of the woman who enters matrimony a spinster, not of the woman who has, herself, been through the divorce courts and has children of her own; also, of the woman who undertakes children who are out of infancy and who can remember a previous home, although the same problem may quite well apply to the woman who raises a child from infancy. I do not attempt to solve the feelings of the stepmother who keeps her stepchildren for six months and then has to relinquish them to the other camp—her lot would be too complicated, and I should not have attempted a marriage that contained such a clause. Children's loyalty is so divided that the poor little things do not know if they are on their heads or their heels. Let there be a clean sweep, one way or the other—it may be painful to the losing side, but it is one of the

penalties adults must pay for bringing children into the world and then splitting up the home. Let one keep the children and the other content himself or herself with occasional visits to them.

The main thing is to know the children, get under their skin! It is no use saying, "Hire a good nurse and leave it to her!" That never works. Your time is short in which to win their love, for they grow quickly, and the best thing is to take the job yourself.

Before marrying I held down a job and after marriage still wove daydreams around a career; however, I could not have been as strong-minded as some other women who write on the mother problem for I found it did not work. My husband needed me (although he would not own to such dependence, I feel sure!), and I saw that the children did, also. They talked of their other home continually, they gossiped to little friends about it. This would not do. I gave up the career ("only for the moment," I promised myself) and took up that of a stepmother!

It entailed washing grubby little bodies, mending endless socks, visits to the barber and the dentist, talks with school teachers, conferences with the family doctor about diet and health, sitting up at nights attending to coughs and colds, helping with home-lessons, watching manners, deciding in quarrels, and what not! There were times when I wanted to fling the clinical thermometer out of the window, let "when" be spelt "wen," moments when safety pins looked to me more attractive than tidy buttons, and when a child's party with its howling and jumping heathens made me wish I were an old maid with a cat! My husband looked pale and complained that he saw too little of me, that the children claimed too much of my time; my friends said I was "too clever" to waste my days in this way, and sometimes I am ashamed to say I agreed. But in the quieter moments when the coughs were cured, the lessons learned, and so forth, I realized that had I had children of my own there would have been the same problems to face. The only difference was, as said previously, that I had been hurled into motherhood and that I had two children at once instead of one.

And I found—sloppy as it may sound to the members of sophisticated sororities of to-day—that with labor came love. I was proud that "daughter" was the smartest in her class and that "brother" won four prizes at the sports; and had anyone suggested that another relative rear them I should have—to use my stepson's useful phrase—"given them a kick in the pants!"

As they grow older and can manage for themselves I see a lot more of their father and of my friends, and the hours I now spend in outside company are all the pleasanter for the hours in which I had been too busy to be spared. And the hours we all spend together are the happier because I have persevered during a couple of trying years.

Do they know about the divorce? Certainly. As opportunities arose, the whole situation was explained, and I hope there are no injured feelings anywhere. They realize that certain natures, like certain chemicals, do not mix and that things are better as they are.

"Daughter" asked me the other day, "why don't you have a child of your own now that I am big?" (She is under ten!) And I replied, "Because daddy and I are too fond of you and brother." This is the truth. Had I, as I have often wished, borne a child of my own, I doubt very much whether I could have given as much whole-hearted attention to these two youngsters, and they would have felt defrauded of something, although they might not have known what. Some woman may be able to do this—I couldn't.

As I see it, the stepmother has one great advantage over the real mother. Provided she knows the traits in their mother's character and is wise enough to recognize in her husband the man as

well as her friend, she has the opportunity of molding the young natures without the sentimental emotion that overwhelms a mother's heart when correction and chastisement are needed. She should be able to see more clearly where the good and evil separate and weave a strong strand of common sense into the cord of affection and love that is binding her to them.

Not long ago a woman remarked to me, "I never knew till to-day that 'brother' and 'sister' were not your own children. That is the reason you are able to correct them wisely as well as kindly." I do not write this in order to thump myself on the back with admiration but to show that the advantage must evidently have been an obvious fact and that, in spite of their having come into my life when out of babyhood, they seemed happy enough in their relationship to me to fool outsiders into thinking they were my own—until some wagging tongue told it otherwise!

III

Relatives in marriage are always a difficult problem—they have been known to be difficult under any circumstances, but that is beside the point! However, marriage with a divorce in the background and stepchildren in the foreground makes the problem even more complicated. One's new "in-laws" may intend to be most kind, but there must be conjectures in their minds as to whether one will be better or worse than one's predecessor—and a certain pity in their hearts for the children who are to be in the care of a stepmother. My own grandmother is reported to have caused great pain by calling me a "poor little motherless thing" in front of my first stepmother. I can feel for mummy, for I know perfectly well that, in spite of all my endeavors, a certain relative of my stepchildren has always some such thought about me and wishes that the children were with their own mother. Naturally, it would be better for all children to be with their natural parents, but if fate has decided otherwise, is it not kinder to give the stepmother a wholehearted backing and the benefit of the doubt until she has been proved unworthy?

One feels for a long time on probation, and this should be fought down in one's own consciousness. It makes one self-conscious and hypercritical and perhaps a little resentful! Leave the relatives to wonder how the children will be treated; let them criticize the manner of their upbringing! As long as one's husband is pleased, the children happy, and one's own mind at rest, all is well. There will always be the "in-law" who wants them to go to bed at eight instead of seven, who feeds them between meals, and thinks it kind to stuff them with candies! One should avoid such relatives as much as possible.

Apart from the microscopic examination by one's husband's family, one is subject to a regular machine-gun fire from one's own! Whole lists of interjections are raised on one's head: "Marrying a man with children! Ahem! Pshaw! Pish! Tush!" followed by a bombardment of regrets that it will ruin one's life, make a family of one's own impossible or, at the best, difficult.

In rare instances there may be someone who understands that there is a basis of love on which one is working, and that the problem should be regarded as an interesting and human piece of work. But these people are rare, and in my own case it was only after several years of concentrated effort that I pulled the family round to seeing that my husband, the children, and I could be a very happy little household in spite of all! A great deal depends, of course, as to whether one's family has a Cromwellian, Victorian, or Georgian attitude towards life!

There may also be the children's maternal family to reckon with. I do not know how this turns out in other cases, but can quote my own as being most satisfactory, as I have had very broad-minded people to deal with. Not only

did they call on me when coming to see the children, but they invited me to bring them to their various homes. It was embarrassing to begin with and made me feel as though I was the "other woman" instead of myself, but they were so charming that in the children's interest one could not refuse—and it creates a much pleasanter feeling all round for them and for us.

Mine is, I suppose, a rather exceptional case, and I can well imagine that the children's maternal relatives could be very unpleasant in some instances. To this I say as before—one must do the best, and if all at home are happy, then shame the Devil.

Most of the worry caused me came, as in the problems of my youth, from the outside—the wagging tongue! Relatives and well-meaning friends giving advice! I sincerely believe that if one could painlessly "can" all such during the first year of a stepmother's married life, the whole situation would be easier. The main characters in the little drama being sincere, it is best to leave them to work out their own plot.

Then, too, there is the stranger to be dealt with. Should one explain the situation or should one not? In the beginning I made no bones about it all but was often met with, "Mother dead?" and when this was contradicted I often found a cold shoulder turned on me. This is more likely to be the case in Europe than in America, but I still believe that it is best to stick to the truth and shame our old friend Beelzebub! To do otherwise lands one at times in holes—I have always endeavored to be quite frank with people about it all, feeling that nothing would be lost in so doing, as I have learned through experience! But in traveling I decided to adopt the other course. The people one meets casually in hotels mean nothing to one, and there was no need to go into all one's private life. It seemed wiser to say nothing and let the children pass unquestionably as my own. I explained this at length to "brother" and "daughter" when they were old enough to enjoy travel, saying that, to our mind, there was nothing wrong in divorce but that in certain society it was frowned on, and that to avoid criticism of our small family *en voyage* we should keep the matter to ourselves, especially among child visitors of the hotels—born snobs if there are any! This was agreed to, and it was at a watering resort last year that I learned my lesson!

When sitting with various mothers on the terrace of the hotel the conversation turned on childbirth and even here, with my tongue in my cheek, was I able to hold my own. All went well; the situation amused me and was then forgotten. Some days later, however, one of the mothers buttonholed me and accused me of being a stepmother! I felt rather a fool when admitting to the crime and laughingly explained my reasons for the subterfuge, excusing it by saying that it seemed kinder to the children, knowing the ideas of all present! I was curious to learn how the news had leaked out and found that "daughter" had confided it to one of her new chums who had confided it to the juvenile assembly who had, in turn, passed it on to their mothers!

After that little experience we decided that the truth was best. It was of little use to blame my small stepdaughter for being a gossip. Our slogan had been "frankness" from the beginning, and it was my own fault for being false to it. But I often wondered whether the truth had been revealed to the worthy ladies before or after my wonderful description of "brother's" arrival into the world.

IV

I have left the matter of the children's mother to the last, being almost the most difficult subject in the stepmother's career. Here, as in every case, so much depends on the temperament of the individual. I have heard of unwarranted exhibitions of jealousy on the part of some mothers, of kidnapping and, doubt-

less, such things occur, but having had no first-hand experience in such happenings, I can only go by my own. As already stated, the children's maternal relatives were very broad-minded people, and the same is true of their mother. She fully realized that the children were happy, that I was not an ogre, and that when she wished to see them periodically she could notify us, call at our house, and do so. There was no hole-and-corner business that necessitated my leaving the house for the day as though I were guilty. It was my house, and I stood my ground—they were her children and she had a right to see them. In this way "brother" and "daughter" saw us together, and there was no underhand feeling in their minds that they were doing something disloyal. When they have questioned me about her I have never done otherwise than explain that no blame was to be attached to anyone—that personalities differed, that was all. And it has been told me that she, in her turn, always stood by me when the children questioned her about me. So in this way their souls have no garbled problems to unravel in silent moments, alone.

Meeting thus occasionally, I have been able to ask her certain questions about their early childhood, find out from whom certain traits of character sprang, and what physical weaknesses to expect, and to have an added help in trying to steer their funny little barks straight. We both try to look on them as little human beings and do the best for them; that it is I who have them in charge does not particularly matter—they are the first consideration.

I am not pretending that these meetings have always been easy, but outwardly there was no sign of any embarrassment. For her to see her ex-husband living happily with another woman must surely have recalled earlier years in her own life. For me to see her there with the others made me feel at first a rank outsider—until I gained the right perspective.

Our first reunion left me a bit wobbly, seeing the four of them sitting on the porch while the maid and I got tea! A certain jealous wave surged up—and then, cursing myself for a fool, I went and joined them. It was no good giving way to the primeval instinct welling up in me—I had known what to expect when I married, and one had to play the game. Mummy had made no scene when I had visited her rival in my father's house, so why should I make a scene if my predecessor called to see her children in mine? The same position turned about!

It has been suggested that at some future date they may turn to her and visit her as soon as they are independent. What will be, will be. One cannot foretell along what road their actions will lead them—but would it be criminal if they did? Provided she and I play squarely with each other, *provided we can eliminate vicious gossip*, there should be nothing to fear. The children, as things stand, may quite well have found an affectionate mother in me and a good friend in her. Who knows!

THE CASE FOR THE CO-EDUCATED WOMAN

BY EDNA YOST

THE other night I attended the annual dinner of the New York Alumni Association of my college. In the course of the evening, following an old custom, each of us was summoned to our feet to give his or her name, college class, and present status. To me this is always one of the most embarrassing moments of the year. One by one they arise around the tables, drawing nearer and nearer to where I am miserably sitting. I do not mind the men, who, in straightforward manner, are just "Ralph Clark. Class of '14. Selling bonds," or building bridges. But the women! How they wither me with remorse for my unnatural state of single bliss! For they, with smiles and dimples, are no longer plain Grace Jones. Instead, "Grace Jones Clark. Class of '15. And just being the mother (more dimples!) of two adorable sons."

Year after year I have to confess my shame. Name: the same they knew me by in college. Class: 1913. And status rather static. For I write. That one night of the year, that night of contact with old college friends, I am very much out of my element. It is of nieces and nephews I must boast while they beam of sons and daughters.

With this kind of a college background it was somewhat difficult for me to grasp the fact that one of the pertinent criticisms against higher education for women was the backwardness of the educated woman in marrying—it was so contrary to my personal experience. I had two college roommates. One of them married a man in my class. A few years later he was killed. After five years of widowhood she has recently remarried. My other roommate went out to the Philippines to teach. She gave it up to marry a scientist who has been doing some remarkable work among the lepers there. I have two brothers who went to the same college I did. Each is happily married to a girl he met and I knew there. And as for me, I came out wearing the fraternity pin—seriously—of a Phi Beta Kappa member of the football team.

A college education as I knew it at that time was about the last thing in the world that kept girls from marrying. In fact, we were continually facing the unfounded charge that college for a girl was nothing much but a matrimonial agency anyway. Then I came to New York where I began to meet in great numbers graduates and ex-students from the women's colleges here in the East. For the first time I began to know intimately something about the problem of the educated woman's failure to marry. Of course I had known plenty of co-eds who did not marry. For the most part, though, they were the girls who preferred to remain single or who were bound to be left over anyway. But the unmarried alumnæ of the women's colleges, I discovered, often did not belong in either of these categories. To know them was to realize that their failure to marry was the result of some experience which had put them at a disadvantage, matrimonially speaking—

an experience which had made of them, willy nilly, misfits in life!

Obviously, then, it is not higher education itself, but rather a type of higher education that is at the root of this alarming frequency of the college woman's failure to marry. An environment of feminine segregation during college years seems to have one kind of effect on woman; the environment of certain kinds of co-educational institutions has quite a different effect. And here, too, it is not co-education itself, but rather a type of co-education that is disproving the charge that higher education, per se, makes women backward in marrying. Many a co-ed achieves her four-years' training in an environment in which she is not wanted, in which she is disgracefully treated and inadequately cared for. But there is a fine type of small co-educational college in the country to-day in which a girl has an opportunity for a well-rounded development that sends her out quite normal as far as men and marriage are concerned, and at the expense of no intellectual handicap either!

II

Education should keep the minds of both young men and young women open to the idea of marriage. If it fails to do this there is something fundamentally wrong. There is no conscious effort being made at our women's colleges to close the minds of their students to marriage, yet this is exactly what is happening. For they take a girl at eighteen and, during those years when she is emotionally ready to fall in love, when it is easier for her to accept young men for what they are than it will ever be again, she is being consciously molded and led into good habits, one of which is to be happy and satisfied for four years without the real companionship of men. That the habit continues after she leaves school is not to be wondered at. My surprise is that they do marry, not that they don't.

I can think of no more idiotic myth that continues, apparently, to be accepted by many intelligent people than the one which says it is better for the average young woman to be given a college education while removed from nearly all contact with the sex that makes up the other important half of the human race. And at women's colleges, far more than at men's, this lack of contact with the other sex prevails; for women students are pretty strictly held within college walls and halls. This does not mean that the idea of women's colleges, originally, was a bad one. On the contrary, it was most excellent. For prejudices existed which barred women from the older colleges for men, and the only way out of the dilemma was through the establishment of colleges for women. It is easy to understand that it was necessary to submit to this segregation of the sexes on account of the regrettable result of prejudice in educational circles; but to believe that this abnormal isolation is the best way is quite another matter, comparable to believing in the supreme virtue of a woman's political party after suffrage has been achieved.

And then to prejudice was added fear. As it became more and more difficult, in the face of facts, for intelligent people to display their prejudices against education for women, that other great enemy of courageous, clean-cut thinking, fear, showed its head. There had to be some explanation for anything as unnatural as the sudden cutting off of the normal mingling of the sexes which girls had experienced before college and were supposed to return to afterward. So grave fears were expressed about the advisability of trying to educate young men and young women in the same institutions. Fear not only of what this normal mingling of the sexes would do to college girls, but to the men as well; fear of what it would do to their minds, fear of what it would do to their morals; fear for the present, fear for the future. But for the most part, fears of an older

generation whose intimate knowledge of themselves helped them to mistrust youth, and the lazy fears of educators who found it easier to instruct the minds of young people in an artificial atmosphere than to aim at that more difficult and far superior type of teaching which is the development of all of youth's natural powers.

The big function of any educational system is bifold: It must hold young people to fundamental conceptions of life while leading them out into delightful, even dangerous excursions of thought. It must keep their feet on solid earth while they are adventuring the mental realms on the untried wings of their intellects. Teaching is too big a job to be attempted by small minds who do not dare boldly toward the day when the fear and prejudice which underlie the segregation of the sexes in college years must be uprooted to give way to a more wholesome growth.

Because it is bigger to live life than merely to think about it, the women's college must continue to fail in best fulfilling this bifold function of education. For any fundamental conception of life includes the rather constant contact of men and women, and the college which fosters and provides for this contact naturally without lowering its intellectual and moral standards is fundamentally as far ahead of the women's college as living successfully is greater than thinking about living successfully.

Moreover, for women, at least, it is dangerous to go through a lengthy period of intellectual development when removed from this contact with men which is absolutely necessary for her normal emotional growth. To the young woman placed in this biologically unnatural position one of two things is likely to happen: The development of her emotional nature may halt while her intellectual development leaps ahead; or she may find in other girls the substitute which forms an outlet for her emotions. And as we are beginning to face the beautiful warm facts instead of the placid myths about woman's emotional nature, we are finding that substitution not so good.

Time was when Victorian minds took for granted that woman's sexual emotions did not need to be considered until the divinely appointed male came along to arouse them. To-day we are facing the disconcerting truth that intense homosexual friendships of an undesirable nature form a problem that is admittedly disturbing some of our best women's colleges and unadmittedly disturbing the others; and that though some girls come out of this relationship and adjust themselves successfully to life, others do not. Instead, they find happiness or devastation, as the case may be, in the continuance of their homosexual interests only.

Here is a fact. Because it is a fact, not a theory, it needs to be faced with intelligence rather than in fear or revulsion. If we can approach the problem with an open mind which, instead of merely condemning, sees at least the possibility that an absence of emotional normality in college girls is the result of a too feminine environment, we are going to give ourselves an opportunity to grow in an understanding of woman's real nature. Too many fine women—women who are successful, happy wives and mothers—admit to an experience that has been either actively or potentially homosexual for us to call these college girls abnormal and to wash our hands of them. When youth, fine youth, goes off our track, it is time for an older generation to search its own heart, and some of that heart-searching has fortunately already begun. Dr. Katherine B. Davis, whose intelligent, open-minded studies of the sex life of women stamps her as an authority whose opinion on this subject must carry weight, says that "there is no question but that the problem of homosexuality in women's colleges is an important one—one that should be studied further," and that "the segregation of young women during

the years when she is emotionally ready to fall in love is quite possibly a factor tending toward actual homosexual experiences."

The problem of these unwholesome friendships has come as a surprise to educators. They have been shocked and unwilling to admit that the education of women should be confronted by such an unexpected sort of thing. Emotions in the form of hysterics or silly harmless crushes on other girls, ill-health from over-study—these were feminine problems to be expected and dealt with understandingly. But, because girls were made out of sugar and spice and everything nice, the so-called unpleasant facts of sex were not to be dealt with for four years except poetically. A result of this poetic handling of a life force has been that girls, many times in all innocence, became involved in consuming relationships with each other which they did not understand and which they would not have accepted had they had either knowledge of their real significance or sufficient opportunity for normal heterosexual interests. That college girls' emotions have turned out to be not quite what was expected of them is largely the result of an unwillingness among educators of both sexes to give up their old sugar and spice ideas about women.

It would be presumptuous for this article to attempt to give the last word on such a problem. There are theories and then more theories. Eventually there will be understanding. In the meantime, it may be of value to recognize that since college girls, being human, are likely to warp in a biologically unnatural environment, there is an older generation's paramount duty to provide a natural one.

And try as it may, an older generation cannot provide a natural environment in a woman's college by hiring a few men instructors and increasing the opportunity for social contacts with men. The trend in this direction is admirable and doubtless of good effect. But it is no more than a quite inadequate effort to counteract a recognizedly unhealthy condition which might better not be created in the first place. While in comparison with the unself-conscious normality of the give and take between men and women students in the right kind of a co-educational college, its pitiful insufficiency is a shame. The development of normal heterosexual interests in a college girl is a thousand times more than a social-life or summer-vacation problem, a million times more than a man-teacher-to-student relationship. She needs an opportunity for constant contact with men of her own age and experience in the many phases of life where their interests overlap. It may be a pity, but it seems to be a fact that woman has difficulty in loving a man unless she respects him, too; and intelligent women will be constantly thwarted in the natural development of their love life unless intelligent men give them generously those more-than-social contacts out of which, undoubtedly, respect is bound to spring. I can think of no more joy-giving heritage that college years can bestow upon a young woman in her early twenties than the satisfying knowledge of the comradely qualities and intellectual capacities of the sex with which the chances are she will at least try to find completion and happiness.

III

I have tried to get at the thinking of fathers and mothers who send their daughters to women's colleges; for, after all, it is parents who are largely responsible for the choice of a college. When I suggest to them that the women's college is rated high in educational advantages and low in those opportunities which lead a girl naturally into the complete realm of woman's life, I find that fathers, much more often than mothers, want their daughters to marry. This is natural enough, but they have peculiar ideas as to how this is to be achieved. Fathers, consciously or unconsciously,

blind themselves to the simplest truths about their daughters' emotional natures. They know that nature has decreed for the human race that the years for mental development and for emotional development shall coincide. But, consumed by their own fears or selfishness, they are willing to cheat their daughters of one of the finest, most satisfying, most helpful experiences that could ever come to them. They shut them away for four important years from the possibilities of a natural, all-around pursuit of learning that is more than books.

Recently I talked long and earnestly with a man whose daughter is a junior at one of our women's colleges. In a way his attitude is typical. He sincerely wants his daughter to marry. He believes deeply in marriage. He believes, too, in what he calls the old-fashioned girl, by which he means the girl whose happiness will be achieved in wifehood and motherhood. And he is sure—oh, so pleading sure!—that Peggy is that kind of a girl. And so she is, or at least she would be if she had a fair chance. But each year she is getting farther and farther away from it. Peggy is interested in history. She has her father's brains. I am sure she has a deep emotional nature, too. She is pouring both brains and emotions into two channels: her work and friendships with girls. What else in the name of Heaven can she do with them?

I said this frankly to her father. Then he told me his plans for Peggy. His business associates have sons in college. Oh, he knows fine men with fine sons! For occasional parties and summer week-ends he has been able to bring these young people together. He admits that he has been a trifle disappointed because they are not more interested in one another, but he attributes this to the fact that they have not had a chance really to know one another. So as soon as Peggy has finished her education he is going to see that she is thrown much more with these fine sons of his fine friends. And then, presto!—love and marriage.

Well, as soon as Peggy has finished her college course she is going to leave home to teach school. She says she is going to be keen about teaching history, that she gets a terrible kick out of thinking about it, and wants a year in Italy soon. "Of course, if I'm bored, I'll marry," she concludes frankly.

Peggy is typical of thousands of college girls to-day. She has all the possibilities of an intelligent, warm-blooded young woman, that is, she is inherently capable of the all-around development nature intended for her. But the educational system of which she unwittingly finds herself a part has decreed that nature's way cannot be trusted, so it evolved an unnatural system of its own which is developing her intellect at the expense of her emotions. Peggy is getting along beautifully in college without men and she is forming the habits which will cling to her long after she has left it. Of course, if she is bored she will marry! It is as unimportantly simple as that in her young eyes.

Now if Peggy disappoints her father by being the logical result of the educational environment he selected for her, that is, if she fails in what he considers to be her womanly duty of marrying and perpetuating the race, let the rest of us be fair-minded enough to blame neither Peggy nor the higher education of women. We must remember that women, like men, have the terrific urge of two strong instincts: ego and sex; and when, owing to the irrepressible drive of ego, they demand the privileges of education they do not desire to cripple their other precious urge. If they achieve education at the expense of crippled emotions it is because they have been caught, as were so many soldiers in the army, and bent by impact with a great sterilizing system they would never have chosen to create.

Does this sound as if marriage is the biggest, most desirable aim of education? I do not believe it is necessarily. But I

do believe that by far the majority of women find their greatest happiness in a life that includes marriage; and for this reason I venture to doubt the advisability of subjecting an eighteen-year-old girl to an influence that lessens her possibilities of finding her greatest happiness. The aim of education should be toward a freedom to work out our individual and collective destinies. It should not, therefore, dare to close even partially our minds to any experience vital to the race. That is not freedom!

Nor can the women's college deny or rectify its failure in this one great function of education through courses aimed to make its students efficient homekeepers. Courses in homekeeping are all right—for what they are. But they bring a girl a home to keep just about as much as playing with dolls brings her babies. Girls love homes and babies, but the processes by which they are procured are still the same as they were some years ago. They come through the acceptance of the love of some man, and this is what the educated woman lacks rather than an ability to keep a home or take care of children.

"I'm glad I went to X," a thirty-five-year-old unmarried graduate of that excellent women's college told me only last night. And to my interested "Why," she continued, "The women who taught me there did not know very much about life, and for that reason they created, unconsciously I think, a poetic atmosphere. We lived the poetry of life there! Of course," she went on, "I don't think that is good for most girls, but that is the kind of a soul I am, so it was good for me."

I wonder if the poetry of life is created by women who know little about life. Surely girls who live in the ultra-refined poetic atmosphere created by a group of women who lack knowledge of life are not learning to appreciate that poetry of reality which leads naturally into the acceptance of a man's love for its complete understanding.

IV

Even now I have a feeling of stating a commonplace when I say I believe in co-education. It is as if one stood upon the housetop to announce a belief in eating, or walking on two feet, or any of the other normal things of life. I believe, too, in the small college; and if I were forced to choose between the women's college and one of our large co-educational institutions for an eighteen-year-old girl, I should choose the former, for the first two years at least. That is because the women's colleges not only have high educational standards but they take more seriously than our large universities a responsibility for each individual student.

But I should choose first of all for a girl to-day one of a number of small co-educational colleges scattered throughout the country whose educational standards are high and whose atmosphere is one of cordial fellowship between students of the two sexes. I should deliberately cast to the winds the chance for social prestige possible through affiliation with one of the established women's colleges (and the social aspect is undoubtedly a potent factor in keeping these institutions filled) in order to give her the far more healthful advantages of one of these colleges where we find teaching and study walking hand in hand with life. Nor has this been accomplished through the lowering of educational standards. The colleges I think of are sending every year to higher institutions of learning, here and abroad, students who are admitted on equal terms with the man from Princeton or the woman from Vassar or Smith. And when graduate-school honors are eventually won they stand on a par with any of them.

That this is true is high tribute, indeed, to the teachers who are responsible for it. It is a mistake—another educational myth—to take for granted that the best teachers are always to be found in the larger or better-known

colleges or universities. It is trite to repeat that the best books do not always run into large editions. Teaching is still a profession one enters and clings to for the sheer love of it rather than for financial gain or public recognition. The teacher is still an artist who, working with that most sensitive of all materials, the mind and soul of youth, finds in his work his greatest joy and satisfaction. A dreamer of dreams, the educator considers it no sacrifice to leave the well-known for the small, practically unknown college if he sees in it the field where his educational ideals may best be carried out. The profession has its outstanding members who, by choice, are working with comparatively small groups of students of both sexes. Frank Aydelotte left the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a few years ago to go to Swarthmore, when his future at the Institute was most promising and offered him an almost unlimited opportunity in the field of the liberalization of engineering education. And less recently James A. Beebe resigned his Deanship of the Theological School of Boston University to become the president of Allegheny.

It is a delicate matter, indeed, to appraise a teacher. His standard of excellence can be measured only by the ability of his students to use and pass on some of the Beauty, which is Truth, which he has been instrumental in revealing to them. And one of the greatest tests he can ever be called upon to pass is that of living among the young people who are his students and mingling intimately with them. It takes a teacher with fine qualities of manhood, as well as of mind, to succeed in his work in the intimacy of the small college. For day by day he must be able to look fearlessly into the critical questioning eyes of youth and say, "Take not only what I tell you. Know me and judge!" This is the kind of teaching which is quite often found in the small co-educational institution, and under its influence normal living for young people becomes a safe and beautiful experience.

And these colleges are matrimonial agencies? Well, what finer tribute could be paid any institution of learning that wants to be helpful to young people than the admission that, without lowering its intellectual or moral standards, it is providing them with a normal emotional development at the very time nature demands it for them? This article holds no brief for those co-educational institutions whose standards of living and learning are trailing in the dust. It points merely to the fact that there are co-educational colleges in this country to-day recognized in scholastic circles as the equals of our finest men's and women's colleges, and they are blessed proof that youth is capable of blending his emotional with his intellectual development. I think the teaching and administrative staff of such an institution is a challenge unanswered by any other group of educators in the world to-day.

V

I have admittedly been looking at this whole matter of co-education from the viewpoint of what is best for young women. Whether the segregation of the sexes in college is harmful to young men is beyond the province of this article. But whether co-education is harmful to them must certainly be considered. We may not sacrifice our young men to our young women. I think the institutions mentioned above, through the quality of their men graduates, are proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that co-education is possible without handicapping a man intellectually. If graduate-school records are worth anything, the fact is proved. As to whether young men can do their best work, can concentrate, in classes and on a campus with girls, this, too, has been accomplished too many times to need retelling here. If anyone wishes to claim that this could not be accomplished with the young men at our men's colleges, the fault (if it be a fault) must

lie in the teaching or environment; for it would be unfair to suppose that the men who go to men's colleges are of a lower type mentally or morally than men who go to the small, high-class co-educational institutions.

As to the charge that men in co-educational institutions sheer away from the courses that we term the "fine arts" because they find it difficult or impossible to express their deep personal, their sublime feelings in classes with young women, I am sure that this is largely true and deeply to be regretted. Were it not so necessary that men take the pains to learn this delicate art, one could almost turn from co-education on the strength of it. But here is a masculine fault which greatly needs to be overcome. Underneath much of the unhappiness in marriage to-day lies this very failure of man to link his spiritual expression with his sex expression; and the loyal but neurotic wife of many an intellectual man is the unnecessary, unhappy result of his search for the physical in his relationships with women, and his search for the intellectual and spiritual in his relationships with other men.

But I do not believe this condition will exist forever. Last spring I stood on a college campus with two men, one an assistant professor at one of our large universities here in the East, the other a lawyer. Each was a graduate of the college we were visiting, and each had a degree from a graduate school. As we stood there talking and watching the students as they hurried by or sauntered along in pairs or groups, a half dozen girls gay in summer dresses came out of one of the dormitories and light-heartedly laughed and chattered their way across the campus. They nodded to groups here and there and eventually joined some young men at the far end of a rustic bridge spanning a ravine. The assistant professor, whose eyes had followed them all the way, turned suddenly to the lawyer.

"Why, Cox," he said emotionally, "they wouldn't be safe at X," naming the institution where he had been a graduate student and is now teaching.

"I know," said Cox, "and that's one of the reasons why I'm going to send both my boy and girl to college here."

I take no responsibility for the assistant professor's remark other than that of recording it accurately. The incident is told to illustrate an attitude of mind among men which is one of the healthful signs of the times. "Both my boy and girl," Cox said, and he went on to tell us how essential to happiness in marriage he believed a deepening understanding of the sexes for each other to be; and that the co-educated man, far oftener than his men's college brother, possessed a genuine respect for and understanding of women which increased his possibilities for lifelong happiness. I do not know how exceptional a man Cox is, but where there are fathers like him there will be sons who will achieve with naturalness and ease the freedom of deep personal expression in the presence of women who will always have been something more than flesh or sugar and spice to them.

Cox expressed from a masculine point of view an advantage of co-education to young men. From the feminine angle there is another advantage to men in this deepening mutual understanding. This lies in the fact that the co-ed has a genuine admiration for the masculine mind which other college women so often lack. Men too often take for granted that intelligent women respect their mental powers, when as a matter of fact they do not. Tradition—or fact—gives men a mental superiority which they accept but which modern educated women seriously question; and when a young college woman's contact with men of her own age is limited to social affairs while her contact with other young women is both social and intellectual, her respect for the masculine mentality is bound to dwindle on account of her ignorance of it. The tragedy for many a college woman is

that so often she goes immediately into the business world where the average man she meets is bound to be below the intellectual standard of the picked group of women she has just left. The result is that she thinks men are rather stupid mentally, aren't they? No girl who has sat through four years of college classes with men is likely to jump to a conclusion like that. She jolly well knows better!

Possibly it is because I am a co-ed that I am so optimistic about the eventual recognition of co-education rather than segregation as the better way. Men will want it. Intelligent men, I mean. They have so much to gain by it. And parents will demand of educators that they face and work out this problem of making college years a period of natural, all-around development for young people. As men and women are becoming articulate in greater numbers, the authority of specialists in various lines is being questioned, and parents to-day are thinking of such matters as religion and education from the standpoint of whether they are serving youth in the best way rather than demanding that young people, who may be legitimate square pegs, fit themselves into predestined round holes. As fear and prejudices must be uprooted from religion if it is to stand the test of thinking people, so also must they be removed from the foundations of an educational system that is to meet the needs of life. Educators, no more than bishops, may ignore the archaic, outgrown theories underlying their structures.

Whether they like it or not, much has changed in modern life since the segregation of the sexes in colleges was accepted as the best way; and though it may always continue to be the expedient method for certain groups of young people, it is to-day fundamentally an unnatural experience. The fine comradeship of men and women in some of our smaller co-educational institutions is the logical result of a staff of teachers who have dared to throw fear and prejudice into the teeth of expediency, and who are big enough to instruct and inspire young people intellectually while designedly giving them an opportunity for emotional growth. It is a precious kind of freedom which can never be achieved in segregation.

GERMANY COMES BACK

BY EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

EIGHT years ago this spring the representatives of the Allied and Associate Powers sat solemnly at Versailles to bring the "greatest crime in history" to its fitting end. These representatives often differed among themselves but showed surprising unanimity of purpose in their insistence that the chief culprit be made to "pay for the War" as an essential condition of "a just and lasting peace."

This "chief culprit" was Germany. After many hesitancies, it was decided that the best means to the desired peace was the creation of a new European map on which a well-plucked and pinioned Germany should be permanently prostrate. It was admitted that she might one day be allowed to enter the League of Nations and again take her place among honest folk—but on all fours. Hardly as a Power, and certainly not as a Great Power.

Instead of this, in the mild and conciliatory peace atmosphere of Geneva this last March, the members of the League Council found themselves presided over (and admirably) by one Gustav Stresemann, a gentleman in spirit, speech, and appearance, a one hundred per cent representative of the culprit nation.

Watching Stresemann's easy assurance, some people may have remembered the iron grating at Versailles behind which in 1919 the German delegates were housed like so many ferocious bushmen. But if there was any embarrassment at Geneva this March, it was not on the side of Germany, even though, at the moment of entering the League, the German Foreign Office did furnish its delegates with precise instructions as to the need for conciliatory behavior and good manners.

So little of the Peace Conference spirit remains.

The truth is that Germany herself has almost forgotten Versailles. When her Defense Minister, Otto Gessler, can dryly inform the Reichstag that Germany cannot remain disarmed unless the Allied Powers follow the obligation imposed (?) upon them by Article 8 and the Preamble to Part V of the famous Versailles Treaty, and disarm accordingly, there is little left of the spirit of 1919. Germany to-day possesses the government she chooses, whether the world likes it or not. Foreign Minister Stresemann asks ever more insistently for the complete and immediate evacuation of the Rhineland in accordance with the spirit of the Locarno Treaties. Numerous responsible politicians are ominously calling attention to the need for a revision (naturally peaceful!) of their frontiers with Poland. And Finance Minister Koehler in his maiden speech before the Reichstag most solemnly hinted that the scale of German payments under the Dawes Plan must be revised downwards.

Things are very different to-day. Treaty or no Treaty, Germany has come back. At this rate we may soon see the balance of power tilted quite the other way.

To the Germans this change seems merely appropriate.

Whatever the faults of this great people, excessive self-disparagement is not

one of them. Besides, a large number of persons still cling heroically to the Stab-in-the-Back Legend, according to which the German military collapse was not due to Allied pressure against a wall worn frail by attrition, but to internal hemorrhage produced by a civilian revolution in the rear. The German revolution occurred about a week too soon—just in time to save the war lords from a full confession of the extent to which they had browbeaten and deceived their heroic people in their lust for an impossible imperial victory. The Stab-in-the-Back Legend was a salve for smarting national pride and permitted the bitterness of years of suffering to be transferred from the ruthless generals and greedy industrial barons, with their vast appetites for foreign territories, to the persons of the supposed stabbers, the Socialists, the pacifists, and the Jews.

But foreigners, especially those who, like the writer, spent the War among the Allies, feeling the depth of their misery, tasting the full and effective poison of their propaganda, and knowing to a division or two just how little was left of the great German armies in October, 1918, cannot explain the change in the same way.

The fact is that Germany in many respects is hardly less strong—if we accept the changed world situation occasioned by the rise to conscious power of the United States—than she was in 1914. And strange to say, this return has been accomplished less by deliberate German effort than by the growing belief on the part of the others that Germany is a world necessity. Arithmetic, as the Italians say, is not a matter of opinion. No amount of Pan-Allied vindictiveness, British jealousy, or French and Polish fear has been able to change the fact that there exist in almost the center of Europe sixty-three million very intelligent and industrious and industrially capable persons, united in what is called national feeling, speaking a common language, and desiring to exist together as a political unit. Either, following the trend of Clemenceau, they had to be obliterated wholly or in part, or the attempt to suppress them permanently was, we now tell ourselves, bound to shatter on the rule of three.

II

Germany is again a Great Power. And this fact itself is perhaps the most illuminating that can be imagined as showing the particular factors which make for power in the modern world.

In 1919 Germany was deprived of her army, her navy, her commercial marine, her war planes, her colonies, her investments abroad (except in South Africa and perhaps in the United States), of practically all of her iron ore, of an important portion of her coal mines (formally allotted, after plebiscite, to Poland), of considerable sections of her territory and inhabitants. The German army was reduced to a very dry skeleton and has not put on flesh since 1919 (in the opinion of competent foreigners it is excellent but entirely insufficient to the needs of a modern war). Despite the constant efforts of her generals, her statesmen, and her industrialists, despite the continued secret training of volunteers, the surreptitious substitution of new men under old names in the ranks, the encouragement given to "Patriotic Associations" of youths who have worked hand in hand with the military, Germany is to-day a disarmed state. She has no war planes, and the reconstruction of her lost navy is still a pious hope.

There is no immediate possibility of the recovery of her colonies. The French have not the slightest intention of returning the Lorraine iron fields, or the Poles the Silesian coal beds; there is even talk that the Saar coal mines will not be restored in 1935 to the Prussian State as the Treaty anticipates, but be worked for artificial petroleum by an international consortium.

Since, none the less, Germany is again a Great Power, the inference is that these lost possessions were not essential to power.

In general it is pretty clear that her recovery has not been due particularly to politics. Though it is difficult and presumptuous to try to judge the influence consciously exerted by successive statesmen, I believe that often where the German leaders have actively tried to hurry the course of events they have delayed it.

In the opinion of certain very capable students the precipitate work of (now) Ambassador von Maltzan and the late Walther Rathenau in signing the Treaty of Rapallo with Bolshevik Russia at Genoa in 1922 postponed European reconstruction and German recovery by about two years.

The frivolously futile obstructionist policy of Chancellor Cuno in the matter of reparations opened the door for the French army to enter the Ruhr; the insanely prolonged passive resistance of Germany brought that country to bankruptcy.

In their persistent thwarting and circumvention of the Versailles Treaty so far as it limits German military efficiency the Germans have shown a pathological fascination for playing with fire. On at least two occasions they have seriously studied the idea of resuming the war. The first was in the summer of 1920 when the Russians were at the gate of Warsaw. At this moment a German colonel actually penetrated Poland as far as the capital and personally spied out the Polish forts. But the Russians were repulsed.

The second occasion was in the worst period of 1923 when the last remnants of German pride were being tattered on French bayonets in the Ruhr and money had ceased to buy anything. Only an eleventh-hour steadiness prevented Herr Jarres, then Minister of the Interior and later presidential candidate, from cutting the entire Rhineland loose from the Reich. Patriots still moan in their sleep when memory of that danger enters their dreams.

In 1918, following the lost war, Germany was in danger of becoming a communist invalid; the danger was not over for some years: the antiseptic measures adopted have left terrible scars. In 1923 the Germans had, under the stress of inflation, become pathological plutomaniacs. The dangers of both communism and lunacy were provoked by defective statesmanship. But if we consider the difficulties inherent in a permanently weak government and the transition from the pre-war to a modern regime in the face of a strong tradition, while we need not applaud, we cannot greatly condemn the German statesmen for being unequal to their tasks. And there has been one exception.

Gustav Stresemann was a politician of the old National Liberal or moderate party. He was always closely connected with economic interests. During the War he was an outspoken imperialist and favored the annexation of portions of Belgium and France. After the War he became the focal point of the business Volkspartei. Unlike his former associates, he learned by experience. Apparently he saw that the time for national rivalry of the old kind, on the narrow checkerboard of Europe, was over and that the future of the continent was in the hands of the big economic combinations. Less liberal and idealistic than Rathenau and Wirth, he had the support of the capitalists and was tolerated by a large section of the nationalist opposition which inspired the murderers of Erzberger and Rathenau. Therefore, he was able to succeed where they failed. His have been the real triumphs of the past two years, and he deserves the credit of having adopted, if not of having first formulated, that "policy of understanding" without which (whether sincere or not) Germany might now be a political ruin. Stresemann fought for the acceptance of the Dawes Plan in the face of hostility and personal menace, proposed (at British suggestion) and

carried out the Locarno Arrangement, guided Germany into the League of Nations, and more recently sought from Briand a full and complete removal of the difficulties which divide France from Germany.

Stresemann succeeded in appealing to the steady perseverance, fundamentally sound nerves, and incredible patience of the German people and in making them realize that time was on their side. But he could have done little if he had not had German business behind him.

The German business man, or captain of industry, is a strange and formidable fellow. To Americans he often seems reactionary and socially obtuse. His factory or bank seems modeled on feudal rather than on industrial lines. He still lacks the awareness that he possesses privileges which the mass of the citizens could, if they liked, withdraw, and which he must somehow protect by patent usefulness to the community. But he has a genius for that mixture of applied science, organization, and patience which has made him the leading business man of Europe.

The German capitalists also made their mistakes. They were far too contemptuous of the French, far too conceited. Until 1923 and inflation, most of them, led by the picturesque Hugo Stinnes, sabotaged reparations in so far as they could not make money out of them, and generally exaggerated their own power. But they could learn: in the last year they have shown a willingness to reorganize and scrap which is unique in Europe.

The Ruhr invasion taught them their political helplessness before overwhelming military force. Therefore, no group came out more strongly for the Dawes Plan that marks the turning point in recent German history. For in the Dawes Plan they found for the first time the promise that by quiet acceptance and payment they could finally buy back their freedom.

From the beginning they seemed to have grasped the fact that they and they alone could permanently repair Germany's fortunes. Over-optimistic before the currency smash, they soon realized that American confidence would give them the key to the strongest present-day force—world credit. When later they realized that war and inflation and a certain narrow-visioned conceit had caused them technically to lag behind in the industrial race, they heroically threw aside their prejudices, sent mission after mission to the United States to discover the secret of such productivity and wealth and, so far as was feasible, began to imitate American mass production. When they have understood and accepted the social implications of successful capitalism they will probably be in a position to determine the development of the European continent.

Even to-day their remarkable achievements in economic redemption and in convincing the world investment public of their solidity and future are marvellous. Thanks to them more than to anything else, Germany has come back.

III

But these achievements would not have been possible without the political evolution in Europe. To consider this point we must turn from a consideration of the Germans to that of the Allies, namely of the French and British—separately, for in 1919 the "inseparable Allies" began that diverging process which is still, Locarno Pact and all, continuing, and destined, unless I am much mistaken, to go farther.

At the Peace Conference the realistic Britons took their swag "in cash"—ships, colonies, investments. After this they were quite willing to make peace and get down to business. The French received Alsace Lorraine and some colonial enlargements, and had Germany diminished for the benefit of Poles, Czechoslovaks, Lithuanians, and Danes. But they did not get the "absolute security" their nervousness demanded, and were handed a long-term note as tribute. In

order to get as much as possible, they left the total unfixed. In order to keep Germany impotent they invented an impossibly elaborate system of inspection and military controls, formed and galvanized a system of alliances, and themselves continued to bear the burden of watching the Rhine.

Whatever we may think morally of the Versailles Treaty, it has in practice completely failed to realize the aims of its makers. To pay reparations Germany must be strong; to be "safe" she must be prostrate. To be friendly she must evolve toward a pacific republic: this the presence of the Allies in the Rhineland fatally hindered. But Germany, with the reparation total unfixed, had no motive to pay at all, and did not.

To keep Germany perpetually prostrate, resurrected Poland and the Austro-Hungarian succession states were made as strong as possible. Poland was given not only an outlet to the sea (the use of neutralized Danzig) but a second one (the seacoast of the Corridor) as well, with the result that Poland, a new and poor country at present, must perpetually stagger under the weight of defense armament. Three or four million Germans were placed under the rule of eight million Czechs and Slovaks; but the eight million Germans of Austria were forever forbidden to join the Reich and left to starve—with the result that masses of them, for the first time in their lives, have come to look upon Prussian Germany with benevolence.

The Versailles Treaty did violence to human nature and, in consequence, however solid its husk still seems, it has been continually revised from within to conform to human nature. This process of revision has necessarily been entirely in Germany's favor.

It is a little difficult to-day to understand the psychology of the victorious French nation in the years immediately following the War. France had been saved from ruin only by the intervention on her side of half the world: after the victory she proceeded to act as if her safety, her future, and her peace of mind were the only objects for which this mobilized hemisphere had fought. As late as 1922 a very intelligent Frenchman solemnly told me that, as the French constituted the second largest ethnic unit in Europe west of Russia, it was quite natural they should take over the dominant place which Germany, the largest unit, had proved unworthy to fill. And this regardless of comparative wealth, industry, and vitality.

To perpetuate the fortuitous and ephemeral—this has been the French aim. And gradually it has failed, as it had to fail. Greater Poland, the Little Entente, the amputations from Germany, the fifteen years' watch on the Rhine, the standing military control, the tribute—these were meant to keep Germany powerless. To-day thanks to Russia, with whom Germany is allied, the military influence of Poland is small. The states of the Little Entente are, except in the matter of the annexation of Austria, disposed to be friendly to Germany, whom they need as buyer and seller. And without the hostility to Hungary, the Little Entente would hardly be holding together. The territorial amputations, except perhaps the Polish double access to the sea, may well last. They do not cripple Germany. The tribute has been reduced to a possible figure. Were the United States to cancel the Allied debts it could perhaps be dropped to an insignificant sum. It is possible that the French, disquieted by Mussolini's truculence, will within a year or so be persuaded to relinquish the "watch on the Rhine" in return for full co-operation and a military alliance with Germany. For the "perpetuating mechanism" of France has collapsed of its own weight. The French neglected industrial necessities, forgot Russia, and underestimated Italy.

IV

Yet the chief obstacle to Germany's complete recovery will, in my opinion,

turn out to be, not France but Britain. France from political fear wanted to perpetuate the 1918 situation, Britain to return to something like that of 1914 (having limited Germany's commercial expansion and deprived her of her navy). Therefore, there has been a conflict between the two Allies. The British policy has seemed equivocal. To English liberals it has seemed that their government has abetted France in her worst excesses and follies, such as the Ruhr invasion. To most intelligent Frenchmen it seems that Britain has played them false. Britain has certainly seemed ready to tolerate the revision of the sacred Treaty of Versailles. I know personally a British official whose business it was to urge the Germans to print and sell marks abroad each time the pressure for reparation payments became too heavy to be resisted. I do not believe, as many French do, that any Englishman "aided Germany to realize criminal bankruptcy" because I do not believe that German bankruptcy was voluntary. But at the same time it is entirely clear that so long as the French army seemed the dominant continental force and the French air fleet was able to threaten England, the British aided Germany so far as their alliance with France allowed. It was a vital necessity: the British Empire stands or falls with commerce, and Germany was a first-rate customer. I do not know the real source of the Dawes Plan (perhaps it had no single source), but I suspect it was British; and I have been told that the most valuable feature of the Plan—the transfer clause protecting German currency—was of English inspiration. It is practically certain that the idea of Locarno, which resulted in a series of Treaties under which Britain accepts responsibility for guarding the peace on the Rhine in exchange for the right to name the aggressor in case of trouble, was suggested to Stresemann by Lord D'Abernon, until recently British Ambassador in Berlin.

A statement in the generally well-informed London *Daily Telegraph* implied that it was the British who first suggested the idea of the Thoiry lunch party between Briand and Stresemann.

These are notable achievements, but a change is apparent. For whereas the hostility between France and Germany is largely a matter of pure politics in which historical memory plays a large part, that between Germany and Britain is a matter of business rivalry between two states that live or die by their export trade. The economic jealousy between Germany and France is comparatively superficial: the French business structure is complementary rather than competitive to the German. Once political barriers are removed, the French industrialists, particularly the powerful steel makers of the Comité des Forges, are favorable to close co-operation with the Germans of the Ruhr.

The Lorraine iron field, the Ruhr coal bed, each the greatest supply of its kind in Western Europe, can be kept apart only by the most stubborn obstinacy on both sides. In the Continental Steel Cartel Frenchmen and Germans are working peacefully and prosperously together. The two countries have reached satisfactory agreements as to potash and chemicals. Influential groups in both countries have united in a committee for Franco-German understanding. M. Alfred Fabre-Luce, the most brilliant among the young French political minds, has in his last book, *Locarno Sans Rêves*, advocated political understanding as France's best hope. The idea of a Franco-German military alliance, so startling when first publicly broached last year, is a matter of calm discussion in both countries.

The question is, will Britain allow it? British policy seems in the last three years to have snatched the reins of European political direction completely away from France. And the British are hardly ready to go very far in co-operation of an exclusive sort with the Continent. Their overseas interests will not permit it. Their policy would seem to be a balance of power by play-

ing off Italy and Germany against France, and economic independence. Therefore, too close Franco-German co-operation in any form seems to them undesirable.

The British made so many difficulties by the size of their claims during the negotiation for the International Rail Cartel that they were not invited to subscribe to the Continental Crude Steel Agreement until it actually came into operation. And despite the apparent impossibility of their competing with the Continental countries as to prices, they still remain outside, hoping perhaps to use their financial power to compel the purchase of their goods in unprotected markets, even at higher prices. If they come in it will be unwillingly. And while Franco-German understanding in the chemical-dye industry will probably be reached, the British have formed what looks like a fighting organization of their own.

The price of a Franco-German military alliance would be the premature evacuation of the Rhineland, which the Germans are demanding in no uncertain tones. But the Germans may also ask as their share a "free hand" in dealing with Poland—that France should bring pressure on the Poles to allow a revision of the German-Polish frontier in the Corridor and possibly in Upper Silesia as well. If Britain and France joined Germany in this desire for revision, the Poles, however reluctant, would have to submit. Therefore, both in the matter of Rhineland evacuation and in the question of Poland, the British possess an effective power of veto. It would seem that their influence is already being exerted against a too intimate Franco-German friendship.

For instance, it was proposed at Thoiry that Germany should purchase the immediate evacuation of the Rhineland by allowing the Reparations Commission to market a slice of the German Railway bonds now in its hands and hand half the proceeds to France in order to help the French currency, the Germans consenting to exempt the service on these bonds from the reservations under the transfer clause of the Dawes Agreement. The Germans were half willing—if America, the only possible market, would consent. President Coolidge made it clear that the French ratification of the Mellon-Béranger debt agreement was a prerequisite, but that in principle the United States had no objection whatever. The British, however, refused categorically to allow the bonds to be marketed to-day, and tried to throw the responsibility for the refusal on the United States. It is well for the French finances to be stabilized, but not, apparently, by the help of Germany. Too much continental friendship is a dangerous thing.

The situation at present is as follows: Germany has entered the League with a permanent place on the Council. The French, for the first time since the War, are speaking of durable friendship with Germany on the basis of economic co-operation and a military alliance. The Poles declare they wish nothing so much as Germany's friendship. Mussolini is offering to withdraw his objections to the annexation of Austria if Germany will help him obtain colonial mandates. The nations of the Little Entente have all declared themselves animated by the friendliest intentions toward the Reich. The Russo-German Treaty has been triumphantly renewed. German credit in the United States is growing, and Germany appreciates all that this means. And last, British friendship for Germany seems to be cooling.

Little more can be needed to show to what an extent Germany, the helpless pariah of 1918, has come back.

YARBWOMAN

A STORY

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

THE yarbwoman's granddaughter paused in their cabin doorway, seeing the blacksnake uneasy on its beam. She held the heavy field-hoe poised on her shoulder and looked across the marshy land where mists were rising through the slanting sunlight of dawn. Pools were glitters among the reeds, dewdrops blazed, and the Branch ran sparkling into the smooth rosiness of the river's shallows. Martha Rose could see no one on the river path, nor on the loop of red-clay road on the hill beyond the gorge. But the blacksnake rippled down the log wall, paying no heed to her. Martha Rose turned her head. "Granny," she said, "Thar's someone a-comin'!"

The yarbwoman by the chimney place answered, "'Tis Haden Garner."

The cool weight of the snake went in an instant over the girl's bare instep, and the snake was a swift darkness pouring into its hole under the wall. Old Haden Garner's boots thumped heavy on the porch's end steps. Martha Rose said, "Howdy, Mr. Garner."

He nodded, his eyes slow and keen upon her. Her own gaze grew cool and steady; the young head lifted till the dark braids were level with his bristling gray eyebrows. He strode forward, and the breadth and height of the cabin doorway let his great body through. A motion of his head commanded her to follow.

The yarbwoman sat still. Withered and small and neat, she sat on the clean hearth, watching a little pot steam among the coals. An aromatic odor rose from it, filling the room with strangeness. Old Haden Garner set his squirrel gun against the wall and dropped by its butt his morning's kill of squirrels. The yarbwoman's glance flickered an instant upon the heap of little furry bodies spotted with blood. She said, "What air you a-wantin', Haden Garner, from the yarb-doctor of Garner's Hollow?"

Haden Garner sat himself upon the bench by the chimney place. He said, "I am a-wishin' speech with you-all an' Martha Rose."

The yarbwoman's gaze returned to the simmering pot.

Deliberately old Haden Garner looked at the room. He looked at the two beds, plump and smooth in bright patchwork quilts, at the unspotted whitewashed walls, and the bone-white floor on which a rag rug lay. His muddy tracks were dark smears on that floor. He looked at the clear panes of the window. All these meant work, work done by Martha Rose. He spat into the coals.

"I was up along to Millersville county seat, yesterday was two weeks ago," he said. "'Pears by law that this yere land on which yore cabin stands 'tis mine."

Small sputters of bubbling came from the pot, the aromatic odor grew stronger. The yarbwoman said softly, "We been a-reckonin' I heired it from my man's paw."

"You-all hold nary title to it," old Haden Garner told her. "By law an' title, all the land on this yere side of the Branch, it belongs to me."

Martha Rose spoke breathlessly. "When granny was a young thing the Branch it run on 'tother side of the cabin from what it does now."

"The law, it takes nary account of Branch's meanderin's," the man said. "I hold title to the Branch's edge. An' also, the Bennett kin, they hold title to all land now on 'tother side the Branch. Their line, it runs from Lone Pine peak due north to the river. Thar's nary foot of land, nor yet this cabin, that's lawfully yore'n." He added after a moment, "I took lawyer's advice on it."

Martha Rose's voice struggled against the fact. "Nary foot of land—nor yet our cabin—" Her breathing could be heard in the stillness.

The stout bench protested under old Haden Garner's weight, settling comfortably upon it. The yarbwoman bent more intently above the pot. Steam rose in folds about her face, so wrinkled that it seemed hardly human. Perhaps a breeze moved among the roof beams, for a faint rustling came from the bunches of dried herbs, each swathed in white cloth, that hung there.

"I ain't a-aimin' to take nary advantage of the fact," said Haden Garner. "What I aim to do is to wed Martha Rose. I am a widow-man twicet over. I have need of a woman, an' my house also. I reckon Martha Rose will suit me mighty well. As for yore granny," he said to the girl, "I will give her leave to bide yere in this cabin till her dyin' day."

Martha Rose said nothing. Shadowed by her sunbonnet, against the dazzle of sunlight on the marsh land, her face was dim to him. He got to his feet. "The circuit rider, he'll be along this away, come Saturday two weeks," he said. "I'll wed you then."

It was finished. A Garner would wed the yarbwoman's gal; he would even be generous to the yarbwoman. It came to him as he picked up the squirrel gun that the old woman was staring at his back. He turned, slinging the dead squirrels to his shoulder. The yarbwoman had not moved, she watched the little pot. Haden Garner spoke with a jocular air. "If you-all air a-honin' for fancy fixin's to yore weddin', you best come along up to my house an' red it up. Six months it's been widow-man's house, an' shorely it looks it."

Something softly touched his cheek. One of the swathed bunches of herbs quivered on its string beside his head that towered among them. Beyond it, in the darkness above the beam, two tiny green eyes were fixed upon him.

From the doorway which Martha Rose had left vacant behind his backward stride he said, "Thar's mocsasin, or blacksnake, up amongst yore roof beams." His hand was on the field hoe.

The yarbwoman said quietly, "Lay nary hand upon him. 'Tis but harmless gentle creature that 'bides with us an' hunts for mice. Lay nary hand upon him," she repeated, her voice as coldly steady as the gaze of those tiny eyes.

Haden Garner stepped backward through the doorway. A marsh breeze was cold on the nape of his neck. He glanced at the porch beams overhead as he escaped from beneath them. Martha Rose was not in sight; he thought briefly of finding her in her hiding, then let the thought go. In two weeks he would have her, in his house. Then when he wanted her, he would speak; she would come. He took the marsh path toward the hills.

At the top of the gorge, above the spring that fed the Branch, he killed another squirrel. He picked up the quivering body, glanced at it, and threw it away. This was the season in which half the squirrels were not fit for eating. Then he looked down the slopes at the yarbwoman's cabin. Marsh land and cabin were worthless; the old woman could have them. But on the flat land at the mouth of the gorge was the cornfield with its lines of lusty green. Only two acres, but it was a better cornfield than any of his hundreds of acres of hill land. Martha Rose should pen his ranging shoats and fatten them on that

corn she raised. She should cure the fat hog-meat, smoke hams, and make sausages.

In the six feet two of mighty muscle and bone that was Haden Garner, he had never been aware of a nerve, and rarely of a thought. But he smiled now. He felt that Martha Rose would belong to him unwillingly, as his second wife had belonged to him. The use of power gave him pleasure, and he anticipated that pleasure again. He went on through the forest, looking for more squirrels.

Martha Rose had fled around the cabin, and now she came into it. Her granny still sat on the hearth, but the pot of herbs had been set aside to cool. Before the old woman's sharp knees was a saucer of milk, and the blacksnake drank from it. The long body lay in a harmony of curves upon the warm hearthstone, the angular head was bent graciously above the saucer's edge. The yarbwoman softly crooned.

"Granny," said Martha Rose.

The snake lifted its head. Its body flowed like a narrow black stream, charmed to a silence not known to water. The head rose, swaying slightly, a tongue appeared like a tiny flame. The head rose, till the tiny eyes were level with the gleam beneath the yarbwoman's shriveled lids. So they remained, woman and snake, before the black pit of the chimney place and the red mass of the coals, in the sunlit room.

The yarbwoman's crooning went away into silence, a small sound departing on a long journey. The black head swayed further, curved downward, and then, as though to follow that sound, it laid itself upon the floor and led the rippling body after it through the cabin doorway.

The yarbwoman said in tolerant scorn, "Thar's them as keeps cats."

"Granny," said Martha Rose, "Whatever are we-all to do?"

"I reckon, Martha Rose, you've nary wish to wed Haden Garner?"

"I hate an' despise him, from bottom of my soul," said Martha Rose.

"Don't wed him," said her granny.

"But granny, wherever will we go in the wide world, us without bit nor sup, nor roof to shelter under? Whatever will we do? Granny, thar's a-many that comes yere a-seekin' aid from yore knowledge of yarbs an' simples, but yet I call to mind nary a true friend among 'em. We was peaceful yere in the cabin, me a-carin' for the fields, an' you a-rangin' marsh an' woods on yore affairs with the wild things. Nary soul molested us. But granny, thar's none in Garner's Hollow would take us in. They're a-feared of us, granny, an' you a yarbwoman. An' granny, I—I am a-feared to go out from Garner's Hollow, amongst strangers an' strange ways, an' you at yore age, an' feeble."

"Don't wed him," the yarbwoman said.

Martha Rose sighed, "I'm not a-wishin' to do so."

The old woman held her knees in her thin arms, and stared at ashes thickening upon the coals. Her thoughts and her ways were strange to Martha Rose. But she was the girl's granny, and dear. She might die by some roadside in the unknown hills beyond Garner's Hollow, before the girl could find food and shelter for her.

"I am old," the yarbwoman said as though in a dream. "Thar's but little life a-remainin' within this yere failin' body. But I am not a-feared. I know the woods, an' the woods' creatures. Don't you be a-feared, honey gal. The wild things they will watch over us, an' the woods raise up shelters. Thar's a-many things beyond yore understandin', that's well known to me."

A week later the rattlesnake struck Haden Garner.

Seven days had gone by since he had announced, at the supper table in the dirty kitchen-house, that he aimed to take him another woman. "The yarbwoman's gal," he said, and emptied his coffee cup in one loud draught. He set the cup on the greasy table top and

wiped his mouth with the back of a hairy hand. His two sons stopped their gnawing of squirrels' bones to look at him. Then Big Bill laughed. The mighty bellows of Bill's chest were behind his mirth, so that it seemed to shake the room.

"Yo're a-takin' the gal with the corn land!" Bill shouted.

Hogan, the second son, went on eating. He was not pleased with a marriage which would produce children to divide the property when his father died. But Haden Garner ruled his house; his sons, man-grown, no more dared to oppose him now than they had dared when they were children, mercilessly beaten with any club at hand whenever his temper was bad.

Harrison Latimer, the old man's stepson, had not looked up from his plate. He was a slender weakling among these huge men, and rarely spoke. His mother had married Haden Garner in order to give her baby a home, and before he could walk he had learned to be as quiet as possible. Later he had merely fainted under thrashing, and in time Haden Garner and his sons had become so contemptuously indifferent that they almost forgot his presence.

Hogan finished his bone, threw it to the famishing hounds, and said, "The yarbwoman, did she make ary outcry against a-losin' her land?"

His father grunted, shaking his head. "I give her leave to remain in the cabin. She's nary fool, she'll see her advantage an' hold to it."

Hogan said, "Thar's them that's seen that thar old witch-woman a-doin' fearsome things." In his mind was the whispered tale of a child who had seen the old yarbwoman take the form of a snake, glide from her cabin, and swim rippling through the waters of the marsh, in full daylight. But he could not repeat this tale against the bellow of his father's laughter.

"Yo're more of a fool than you was borned, Hogan," his father said. "You reckon thar's ary yarbwoman, nor yet man nor devil, will keep me from a-doin' what I set my mind to?"

The plates were emptied of corn pone and squirrel meat. The three men leaned back, cutting quids of tobacco. Harrison gathered up the dishes and set clumsily to washing them on the hearthstone.

Haden Garner spat brown tobacco juice and said, "The yarbwoman's gal she's a-comin' yere to red up the place. Shorely 'tis a-needin' it, us with nary woman-creature yere but Harry." The young man went on washing the dishes as though he had not heard.

"I reckon I'll set her to the task this week," Haden Garner went on. "The circuit rider he'll be yere come Saturday two weeks, an' I aim to wed her then."

"Leave her clean out this yere hogpen, paw, an' us give weddin' frolic," Big Bill said. "I'll fetch the fiddlers, an' thar's corn-liquor in plenty. Leave us have one hell-rip-roarin' frolic, like we done the night you wedded Harry's maw."

Old Haden was in good humor. "Shorely," he agreed. "We will do so. I lay wager now, I can swallow down more corn-liquor than ary other man will be yere." The thought of the frolic pleased him, and pleased Big Bill and Hogan. Only Hogan felt a hidden uneasiness about the yarbwoman. Harrison scrubbed the frying pan with ashes; he did not look up, and no one but himself knew or cared what he thought.

Seven days went by before old Haden realized that they had gone, and that he had not seen Martha Rose again. She had not come to the house, and only twelve days remained before the wedding. That morning when he rose from his dingy bed he pulled on the knee-boots that lay by the big-house chimneyplace.

"I was a-aimin', my own self, to hunt down along the marsh, paw," Hogan ventured to say. The boots belonged to Hogan. Big Bill borrowed them when he went to the marsh; old Haden took them. He made no reply now, but stamped his bare feet into the boots,

shouldered his squirrel gun and strode from the house.

The sun had not risen above the hills, but long rays of its light fell between their peaks, and mists rose from the hollows. The morning promised fair. There was a cleanness in the air that filled old Haden's lungs; pleasure in the strength of his muscles colored his sluggish thoughts.

He took the woods path that led downward from the edge of the clearing. The path was a stairway, arched now by leafy branches that had not yet lost the freshness of spring; its steps were limestone ledges and gnarled roots covered with mats of fallen white-oak leaves. Old Haden Garner went down it with the heedlessness of old habit, while his thoughts, slower than his feet, coiled themselves around a vague image of Martha Rose. There was a strength in her which his own strength would slowly break. He had always had what he wanted. She was only the yarb-woman's gal; he was Haden Garner. There was a smile on his face, when suddenly his body recoiled at the shock of a sound.

An instant, and his bewilderment cleared. A rattler! Young walnut leaves hung before his eyes; through their green plumes he saw the brownish circle on the step below his foot, caught a hint of reddish-brown angles. He started backward, raising his gun, and the deadly thing was on him.

In one pang he saw that the pool on the step was brown oak leaves, he felt the flash from the ledge beside him, he knew that the fangs were in his leg. The loathsome writhing thing clung. His kicks flung the wriggling gristle in loops. Horrible sounds burst from his throat. He beat the head to a pulp with his gun. The body twisted among the leaves.

Haden Garner, sweaty and trembling, sat down and drew off his boot. The prints of the fangs were faintly there. He got out his knife and slashed deeply across them, again and again. Blood poured in a bright red stream.

The body of the snake seemed to have a wit of its own, eluding his hands. He seized it at last, and felt it crawling between clenched fingers and palm. With his knife he slashed off the bloody paste of its head. He must have whiskey, quickly!

He got back to the house, carrying gun and boot in one hand, in the other holding out the quivering body of the snake. Big Bill and Hogan brought the whiskey for which he shouted. His bare foot splashed blood on the hard earth of the house yard and dripped a little pool by the doorstone on which he sat down. He tilted the bottle of corn liquor and drank till he coughed for breath, drank again. His sons skinned the squirming snake, cut its body in bits, and applied them to his wound. As each piece grew dark with his blood, they threw it away. Old Haden drank.

"Nineteen rattles," Big Bill said. "'Twas shorely gigantic rattler. Never have I heard tell of such in these yere hills."

"'Tis but rarely we encounter ary rattler whatsoever," Hogan said.

Old Haden drank, and coughed, and cursed.

"Thar's snakes," said Hogan, "an' thar's—" He could not cease looking at his father, nor look at him directly. His glances ran stealthily to the old man's face, and ran away again. "Whar was you a-settin' out to go, paw, when this yere it come upon you?"

The old man flung away the empty bottle, and cursed them both. He knew they were letting him die for want of whiskey, they wanted his death and his property. But he would live, he would live, and he would have that woman. He spoke of Martha Rose, and taunted them; they were young, but the old man would have her, and he broke off to yell for more whiskey. Big Bill brought it to him.

There were no more fresh pieces of the snake. Big Bill and Hogan stood and watched the old man drink. At last they carried him into the house and

dumped him on his bed. They listened to his snoring breaths. "I don't guess he's a-dyin'," Big Bill said. "He's tough," and he spat thoughtfully.

They wandered to the yard, and there Hogan repeated the story of the child who had seen the old yarbwoman take the form of a snake. "I reckon shorely, 'tis naught but idle talk," he said.

Big Bill laughed shortly, looking at the scattered pieces of the rattlesnake. "If she taken the image of that thar rattler, I reckon thar's but little a-remainin' of her."

The next morning old Haden was conscious, but too weak to get up. His other boot was taken off, and he was given corn liquor and coffee. He lay all day, dozing and waking. His temper was such that he was left alone. But in the evening he shouted for Big Bill and Hogan.

They came from the kitchen-house, and he said, "I am a-feelin' porely yet. I want you-all to take word from me to that thar yarbwoman's gal." His gaze fixed upon Hogan. "You, Hogan! You go tell her—" For five breaths the two men stared at each other, then Hogan's bare feet moved uneasily, his eyes wavered. "You go say I aim to wed come Saturday week. Thar's nary woman livin' can best Haden Garner. If she's a-aimin' to wed me, leave her come red up this house. If she's a-schemin' otherwise, her an' her old witch-granny get out'n my cabin an' off'n my land afore tomorrow eve. Moreover, does she take ary thing whatsoever, save but the garments on their backs, I'll have law on her. 'Tis all mine, an' more also, for rent she is a-owin' me. That thar's my word to her, an' you tell her I stand by it."

"Paw," said Hogan. He swallowed. "Paw, I— That thar old yarbwoman—"

"Git!" said old Haden.

Big Bill lounged against the chimney, grinning, and the old man watched from his blankets while Hogan got awkwardly into the boots and took his squirrel gun from its peg. Hogan said once, loudly, "I'm not a-feared!" Then on the doorstone he turned. "But yet, paw, I shorely—" He met his father's eyes and said hurriedly, "I'm a-gittin'!"

Big Bill spat on the hearth. "Hogan, he's white-livered belly-crawler at ary mention of that thar yarbwoman," he said. He sat down and cut a fresh quid of tobacco. He sat there a long time, then rose, spat, yawned, and rolled into his blankets. He slept.

In the kitchen-house Harrison was studying arithmetic by the light of a pine-knot on the hearth. The old man had never allowed him any schooling, but he studied alone, by stealth. Harrison held doggedly to the hope of getting a third-grade certificate to teach school. School-teaching was his one way of escape, for there were too many hardier men for every job of wood-cutting. The blazing pine-knot faintly lighted the kitchen-house doorway, and to that light Hogan returned. Hogan stumbled on the doorstone, caught at the jamb to steady himself, and lurched to a bench.

Harrison had hidden the arithmetic in time. He now got quietly to his feet. He thought that Hogan was drunk, and meant to slip away to sleep in the woods, as he had often done. But Hogan spoke whimperingly, "I—I cain't git it off—I'm a-feelin' mighty porely." He was struggling with his boot. Harrison stopped, and cautiously restrained an impulse to help him. Then Hogan threw up his arms and screamed, high and thin, "She's witched me! I'm doomed, I'm a-dyin'!"

Harrison took hold of him. "Whatever is a-ailin' you, Hogan Garner?"

Hogan shivered, then said more calmly, "I—I reckon I'm snake-bit."

Harrison was on his knees, tugging off the boot. He looked at Hogan's bare foot and ankle, pushed up the overall and examined to the knee. The leg was slightly swollen, and there were a few briar scratches on it, but no twin-mark of snake's fangs. "Whar did it strike you?" he asked.

"I never seen no snake," Hogan answered thickly. "'Twas the snake-woman." He was reeling a little, as though dizzy. "It pains me," he said. "Yere—thar—I cain't rightly say whar. I am a-feelin' mighty porely." He spoke drowsily, then with sudden loudness he said, "Whiskey!"

Harrison brought him a bottle; he lifted it, let it slip from his hands. The bottle smashed. Hogan had begun to shiver, then ceased; his hands and forehead were clammy. "You best get to yore bed," Harrison said. He put an arm around Hogan's body and managed to support and lead him to the big house.

Big Bill and old Haden got up. Hogan was made to swallow a pint of whiskey, and to talk. He repeated that he was snake-bitten, and that he had seen no snake. No mark of fangs could be found upon him. He said that he had gone to the yarbwoman's cabin and found her in bed, sick. "You-all said thar'd be but little a-remainin' of her," he told Big Bill. "Thar she lays, in under the covers, a-wrigglin', an' but barely a-raisin' 'em with her wriggles." He said he had given her and Martha Rose the word sent by his father. "She never answered ary word, her a-layin' thar a-fixin' me with her eyes. Her head it is bound up in a cloth."

Hogan's leg continued to swell, and he continually complained of pain. He desired to sleep, and with difficulty another quantity of whiskey was given him. "Martha Rose, she'll never wed you," he said once, loudly, to his father. Toward morning he began to have convulsions, and a little after dawn he died.

His leg was now greatly swollen, and marks like bruises had appeared upon it, such as follow the bite of a deadly snake.

Before night everyone in Garner's Hollow had heard these facts. There were those who came to Hogan Garner's funeral by long circuitous routes through the hills, rather than follow the river path that led past the yarbwoman's cabin. Others, fearless in broad day, came purposely to look at the place, and stood a long time staring. The cabin appeared deserted save for the curl of smoke from its chimney; neither the yarbwoman nor Martha Rose was to be seen. Some watchers declared, however, that the head of a snake had stealthily lifted from a hole beneath the walls and looked at them with human eyes.

Haden Garner was not liked in the Hollow, but he was respected, with a respect partly fear, partly admiration of his strength. Now the yarbwoman began to be hated as snakes are hated, because they are feared but can be killed. Hogan Garner in his winding sheet terrified the people of the Hollow. His body was laid in the burying ground on the hill above his father's house, and at the new grave there were men who muttered that witches could be burned. But before dusk had thickened to darkness all those men were in their own cabins, and none who had come by the river path took that way home.

In the house which neighbor-women had set to rights for the funeral there was a sense of emptiness. Old Haden sat by the cold hearth, intent upon thoughts which moved formless and dark in his mind. Big Bill padded up and down the room. He had taken off the shoes he had worn for the funeral; his steps sounded stealthily dangerous, like those of an animal. Moonlight was white on the hard earth outside the open door. "I'm not a-feared of man nor devil!" Big Bill said once.

"Air you a-aimin' to set yere like bump on log?" he asked his father. Old Haden did not answer.

"Nary bite of snake was on him," Big Bill said again. "But yet nary spell nor witchcraft done him to death. Such talk, 'tis lies. Lies! She pizened him, that's what she done, with her unholy yarbs. Her an' her gal, they give him gourd of water, it pizened, when he come in thirsty from his walk thar. An'

he never remarked the fact, to recall it. That thar's reasonable explanation."

Later he said, "If thar's ary devil's work in it, leave her try it oncet on Big Bill Garner. I ain't a-feared!" He almost shouted these words at the stillness of moonlight and forest around the house.

Old Haden sat silent. His mind seemed filled with black smoke; his anger smouldered, not yet bursting into flame. He remembered the snake's eyes above the yarbwoman's roof beam, and Martha Rose lifting her defiant head, and the rattlesnake; he realized that he needed a drink, but the bottle on the hearth was empty. Big Bill had emptied it, and he would have bellowed curses at Bill, but again he remembered the rattlesnake's head pounded to a jelly but still struggling as though to reach him again. He heard boots on the puncheon floor, and the rifle coming down from its peg.

"Whar air you a-settin' out to?" old Haden asked.

Big Bill said, "Thar's one man yet a-remainin' in this yere fam'ly, you yaller livered meachin' coward. Nary pizenin' old woman can scare Big Bill Garner." He went out. He crossed the patch of white moonlight as though he were pursued, and was gone.

Haden Garner sat a long time without moving. Then he got another bottle of whiskey, and slowly, till he slept on the floor by the bench, he drank. Later he remembered that he had heard flints clatter on the hill path that went past the burying ground, so it was plain that Big Bill had gone that way, instead of taking the trail on which old Haden had been struck by the rattler.

It was not until noon next day that Big Bill's movements were roughly traced. Probably some of the men he roused never told of it. But it was clear that he had traveled many miles, for he had waked Gird Breedon shortly before midnight, and some time after moonset Lafe Smith, on the other side of the Hollow, had answered him from an opened window. Both men had refused to attack the yarbwoman's cabin at that time of night. They said Big Bill had seemed to be crazy drunk. But as he had had only part of a bottle of whiskey, and had taken none with him, it could not have been liquor that thickened his tongue and made him shout and swear so wildly.

When he did not come home in the morning, old Haden and Harrison set out to look for him. By noon many men had joined the search. It was inconceivable that Big Bill Garner could be lost in the Hollow. But there was no known reason why he should have left it. He seemed to have disappeared, to have been spirited away.

That afternoon five men, well armed, went to the yarbwoman's cabin. Martha Rose met them in the doorway. She did not ask them in, she said, because her granny was sick. Behind her they could see the cabin, clean and sunny, and the old woman asleep in her bed. Martha Rose said that Big Bill had not been there. The men looked at each other. In the sunshine, before the calm eyes of that girl, and in the sleeping presence of a feeble little old woman, none liked to be first to bring out the strange things in his mind. They went away.

During the night, in groups that kept together in the glare of lanterns, some men continued the search, hallooing from hill to hill, breaking through underbrush and briars in the hollows, and occasionally firing signal shots. In the darkness no one went near the marsh. But from the hills a light could be seen in the yarbwoman's cabin. It gleamed there, small and unwinking, like a tiny eye watching them.

At dawn the tired men went home, saying that further search was useless. Old Haden swore at them in a voice so hoarse from shouting that it was a croak. He went on, and was soon joined by men who had slept. On Lone Pine road three of these men, with old Haden, met Harrison Latimer. He also had been left alone by men giving up the search,

and he would have joined the party, but old Haden turned on him like a man gone mad.

"I know what yo're a-reckonin'," old Haden tried to shout. "Yo're a-reckonin' to heir my property. Yo're a-aimin' to stand in dead men's shoes. Nary smitch of it will be yore'n," he croaked, and raised his rifle. The others took hold of him, arguing loudly all together, while Harrison stood white and trembling, clenching his hands. "I'll will it from you shorely as I see tomorrow's dawn," old Haden said. "Leave me ketch glimpse of you oncet more, an' I'll kill you. Git!"

Harrison went quickly around the bend of the road. Everything seemed unreal to him, with a delirious unreality. His eyeballs felt sandy, his whole body was a little drunken with weariness and sore from branches whipping him in the dark. It was true that he was now the old man's heir, if Big Bill was dead. Old Haden had no nearer kin. It did not matter, Harrison felt. He would never go back to the old man's house. But he had nowhere else to go, and he wished that he had his books, the school books hidden under the kitchen-house. He was reeling with sleep as he walked. He thought that he would sleep somewhere in the woods; then he would walk out of the Hollow and never come back.

He turned from the road, above the gorge. Flints slipped under his feet, he caught at tree-trunks to slow the headlong descent. Dead leaves were thick in the gorge, he would make a bed of them. But first he would drink at the spring.

In the angle of gray boulders Martha Rose was standing, holding a gourd dipper. At her feet was a bucket partly full of water. Still leaning over the bubbling pool, she turned like a startled animal and was motionless, staring at the young man. From the rock at her shoulder a little green snake glided swiftly, disappeared.

"I was a-cravin' to drink," said Harrison.

The girl straightened, and a softness came over her face. She dipped the gourd and held it out to him. He took it and drank. Then they stood looking at each other. "Yo're appearin' mighty weary," she said.

"I am so," he answered.

Her own face was gray, and her eyelids were dark. A twig snapped, and she turned her head quickly, caught her breath. Then she picked up the half-filled bucket. "I'll be a-gettin' back to granny," she said.

She did not go at once. He did not want her to go. Together in that stillness of murmuring leaves and water, it seemed that they were friends because both were friendless. They stood silent. Then she said, "I reckon you been a-seekin' Big Bill Garner?"

He nodded. Then, "Yes, I been a-seekin' him."

"Thar's—nary news of him?"

" 'Pears he was a-aimin' to come to yore place," he said.

The water in the bucket lipped softly against the tin. She said loudly, "He never."

She repeated as if speaking, frightened, to herself, "No, he never." Then she walked quickly away, down the path that followed the Branch to the marsh.

He stood looking after her. She had gone but a little way when, without thinking of it at all, he started to follow. Her head turned at the sound. He saw her eyes widening and darkening while she said to him over her shoulder, "Don't you come nigh us. Don't you come nigh my granny an' me. Thar's—things I— *Don't you come nigh our cabin.*"

At noon that day Big Bill Garner's boots were found two miles down the river from the yarbwoman's cabin. They were splashed with dried marsh-mud. A little farther on, lying against a log which had concealed him from the only party of searchers that had passed that way, Big Bill was found. He was still alive, though unconscious, and cold.

One bare leg was horribly swollen, and dark marks like bruises were here and there upon it, as well as a gash where Big Bill had stabbed with his knife.

Whiskey was poured into his mouth, and his throat was rubbed to get it down. He was carried to his father's house, and all that afternoon men and women worked over him. Nobody spoke of calling the yarbwoman, but every treatment that other old women advised was tried. They gave it as their opinion that he was dying of snake-bite. There was no mark of snake's fangs anywhere upon his body. Just after sunset he died.

Old Haden had not slept. He had been persuaded to lie down, partly undressed, but almost at once he got up again. He seemed to feel, not grief, but fury, and a fury unclean with fear for himself. He raged about the room like a man crazed with venomous terror.

When the woman who was bending over his son stood up and sighed, "He's gone," old Haden turned on them all. His eyes were sunken, his gray hair and beard were bristling tangles. A rasping shout came from his chest, "If thar's ary man yere won't follow me this night to rid us of that witch-woman—" He cursed that man.

Gird Breedon said coldly, "Thar's nary need for such-like vile talk, Haden Garner. I reckon all yere see plain what's to be done." Gird Breedon looked slowly at the men standing about him, and one by one they nodded grimly.

At moonrise Harrison Latimer came to the edge of the marsh. The yarbwoman's cabin was small and dark on the plain of gray reeds streaked here and there with faintly silvery water. There was no light in it. There was no sound but the husky whispering of reeds and the croak of frogs. Harrison stood perfectly still for a long minute.

Then he walked steadily out on the marsh path. Sometimes he missed solid footing, walked in slime. Once he saw moonlit water carved in dividing ripples by the black head of a snake that sped soundlessly toward the cabin. Thin mud splashed over his shoetops. He stopped barely an instant, then went on. Suddenly he began to whistle. He whistled softly, on a half breath, as though secretly, but the tune was gay. So he came to the back of the dark cabin, went quickly around it, up the porch steps, and stopped short.

In the open doorway Martha Rose sat, perfectly still, a rifle across her lap.

After a moment she whispered, "You, Harrison?"

He whispered also. "They are a-comin' this night. I fetched this yere." He let the shotgun slide from the shoulder to the crook of his arm.

Martha Rose glanced behind her into the darkness. She leaned closer. "You ain't a-feared?"

"Yes," he said. "I shorely am a-feared."

They listened. And Harrison stared. From a roof beam near his head, with the tiniest of rustling sounds, a long sinuous tail slipped. It hung against the moonlight, rippling, slowly drawing itself upward into the darkness again. It was gone. Pent breath came from the young man's lungs. He whispered, "Martha Rose, is yore granny a—"

The girl answered in the ghost of a voice, "I don't guess so. I don't—"

They both stared into the darkness of the cabin. "I am a-feared," she whispered. "But she's my granny."

Harrison said in her ear, "You pore honey. Do you know the multiplication table?"

"So far as the fives, I do."

"Jest you keep a-sayin' 'em to yoreself. I done so, a-comin' acrost the marsh. 'Tis powerful heartenin'. No, Martha Rose, I don't believe it of yore granny. Thar's natural explanation of all things, could we but lay holt on it. Four times four, 'tis sixteen, nary power in heaven or earth can make it otherwise. Thar's comfort in that thought."

She breathed, "Yo're powerful learned man, Harrison Latimer."

The yarbwoman's weak voice came out of the darkness. "Thar's nary call you-all should whisper. I am a-layin' yere sleepless. I bid you welcome, Harrison Latimer. I reckoned 'twas them, till I hear'n you a-whistlin'." They were motionless, waiting, in the pauses between her words. "I know well what is a-comin', honey gal. You a-settin' thar so. An' I am old. Have nary fear. When the time it comes—" She was silent so long that Martha Rose got up, moved toward her. "I am a-layin' yere happy in my mind, a-studyin' over many things. The woods, an' the woods' creatures, an' my knowledge, an' you, Martha Rose. Yo're mighty dear to me. Have nary fear—"

She seemed to have fallen into a light sleep. The girl's bare feet came soundlessly back to the porch. Her face, vague and white as mist in that shadow, came close to Harrison's, her fingers tightened like claws on his arms. Their cold cheeks lightly touched as they stood tense, fighting with words breathed from lips to ear. "Go, now! 'Tis nary use to stay. One lone man. They'll kill you. Have sense."

"No."

"They'll kill you. 'Twill do nary good to us. Leave us be. 'Tis no affair of yore'n. Yore life 'twill be on our heads, for naught. I thank you go whilst yet thar's time."

"Nary step."

"I hate you, Harrison Latimer! Will you go!"

"I am not a-aimin' to leave you in yore loneliness. I'm lonesome, my own self."

Her hands slipped from his arms. He saw the little weary movement of her head. She seemed to droop to the porch floor and sat there, arms folded on her knees, looking at the vague light over the marsh. He brought the two guns and sat beside her.

The frogs croaked, now and again a marsh bird cried. Shadows moved imperceptibly eastward beneath the passing of the moon. Martha Rose murmured, "Shorely they're never a-waitin' for the moon to set?"

He did not know. They should have come long ago, he thought. While he was stealing his hidden books from the Garner house, he had heard only enough to know that they were coming. He thought of the men scattering to their homes to get their rifles, to bring, no doubt, coal-oil and torches. There would be delays. But surely they should be coming now.

The two waited in the shadow, holding the guns across their laps.

Harrison began to whisper to her. "'Pears like I never knowed how to harmonize with folks yere in the Hollow. All my days I been a lonely creature, with nary soul to open out my thoughts to. A lonesome life such as mine, Martha Rose, it has but little value. Thar's nary fear in me of aught can come to me this night. Don't worrit yore heart about it, for shorely I'm right proud to be yere, a-stayin' by yore side. When I was but a pore an' puny young one—" He whispered till his throat was dry. She answered him sometimes, and all the time her hand in his was comforting.

No one came.

In the gray hour between moonlight and the dawn they looked at each other, saw gray faces and sunken eyes. Harrison stood up, stiff with chill. Then he saw them coming. Thirty men or more, in straggling groups, came down the Branch and advanced along the marsh path. Leading them was Brother Higgins, the circuit-rider. Harrison began to tremble with hope.

Brother Higgins' halloo came on the dawn wind. He and the men were hidden now by the bulk of the cabin. Again he shouted, nearer, and now the splashing and trampling could be heard. "Into the cabin!" Harrison said. The girl obeyed. He heard the click of her rifle trigger.

"Ha-loo-oo-ee!" Brother Higgins called.

Harrison answered him. Men at the end of the cabin halted at that sound of a man's voice. Harrison stood on the porch steps, the shotgun in his arm. "Howdy, Brother Higgins," he said.

Brother Higgins' long black coat, greenish and shiny, was rumpled and covered with horse hairs. He had no hat, and his thin gray hair was wispy in the breeze. He looked old, exhausted, and his voice came shrill. "Howdy, Harry, howdy. It appears thar's—"

"That thar yarbwoman, whar is she a-hidin' at?" Gird Breedon demanded. Other men seconded him. "Air you in league with her, Harrison Latimer? Leave us have her! We want speech with that thar witchwoman! Stand back, we want in yonder!"

Suddenly there was a sound, like a scream and like a bellow. Haden Garner clutched at his throat as though to stop that sound, while all the men looked at him. He uttered some words, meaningless; he seemed to make an effort to kick, and fell in liquid mud.

They got him to his feet, and he was understood to say that she had witched him, he was doomed. He pointed to his leg, choked, and then horribly screamed. It was seen that his leg had swollen, smoothing out the wrinkles in the boot. While they carried him to the porch he begged for an ax; he wanted them to cut the leg off, and then he seemed to see a snake there that no one else saw.

They cut the boot away. There was no mark of snake's fangs on the bared leg. Harrison stood in the cabin doorway, holding his shotgun, but he knew that shooting was useless now. Gird Breedon looked up from old Haden, there on the floor, and said, "All this night you been a-wearyin' us for proof. Thar, Brother Higgins, is yore proof." The crowded men were like a wall echoing his words in a low rumble.

The yarbwoman was tugging at Harrison's elbow, clamoring at him, "Leave 'em take me, thataway to spare the gal." He did not move. Gird Breedon said, "Out'n our way, Brother Higgins! Justice it will be done yere. Fetch on the coal-oil!"

"Gaze *thar!*" Brother Higgins shouted. Several among the jostling men saw his finger ominously point to the slashed boot on the floor. "*Thar!*" Brother Higgins cried. "Thar in under yore feet, hell's fires they are awaitin' you! 'Tis murder yo're a-doin'! God he calls on me to testify—" Coal-oil ran in rivulets on the porch floor. "Gird Breedon, as thar's a God in Heaven above us—"

Lafe Smith cried out, "I see it! I see it plain!" He snatched up the boot, spread it open, pointed. "That thar rattler's fang—look—" They jostled him, and he exclaimed, "Have care! 'Tis pizen!"

A fang of the rattler that old Haden had killed was still imbedded in the wrinkled leather. Lighted pitch-pine went with a hiss into marsh water. There was the sound of coal-oil dripping.

Brother Higgins clasped his head between his hands. "Lord, I thank an' praise Thee! Never would I have suspicioned— 'Tis by Yore mercy—"

"And them a-wearin' it, one after 'tother—" said a voice of awe.

"Thar's means to save him yet," another said. "Has ary one yere fetched whiskey?" Several hands held out flasks. Gird Breedon opened his knife and knelt to stab Haden Garner's leg in its half-healed wound, but the man who had tried to give him whiskey stood up and said, "Nary use, Gird. He's dead."

Gird snapped the knife shut and put it in his pocket. "I reckon 'twas terror done for him, not ary pizen a-remainin' in that thar fang," he said. "But that's neither yere nor yonder." He looked at Harrison Latimer. "You want we should carry him up to yore house, I reckon, Harry?"

Harrison said, "I'll thank you-all kindly to do so."

AMERICA UNDER FIRE

A EUROPEAN DEFENSE OF OUR CIVILIZATION

BY GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

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IN THE course of the past ten years the United States has sprung from the position of a debtor nation to that of the leading creditor nation. Although more international financial business may be done on the London exchange, the financial capital for the funding of long-period loans has become Wall Street, not Lombard Street. Mr. Hoover's reports sing a pæan of unparalleled prosperity not entirely due to boom conditions. This wealth has stirred up certain feelings abroad which require no very recondite explanation.

Were it true that the cancellation of European debts would either make for the peace of Europe or not still further humiliate her pride, the pecuniary loss to America would be clear national gain. But the abuse to which the United States has been exposed from the less responsible critics has not been so naïve as to be directed, vulgarly and enviously, against her wealth. Mortified pride has adopted the subtler ruse of fastening upon her character and civilization for criticism. Jealousy of America as wealthy has been politely converted into a professed contempt for wealth as American.

It is true that some of the critics are chiefly qualified for their task by their quite exhaustive lack of acquaintance with the subject of their animadversions, but ignorance of the facts has never yet deterred a man who wished to express not reason but spleen. The phenomenon, however, of American civilization is sufficiently new and distinctive to render even its critics interesting. And what it is which is distinctive may be more apparent to a visitor such as the present writer, who leaves America after four years' residence, than to the citizen born and bred in America.

The map of the world is changing in its significance while we watch it. The center of civilization has hitherto been regarded by Europeans as Europe. This has been the mental assumption upon which the great literature of the Western world has been written since the scepter fell from the hands of the Pharaohs. All that mattered of the thought of the world had its origin in ancient Greece, and all that mattered of Greece was west of the Ægean. In brief, Asia was a land loaded with a meaningless history which had never spelled progress, a sounding story of many words. On the other hand, America was a land without a history, a place of mushroom peoples, a mere geological phenomenon. In this adolescence of civilization, only the European peninsula mattered, and especially its western extremities. Many Europeans, and not least the loudest critics of America, have not yet outgrown this provincial outlook.

As, however, the world grows so small that the least adventurous can expect to listen to a broadcast speech echoing right round it, perspectives change. The hemispheres have reasserted themselves against the peninsula. Europe is in danger of becoming only the mu-

seum for the West and a convenient technical night-school for the East. America has long declined to be taken as a colonist state lying on the outskirts of the European political system. But it is not enough merely to say that the state of Texas is larger than Germany or that the population of the United States is larger than that of France, Italy, Spain, and all the Balkan States put together. There are certain consequences which must be taken into account. The diplomacy of Europe is no longer the only significant diplomacy in a world of which the United States is an outlying unit or state. The United States of America are a half-continent; and the various states of Europe constitute together another half-continent which has its leagues and perhaps will have its federation of united states. The counterpart of an American is not a Frenchman or an Italian, but a European; and the population of America is not to be accounted heterogeneous as compared with France but homogeneous as compared with the national animosities of Europe.

What strikes the eye, as we look at the map to-day, is not Poland or Switzerland or France, or even ancient Japan, but China, India, and the British Commonwealth, the United States, Brazil, and Russia. As the world's population increases and invention develops the resources of the soil, it is with these countries that the future of the world lies. The time has not come yet; but already we are at the Continental Divide of History, and Western European civilization, Roman civilization, the Minoan civilization of Crete begin to recede into the distance. We are witnessing the passing not only of Bourbon and Braganza, of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg, but also the military and economic passing of Europe. The political movements in China, the policy of Washington, the dictatorship in Russia, the Kaiser-i-Hind, the Imperial Conference of British peoples occupy the foreground in the attention of any student of contemporary civilization. These changes are not unnaturally resented by many, and resentment may take many ignoble forms. The result is a literature of spite. We are not indeed given to understand, according to this literature, that the inhabitants of the lands once occupied by the ancient Romans and Hellenes and other dwellers in Europe claim to be heirs of a civilization as venerable as that of Confucius or of Sakyamuni, or that they are desirous of putting themselves into comparison with the "stagnant East." But they are supposed to be entitled, as their birthright, to an unlimited patronage of American civilization and condescension towards something so disfigured by "triviality," "materialism," and blindness to the value of tradition.

The shapes which this resentment assume have for an historian or a psychologist high interest. To an Englishman, such as the present writer, they not only provide amusement but are peculiarly remarkable, since the American branch of the English-speaking world seems likely to fall heir to that reputation of being the "best hated nation in Europe" which the English have long enjoyed—and for precisely the same reason. When the English milord, journeying on the grand tour, distributed his largess he was received with a mixture of obsequiousness and contempt. The members of "the mad nation" were wealthy, but of literature these northern barbarians knew less than a Frenchman, of art less than an Italian, of poetry less than a German, and of music less than a Pole. The court of St. James was the least refined in Europe, and culture was not to be expected of a nation of shopkeepers. John Bull was not polite society, and neither is Uncle Jonathan. The feebly attempted ostracism is the natural pique of the genteel conventionality which clings to an old tradition against those who are energetically creating a new one.

It is unfortunate that certain Englishmen have joined in what has become a

street gamin campaign of international bad manners. Dean Inge, in the intervals of performing with somber diaconal dignity his part of domestic Jonah in England, has spared a few remarks for America, but, since his castigations are impartial, they are not invidious. Mr. J. D. Woodruff, after some weeks' investigation of this continent, genially enough took to task America, and, for that matter, all of Great Britain save the southern counties, for having deserted the highroad of civilization as understood at Oxford. In his witty and sage little book, *Plato's American Republic*, Socrates explains to the officials of the Oxford Union Debating Society that the Americans do not know how to live since they do not all "pursue the life of reason," as Mr. Woodruff remarks, "as only the few can do." But Mr. Woodruff seems to have set a fashion which others will follow with less good taste. Recently a book has been produced which, I understand, is marked neither by Mr. Woodruff's wit, his lightness, nor his manners. I learn that it has no particular literary excellence. The author appears to feel himself called upon to represent European civilization in its protest against American banality. His abuse of America would be of no significance (since the writer has the effrontery to explain, when he starts to stir up international ill-feeling, that he has never been in America) were it not that it has received an attention from reviewers in this country quite out of proportion to the trifling notice which it received in England.

The Dickensian age of boosting, which still lasts on in the West, has given way to an age of literary self-criticism and depreciation. Sensitiveness has assumed a new form and almost morbid proportions. The periodical publishers hold out their hands and their hats for "articles critical of phases of American life." The reviewers themselves seem to be nervous lest it be true that material prosperity and genuine culture are things inconsistent, which, when crossed, produce a monstrous birth. What is, then, this hybrid American civilization about which there are such searchings of heart?

II

For a decade America has been a predominantly urban country. But what distinguishes even rural America from rural Europe is that it is a land of the locomotive and the gasoline station, not of the horse and the village pump. Mr. Bertrand Russell's remark about "a nation of pious peasants," although clever in the days of the Dayton trial, was too glaring a misdescription of the world's most industrial civilization to be even good caricature. Mr. Mencken would not be able to abuse the peasant so heartily—and yet have his words devoured on the uplands of Kansas—were the peasant not a type fallen already into disrepute. In the sparsely populated farm lands of the West it is not the slow mind of the mud-trudging plow boy which rules but that of the artisan who lives his life in contact with machines. American civilization is a civilization of machines. In this it is new, and by this it must be judged. The habit of using mechanical instruments marks as great an epoch in the history of man as when he first acquired that habit of using his fingers, thanks to which he became man. To observe the kind of mind which is being developed in a civilization where men are daily relying more upon scientific mechanism and less upon direct action with the body or with the simple handmade implements—are having to adjust themselves more and more to the requirements of mechanical precision and are less free to be whimsical and irresponsible—is a study of absorbing interest.

The American, let it be admitted, does not know how to live with the calm Horatian enjoyment of life. He does not know how to spend the leisured hours, which are the privilege of the non-laboring class, with the grace of a Russian count or the dignity

of a dusky rajah. The average city-dwelling American is caught in the mechanism of his own civilization and is too engrossed in its working to have time for the self-conscious delights of a cultivated egotism. Hence the "extrovertedness," the conversational embarrassment, the relief found in an easy rotarian good-fellowship, the worship of efficiency, and the respect for the captain of industry and other human dynamos which characterizes much of American life. This is not, of course, to assert that Mussolini-worship in the field of business or of politics is an exclusively American phenomenon. The New America is something which even the American himself does not understand. As a consequence, the older type of American is but too willing to condemn its materialism and superficiality, although he leaves the childish talk about dollar-worship to residents in lands where the public conscience has but so recently protested against honor and nobility being treated as matters for mercenary traffic. For America the dollar at best is but a unit of energy. It is, however, fair to say that American life bears the characteristics of an expansive youth of seventeen discoursing to all on his plans and taking the world for his advisor. On the other hand, it has not the characteristics of an unpleasant and "knowing" child of eleven fond of playing alone with a secretive reserve, which is the objectionable kind of "puerility." It does not suffer from the repressed jealousies and diffused malice, like a sub-cutaneous venom, which it seems not fantastic to remark in ancient, settled and stratified civilizations, which have the affectations and afflictions of that *antiquitas saeculi* which is the *pueritia mundi*.

This expansiveness, energy, and absorption in the stream of external affairs is easily misunderstood. Every great age of renaissance has been an age not so much of scholastic exactitude as of bubbling suggestions, of experiments often chimerical, of the sacrifice of a cautious discipline to sheer preoccupation with living. Introspection and sedulous cultivation of the art of life already indicate the waning of the great age. In such ages of robust curiosity too fine a line cannot be drawn between far-seeing vision and mere adventure. Paracelsus was a charlatan, Columbus was not far from a mountebank. The age which produced da Vinci produced no less typically Cellini. And the spirit of the new civilization of America is not to be apologized for as "materialism" because of the crudities of some of its exponents. The point which even Americans themselves fail to recognize is that there happens to have come into the modern world a new type of civilization, rightly known by distinction as American, which requires of the men who adapt themselves to it a new outlook, new ideals, a new mind.

The philosopher who is more than a learned agoraphobiac has no reason to lament that, even in England, the old canals along which on a summer day one might paddle a boat between green fields and under cool trees are being closed down, or that the pedestrian has his meditations disturbed by the offensive stench of gasoline. He has compensations in the new world of machines, and matter enough for meditation in the sight of such a city as New York, owing little in its strip of land to the beauties of nature, but a majestic vindication of the titanic power of man. It is not the broad expanse of the Hudson which gives beauty to Manhattan; it is the triumphant splendor of the mass of Manhattan, a work of the human genius, which finds a fit frame in the waters of the Hudson. There is a certain ignoble perversity in the man who can never say with Socrates that he loves the life of the city, but must needs see in stocks and stones and the works and forces of Nature something less "material" than in the skilful creations of the mind of man. The mathematical lines, clean, challenging, simple, unornate, and rational, of these cities and buildings must

please the mind imbued with the rational principle of order. It is as a rationalistic civilization that America challenges criticism, both from those within and from those without her border.

It is the civilization where the half-wit can live undisturbed, the civilization of the hand-cart and of the hut, which spells materialism. Even in London a balloon dancer giving an exhibition on Hendon aerodrome is caught and killed in the high-voltage wires of some power company left strung out amid the trees; the parts of the new civilization are there, but men have never troubled to plan them out together or to think in terms of them. Slowly they are becoming accustomed to the general use of electricity. The ungainly cyclist pedals his laborious way; the telephone operator querulously demands time while he performs the new scientific miracle of giving the subscriber his call. The new mind of the age of instruments—an age as important as when man discovered the use of his hands—has not yet arrived. In New York it is more native; here Americanism is a gospel. The speed at which life is lived, the delicate inter-connectedness of the vast social whole—a pure artifact of civilization—demands a high intelligence of its citizens in order to succeed, in order to steer their way in the complexities of this science-built world, in order not actually to imperil their neighbors, in order to survive. Stupidity is not merely a misfortune or a fault; it is easily a crime. To the thoughtful man a wasteful inefficiency is obviously a sin. Even the criminal must possess a certain Mephistophelean intelligence and daring in order to effect his ends. This is not a civilization in which the individual can be permitted to jay-walk in the streets. Inefficiency cannot be condoned in the name of an erratic individuality, since it is an active offense against others. The man is but the human part of the machine; and that machine is a social order, of which tools and men are alike instruments. This subordination of the individual to the entire reasonable law and requirements of a technical organization, comprehensible in terms of natural science, is not socialism; it is just civilization.

III

The vast dimensions of America have provided a stimulus for the inventive imagination. An age of physical expansion and of new boundaries is an age of prowess of spirit. The wealth of the twentieth century has given the opportunity to adventure and experiment in the realm not only of space but of science. But, although the works of this new spirit are especially to be seen in America, its best-known prophets, such as Mr. Wells and Mr. Haldane, are not American. And, although psychology not so long ago was known in certain English universities as "that American science," psychology and the social sciences will not be limited within the confines of America any more than will American architecture or American engineering—although their development is the academic counterpart of the practical conditions of American life. To denounce this civilization is to denounce not a country but a way of life. How far such theories as the pragmatism of James and the instrumentalism of Dewey in philosophy, the behaviorism of Watson in psychology, the pluralism and realism of Laski in politics are not self-sufficient reasoned systems but the expressions of this new fact in various fields of the mind, it is impossible here to discuss.

We have here a civilization no longer concerned with its soul or its sins, or the life temporally hereafter or spatially yonder, or dwelling upon the pathetic mysteries of life. It is a this-worldly civilization, a civilization, moreover, very frank in matters of the flesh, a secular, matter-of-fact civilization—and, therefore, not unnaturally, to some minds, a civilization of the devil. The plain business man finds a sufficient creed in making a good job of the busi-

ness actually in hand, and by this creed he has actually come to live. Unconsciously he goes back to the ancient belief that the chief test of virtue is excellent workmanship, although he scarcely admits so much to himself, still less states it to his pastors and masters. He would be a surprised man were one to congratulate him on relieving the Occidental world of the incubus, which has hitherto weighed it down, of Aristotelian teleological conceptions. In practice he lives his philosophy, but no philosopher, not even perhaps Mr. Dewey, has yet come to cast it into a formula of words. The American is concerned with the means which lie under his hands and for which he is responsible, not with the final principles, of which the realization lies beyond his ken. He is concerned with the efficient performance of the job of which the details come within his immediate experience, and not with acting in conformity with the ideal of the best possible society which he does not know. American "idealism," in the sense of romanticism, appears to the European mind to be vague and impracticable. And rightly, for it is the American mind at play and in reaction against its dominant self. The methods of the American are experimental; his test is that he discovers how to suit himself to the claims made upon him by the society in which he lives. He is a social animal intelligently doing what is expected of him in a society which is entirely of this world. Were he not so engrossed in business, were he not content to be an intelligent co-operator, this vast social machinery of a swift-moving civilization would halt, jam and break to pieces. It is the civilization of man as a worker.

That critic is dull who supposes that such a civilization lacks, in the genuine sense, idealism or requires an apology. It supremely is a rational civilization, born not of the bondage of man to matter, but a fruit of his own intellect. As the distinguished Chinese scholar Dr. Hu Shih recently said, a spiritual civilization is not one of famine and of the man-drawn rickshaw and of obvious bondage to material needs, but a civilization marked by man's conquest of Nature. It is one in which he is free to use or abuse those means of which he is master. For some time China has been looking to America for that instruction which she thought was all that the West had to give—technical knowledge. The mistake has been discovered and the inner significance of a new kind of civilization has been caught. The ancient East looks to the modern West for a new interchange of views. Both America and China believe not in the philosophy of "ends," which the European mind learned from Aristotle, but of "the process." Perhaps the East may look over the head of Europe, were Europe to show that it has neither the richness of what is ancient nor the savor of what is modern.

America need not trouble herself unduly with European criticism, save in so far as Europe may still happen to be a better exponent than are some of her self-constituted defenders of the great Hellenic tradition of moderation of manners, balance of life, and deliberation of judgment. Along with the other English-speaking peoples America is building up a civilization of which the center is not Europe.

The future of civilization depends upon what happens when the East learns from America the technic which brings the confident spirit of material conquest, and America learns from the East a pessimism perhaps only too congenial to the rational and scientific mind. Were he to ascend into a high place and view the civilizations of mankind stretching eastward and westward to the horizon and end of time, an American, we suspect, might return more inclined to expend his energies upon Americanizing America than upon troubling his soul about the witticisms of European critics.

THE BEHAVIORIST LOOKS AT INSTINCTS

BY JOHN B. WATSON, PH.D., LL.D.

WHAT is the truth about instincts? Do humans have them or don't they?

The view most widely held to-day goes back to Darwin. Since man and the lower animals have had a common *descent* they must be a lot alike. We see the beaver, even at a youthful age, gnawing down trees and constructing a dam. We see young birds mated for the first time and without previous experience building a nest of the same material and according to the same general plan as their parents. We see young dogs six months of age swim when dropped into water for the first time as though they had had special training. We find young ducks and geese at home in the water after the first few minutes; but young chicks, although they stay on top for a short time, soon become waterlogged and sink. There seems to be almost no limit to the number of examples of so-called *instincts* in animals lower than man.

Now, since man has had an evolutionary history, we should expect to find in him any number of instincts similar in many respects to those we find in animals. The *a priori* ground is strong.

William James crystallized the whole thing for us. Looking over the behavior of adults and young children, he finally arrives at a list of human instincts. This is his list—climbing, imitation, emulation, rivalry, pugnacity, anger, resentment, sympathy, hunting, fear, appropriation, acquisitiveness, kleptomania, constructiveness, play, curiosity, sociability, shyness, cleanliness, modesty, shame, love, jealousy, parental love.

The notion that man has instincts similar to those of animals fits in with the Darwinian theory quite closely. It did not occur to Darwin and James that the actual facts could be different and at the same time offer no difficulties to the Darwinian theory of descent. To-day every biologist and every behaviorist believes in descent—believes that man has had a long evolutionary history which started with the slime—no one liberally educated to-day believes that man was a special creation. Just how the family history tree will finally be worked out is possibly not yet clear; but the admission of complete belief in descent does not commit us in any way on the subject of the inheritance which will belong to each new variant from the parent stock. Suppose our nearest phylogenetic ancestor were the monkey. Until the mutant man appeared no one could have predicted what his hereditary equipment would be like. Suppose the evolutionary process is still not complete—suppose that through some chain of biological factors man should become once more a mutating stock and should suddenly throw a variant with *wings*. No one could predict what the birth equipment of this bird-man (homo-avis) would be like. No matter what his birth equipment should turn out to be, it would not alter the fact that he descended from man just as man has descended from some more primitive stock.

Now, all this has bearing upon the instincts of the 1927 man. Just because he has had an evolutionary history is no proof that he must have instincts like the

stock from which he sprang—assuming for the moment that animals have instincts. Only daily observation upon the newborn infant and the continuation of these observations during the early years of childhood will enable us to decide whether man has more instincts than brutes, fewer instincts than brutes, or no instincts at all. Darwin and James had no real data upon which to base their conclusions.

But this is not the whole story of the prevailing theory of instincts. Man not only has a body—he has a "mind," so the biologists assert. If his body has had an evolutionary history so also has his mind. We should expect to see, then, from this view "mental" traits in humans like those in animals. Our literature is shot through with such allusions. His mind has the "cunning of the brute" and the "slyness of a fox." His mind is brutal, cruel, ferocious—all such allusions show our mental kinship with the brute stock from which we sprang.

And, furthermore, if we inherit many of our mental traits from our primitive brute ancestors, how much more close is the inheritance from our human fathers and grandfathers? Reasoning thus by analogy, both biologists and laymen have built up a seemingly incontrovertible argument for the inheritance of so-called mental factors and potentialities, "His talent was inherited from his gifted father"—"He is a statesman coming from a long line of statesmen"—"His musical ability was inherited from his mother." How often we hear it! The inheritance of "disposition," "talent," "special abilities," "mental alertness," "temperament."

The belief in instincts and of inheritance of mental traits in man has been strengthened in the popular view by the propaganda of the eugenists. They have made many observations upon gifted families and they conclude from their findings that "talent" does run in families—that such things as mathematical ability, musical ability, and artistic and literary ability are handed down from parents to children. They go farther and hold out the hopes that by intermarriage of the gifted we can finally build a race of Nietzsches—only these supermen and superwomen will be bred for art, industry, and science, and not for war. This belief of the eugenist will ultimately tamper with the mating of men and women and is more dangerous than bolshevism.

Based upon the belief in the inheritance of family traits we have built up for ourselves — we fortunate ones (!) — a pretty world of F F V's, my family, my ancestry, my Nordic blood, of superior and inferior races. We like to view the world through these rose-colored glasses if we happen to be allowed to wear them —nor shall we be especially grateful to the one who changes the color of our lenses.

This belief in heredity of traits and capabilities has become a part of our mores—ground into every generation by family and religious training. It is a device which enables us to shut our eyes to the present and to our responsibility for the present. It is a clever but unverbalized device (the Freudians would call it unconscious) for living forever. It is hard for most of us to believe when we are dead that we are dead all over, like Rover. Some of us may boast of the fact that we are irreligious and even claim that we do not believe in a life after death—but we soothe the personal hurt of this by believing and teaching that we as individuals will carry on in our children just as our parents have carried on in us. Our traits, our emotional equipment, our vocational equipment, we believe, find expression in the lives of our children. We hate to give up. We hate to die. We can't believe there will ever come a time when our impress is lost to the world. Such an attitude finds full expression in a headline to an advertisement I once saw, "Why does every father hope that his firstborn will be a son?" or in the law of primogeniture in European countries. This law is at heart partly a psychological law and does not depend wholly upon property

and succession to title. Psychologically, it means that my firstborn will be born when I am young and lusty—when I am in full possession of all my perfections. Therefore, he, above all the children which I may beget in my later years when my powers may have waned, will be endowed with all my characteristic and perfected talents.

Another thing this belief does for us—if we have had children and failed with them, as most of us have, it provides us with an escape mechanism. If the "bad" child has inherited all these things from his mother's family (if the husband is seeking to clear his side of the family) why should the husband be blamed? It is just nature, and nature is so much stronger than nurture!

This, stripped of its unessentials, is the reason for our unbounded belief in the inheritance of "mental traits," "dispositions," "capabilities," "tendencies," and "special abilities."

II

Now what are some of the unpleasant facts the behaviorist believes he has uncovered?

The behaviorist finds that the human being at birth is a very lowly piece of unformed protoplasm, ready to be shaped by any family in whose care it is first placed. This piece of protoplasm breathes, makes babbling, gurgling, cooing sounds with its vocal mechanisms, slaps its arms and legs about, moves its fingers and toes, cries, excretes through the skin and other organs the waste matter from its food. In short it *squirms* (*responds*) when the environment (inside or out) attacks it (*stimulates* it). This is the solid observational rock upon which the behaviorist's view is founded. He says, "I find none of the instincts listed by James."

The eugenist, the biologist, and the old-time psychologist say, "Yes, yes, but you have observed the child only for the first two or three years of infancy. Most of these instincts, all the traits and inherited talents and capabilities show up at a later age." The behaviorist retorts, "Well, if I have observed them only for the first years of infancy, that is just so much longer than you have observed them—you have never observed them at all. Consequently the burden of proof rests upon you. You must at least go back to infancy to find out what the material is made up of that you are going later to observe."

And this is the whole point—*conditioning—nurture* not nature starts so early that the biologist and the eugenist have had no opportunity to make valid observations. The behaviorist cannot doubt that the first two years of infancy are enormously important in shaping the child. If no record of the first two years of infancy has been kept, scientific observation is impossible. Every biologist knows how impossible it was to make accurate observations upon Burbank's plant material—it was all too mixed up—too many things had been done to it which were not accurately recorded. Trying to observe a human child two years of age whose daily record was not kept is like trying to figure out the family history of a new variety of primrose by looking merely at the flower. By the end of his second year the child's temper is well organized; his vocational slants, his character, his fears, his positive bent toward things—toward pencil, paper, chalk, carpentry, water, social relations—has been so slanted that only a divine being could unmake him and give him over to the biologist as new material fit to watch for the unfolding of family traits.

So when the experimental evolutionist and the mental testers—the latter are even predicting the future genius on the basis of the six-year-old test—tell us that their studies of gifted families show that "gifts" are handed on to children in a greater percentage than the laws of chance would call for the behaviorist laughs. He sees in their claims only a perfect proof of his own theories. For where but in a musical family would the

young infant get the pattern responses for becoming musical? Where but in the family of the architect would the infant get those early slants that would make for architecture; and where but in the family of the neurotic and psychopathological would the youngster of four learn to say, "I have been coughing all day. I feel sick and I don't think I ought to go to school to-day"? Where but in the family of the artist would he get training in the handling of color, size, shape of objects, and the neurotic training that goes into the make-up of the artist (the latter by no means a necessary part of his equipment)?

But why are only some of the children of the gifted gifted? The reasons are not far to seek. I often talk to artists about this. "My daughter who looks like me has a marvellous sense of rhythm and proportion—she started early to show this. She really did good things when she was four. She even moves objects around the room in the same jerky way I do. I've never tried to teach her anything. You can't make me believe she hasn't inherited something (!) of my gift and talent. My son who looks like his mother won't touch a brush or pencil; he hasn't a single movement like mine and yet they have grown up in the same environment." It is unkind to tell this artist that he has a strong fixation on his daughter—that almost from infancy he has found (or better, built up) in her what he has not found in his wife; that his wife hates his profession and by hook and by crook will die before she will see the son follow in the footprints of her husband.

Is there nothing then in heredity? How absurd. Certainly there is. We are born men not kangaroos. We are born with two eyes situated close together, not like fowls and horses where the two eyes, except for a narrow range, never view the same object at the same time. We have two arms, two legs, ten fingers, and ten toes. Because of this structure there are some things we can more easily learn to do than other animals. Our fingers are more mobile than our toes. We learn to do things with fingers rather than with toes for no other reason. If we are unlucky enough to be born without fingers we learn to write, pound a typewriter, and to draw with our toes. If we are unlucky enough to be born with only one arm we can never learn to be ambidextrous. If we are born without certain chemical constituents in our retinas we can never learn to react to monochromatic lights (make responses to different colors). If we are born with certain deficiencies in our ears we may never react to different wave lengths in the air (tone deaf, tone islands, etc.). If we are born without eyes we can't react visually. If we are born without certain brain equipment we may not be able to learn even the simple acts of caring for ourselves (so-called defectives).

The behaviorist admits all this but he says, contrasted with what the human infant has to learn (be conditioned to), it is all *unimportant*. Take any newborn American youngster into the interior of China and give him over to the exclusive care of a Chinese family, and he will develop flawless Chinese, wear a queue, worship his ancestors, eat with chop sticks, sit on a mat. He will learn the Chinese scale of music (very different from our own since they have a smaller number of notes than we have), develop very different rhythms and accents in music than we have in the West. What has become of his Western trait inheritances from his jazz-proficient piano-playing mother and from his cubist modernist-in-art father? Gone like the snows of yesteryear. His behavior, his capabilities, what he will do will be determined by his family life—by the patterns he finds there, by the accidents of that environment, and by the special emotional fixation of the one or the other of his (adopted) parents.

The behaviorist is a matter of fact, common sense kind of fellow. He asks us to come back to earth and the child as he is.

On the basis of his experiments, he argues somewhat as follows: I find that I can take these squirmings of the newborn—his unorganized finger movements, the movements of his arms, legs, feet, and toes, the squirmings in his trunk and weave them into highly complicated acts of sport, of skill, such as driving a nail with a hammer, carving with a knife, shooting with bow and arrow or tennis playing, climbing, crawling, running, and walking. I can take the squirmings of the throat muscles and weave them into those highly organized acts we call talking and singing (and, yes, even thinking). I can take the infantile squirmings of the gut—the unstriped muscular tissue of the alimentary tract, diaphragm, heart, respiration, etc.—and actually organize them into complicated emotional responses we call fears, loves, and rages.

The behaviorist asks for nothing to start with in building a human being but the squirmings everyone can see in the newborn infant.

He goes even farther and says, Give me just one hundred "squirmings" of fingers, hands, legs, toes, and trunk and let me tie them together by my methods and I shall have more than enough. And here he calls our attention to a very simple rule in arithmetic. How much is *factorial* 4? Why it is $4 \times 3 \times 2 \times 1 = 24$. Now, since he can combine the 100 squirmings in as many ways as he pleases, the total number of such combinations of possible responses will be factorial 100. Have you ever tried to work out factorial 100? Well, it is a colossal, stupendous number. If any human being possessed factorial 100 responses he would have so many that he could not run through his repertoire of responses if he lived to be as old as Methuselah. Take language for example—you think you use almost a limitless number of words. As a matter of fact, few of us adults use more than 18,000 words. Most of us get along on less than 2,000, many get along on 500 to 800 words. Society in America as we have it to-day calls upon us to possess such a simple set of adjustments. Our accomplishments, even our words and sentences, are so limited and stereotyped that you can pretty well predict what the majority of men and women are going to say and do in most situations. We are so stupidly uninteresting. We stop the organizing of these squirmings just as soon as we can get along in the group we live with—just as soon as we can earn some kind of living in this land of milk and honey where a living is so pitifully easy to obtain.

If the world were to be covered with water to a depth of six feet and all tools and lumber were cleared away, we should soon organize our latent squirmings into climbing, and from climbing to hopping and swinging from branch to branch in trees (assuming that there were trees). Think how quickly our vocational and emotional equipment would change. There is no mystery in building the human being into as complicated an organism as he is—the mystery is that we let him go on living with the simple set of responses he has when he has within him (no miracle stuff!) such possibilities for greater organization. That is one of my quarrels with society. We let the individual stop at the 12×12 multiplication table. We let him get away with rotten tennis, unscientific and unsound business methods, with conversation at the level of a moron. There used to be a guild system where perfection of hand and finger responses was called for, almost up to the physiological limit of the individual's ability. Think of the tapestry that used to be woven, of the fine laces that used to be made, of the carvings that even the boys could make. And in the vocal field remember that once every troubadour was a virtuoso. This is not a cry for the good old days. It is not a wail that we have degenerated in eye, hand, and muscle. Not at all—the stuff is there crying to be whipped into shape. It is a cry for getting some kind of shock or punishment in the environment which

will force all of us to develop to the limit of our capabilities. I have an undying respect for what we can do with that squirming mass of protoplasm we call the human infant.

Only in one field do we keep the guild spirit—and that is in science. There Herculean tasks are done, and every generation sees finer and finer technic, greater and greater skill in the control of eye and hand.

In short, the cry of the behaviorist is, "Give me the baby and my world to bring it up in and I'll make it crawl and walk—I'll make it climb and use its hands in constructing buildings of stone or wood—I'll make it a thief, a gunman, or a dope fiend. The possibility of shaping in any direction is almost endless. Even gross differences in anatomical structure limit us far less than you may think. Take away man's hands and I will make him write, use a typewriter, drive an automobile, paint and draw with his toes. Cut off his legs and paralyze his trunk muscles so that he will be bedridden but give me only his hands and arms, and I'll have him playing the violin, writing, and doing a thousand other things. Make him blind and he can still play ice hockey, shoot with some degree of skill, read and write, sculpture and earn his living in a thousand different ways. Rob him of his ears at birth and I can teach him to carry on a conversation with you by watching you speak. Make him a deaf-mute and I will still build you a Helen Keller."

With these facts before us we have the answer to the oft reiterated assertions of the eugenists—that since measurements show that there are slight differences in body and brain structure between individuals these anatomical differences must make a difference in the way the newborn starts out. No, the burden of proof is on the other shoulder. In the light of what we know we can do with the human infant (and undo and spoil) at an early age, we are no longer willing to make accurate observations upon it. Heredity in the sense both of instincts and of inborn traits, dispositions, capabilities, tendencies, constitution must go until other facts are produced to substantiate it.

III

Numerous weighty objections are raised against the behaviorist's view that men are built, not born. The first is "here are two children born and brought up in the same environment—by the same parents—surrounded by the same neighbors. They eat the same food and dress in the same kind of clothes. Their capabilities, talents, dispositions, bents, and slants are totally different. How do you account for this? There must be something in heredity after all." Let us take an actual case: here are two brothers living in the same home, only a year or two different in age, born to parents sophisticated in child-nurture. Treated as nearly alike as possible, one gets tonsilitis, has numerous colds, has to stay in bed frequently, finally has to have his tonsils out and a birthmark removed. He goes to the hospital, sees the nurses in white, hears a man called "doctor." He has to undergo an operation under ether. For months and months the sight of a woman in white terrorizes him; anyone called a doctor coming into the room raises a cry. Here are two little girls brought up in the same home with the same environment, one at the age of six receives a sex shock that conditions her towards boys and men for months and possibly for life.

Fathers and mothers cannot react to two children alike; they cannot treat the second child as they treat the firstborn. Identical twins, almost indistinguishable by sight or voice, come the nearest to having the same environment. Unless an accident such as an illness occurs to one and not the other, they will show closely similar behavior. But if the children are separated at an early age and brought up in widely different homes their organization is widely different.

The same-environment-but-different-traits objection breaks down because there is no such thing as same environment.

Another argument often advanced as an annihilating one is that there is such a thing as an inferior race. "You have to admit" say its proponents (which includes many biologists), "that the southern negro coming out of darkest Africa and falling under the influence of the cultured Southerner showed no rapid steps in the putting on of culture—surely here the influence of heredity shows up. The negro is an inferior race and will always remain one." Many of us now realize that this is a completely unproved statement. The negro has never been given a chance to develop. If you sent each and every negro to Harvard and then through law and medicine and gave him a year for travel and a million dollars a year income, he would still not have an equal chance. Even in Boston or in Washington the negro would still be a negro—he would still be made to feel his inferiority. There is a sporadic attempt in New York on the part of a sophisticated group to lionize the negro; they go to the Harlem night-clubs, eat and drink with him on a plane of social equality, ask him to their homes, and in general wine and dine him. But let one negro try to marry a son or daughter of any member of this clique and the devil's to pay. In Jamaica and on the Continent there is less of the social barrier, and the negro consequently has more nearly an equal chance with the white. Why, then, didn't he develop in Africa where he was king? Because where food, sex, and shelter offer no problems there is nothing in the environment to force the trial and error movements that lead to discovery. Even white races dwelling in the tropics slow down.

This argument is varied somewhat by certain biologists when they begin to argue for the difference in brain weight between the cultured European and the savage. The truth is that, regardless of status of culture, brain weight is proportional to body weight. The savage has a small brain weight because he has a small body. The cultured European woman has about the same brain weight as the Australian bushman because on the average she has the same body weight. She has a smaller brain weight than her lord not because she has any less "intelligence" than he has but because her body is smaller.

IV

Since the behaviorist doesn't believe in instincts what does he put in their place? How does he bring about organization in the simple squirmings of the infant. He does it by *conditioning*. Let us use some homely illustrations. One of the squirmings of the newborn brings its fingers to its mouth (many youngsters suck their fingers almost from the moment of birth). Rap his fingers with a pencil each time he puts his finger in his mouth, soon the mere sight of the moving pencil makes him draw back his hand; a little later the mere sight of the individual who always raps him will cause him to pull his finger from his mouth. This modification of behavior we call a *conditioned visual response*. The sight of the pencil or the sight of the experimenter's face at first called out *no response*—were not stimuli. By this simple procedure we have made the mere sight of the pencil and the mere sight of the experimenter's face call out the same response as hitting him with the pencil. Take the child's breathing—surely this is an unchanging, steady, physiological reflex? Not at all. Show the infant a red apple, it does not affect his breathing. How can I make the apple profoundly modify his breathing? A slap on the wrist from birth does cause a marked variation in breathing. Now if I show the red apple at the instant I slap him on the wrist, the red apple soon causes the same change in the rhythm of breathing as does the slap on the wrist. Again we have built up a *conditioned*

visual response. A visual object that had no kick has been provided with one. Every object in the universe thus becomes loaded or charged, as it were, by conditioning.

Without going into detail we can say, by stretching our imagination a bit, that we can take any object in the universe (including words) and make the infant flex his arm at the elbow every time that object is shown. We can take any object in the universe and make him clench his fist every time he sees it. By showing the objects serially (spacing and timing) we cause the child to display his responses in series. We call this an "act." Think of a soldier under command—"Hurrumph—*present arms*, hurrumph—*shoulder arms, forward march*" —each step in this act is a conditioned response built in just like the ones we build in the infant to enable it to manipulate its milk bottle, toys, etc. *This conditioning goes on rapidly* from the moment of birth. Conditioned he becomes almost at once to the bottle, to the mother's voice and footstep, the harsher touch of the father and to his louder voice, to the way he is dressed and laid in his cradle, to the light in his room. Condition a nine-months-old baby by letting him have a toy to take to bed—neglect to hand this to him some night, and you'll hear from him. Condition him to sleeping with the light on, and some night turn it off. Let someone besides his mother hold and feed and dress him and you'll see how the cement is beginning to set. By the end of a year he is almost adamant along the lines in which you have conditioned him. With me my four-year-old is a boat builder and an athlete—proudly displaying his muscle, his chest, and his ability to box; with the gardener a gardener; with his mother an automobile driver, a reader of books; with his nurse a chatterer of French; with his six-year-old bicycle-riding brother he is a kiddy-car expert.

If you haven't had experience with conditioning infants it is difficult to realize how quickly the protoplasmic material gets fixed.

Now isn't all this far better and more thrilling than instincts? Is the behaviorist going to tear down the world by finding that, instead of instincts in the child which are irrevocable and beyond our control, he has limitless plasticity at the start? Doesn't it give every parent—every potential parent—a kind of open as well as secret exhilaration to learn that his child does not have to carry along many of the weaknesses and inferiorities he possesses? Doesn't it give every man and woman who has failed and who has attributed that failure to faulty inheritance or "fundamental constitution" a thought that possibly his or her own efforts have in the past not been quite vigorous enough?

And doesn't it make all of us responsible in a way for failures in society—for our criminals, our drug fiends, and for the ignorance and stupidity of the masses?

The behaviorist is a mechanist? Yes, utterly, but is not one piece of iron shaped to become an automobile axle, another to become the essential parts of a scientific instrument; isn't one piece of rubber shaped into a tire, another into a tube; and isn't it man's hands that do the shaping? Is there anything especially revolting in believing that man's hands can take the living protoplasmic mass we call the child and shape it according to the specifications demanded by our present social standards? I can't see the difficulty. No, the only hopeless and downright dangerous mechanists are the predestinarians and propagandists for the inheritance through endless ages of "mental traits."

GREEN SHUTTERS

A STORY

BY MARY LISPENARD COOPER

DIM uneven hills, and perhaps once to a mile a few blurred lights, were all for the last half-hour she had seen through the streaming window of the train. It was tiring to stare out for long; since, moreover, the car was empty except for herself, and she had finished the green magazine in her lap, she preferred to regard her own image reflected by the window.

She looked very white and slender in her thin dress of purple wool and her small purple hat embroidered with Central-European flowers. Even the kerosene lamp caught the light of her deep-red hair. She felt that there, and with no one to compare her to, she looked quite like a young girl, not nearly her twenty-nine years. But why on earth should it matter if she looked fifty, going as she was to a strange village for ten days to attend to the business of inheriting a house from a great-aunt she had never seen? Rather, she was sure her aunt's lawyer would prefer her to look as old as possible: she had a sound if faintly histrionic sense of the appropriate for each occasion. This sense warned her against her dress in its color and foreign—though not French—style: it marked her so completely as of a group not owning land or anything else, never without the smell of cigarette-smoke, tired and eager at the same time, careless and worried at once.

The group had been amused at the news of her small legacy. Her ten days' absence in mid-April from the center of existence was condoled with, "You'll come closer to the soil than at Provincetown in July, my dear. You'll have us a drama when you come back—another 'Desire Under the Elms'?"

Even Gerald, the leader at that moment (hair flaming, eyes hazel, poetry published in the least-punctuated magazine), had said to her, with the highly imitable voice produced by twenty months at Oxford ten years past:

"I would give many smokes to see your thin flame in that chill village. I wonder if your distant connection with it hasn't, by the way, remotely made part of you—your not borrowing, or letting me kiss you—much."

After that, because she had liked the way he said it and because she was going away, she had let him kiss her a good deal.

From her reverie about that hour she was recalled briskly by the conductor, a man with a high scraping voice.

"If you're going to get off at Sutton, ma'am, this is your place."

She hurried to pull on her green raincoat and stumbled down the gritty aisle. It was good enough to be leaving the train, in spite of uncertainty about where to find lodging in the village. She knew her own house was some miles outside it, and this was not a night for cars on country roads.

She stepped off the platform into a night of warm rain wild with a wind from over plowed fields and the floors of forests. It drove back breath and blinded her, but she turned her face to it and stood still. She was tired and en-

chanted enough to wait there, streaming, for many minutes, but a voice from the dark and a hand on her arm came at once.

"You're Miss Eve Lyman? I'm Alec Sutton—your aunt's lawyer, you know."

"Yes," she said, happy at this low young voice. "You came to meet me?"

"Of course. You'd never find the Inn. I'll take you there. Where's your bag?"

They pushed through the rain at what seemed mad speed, with the wind roaring against them. She could not turn to look at this man and she could hardly hear him. Beyond the shelter of the station it was nearly useless for her to talk at all.

They passed a dozen houses behind dripping bitter-scented hemlock hedges. What light came through closed green shutters was dim. At a place of more retired consequence and higher windows than the others they turned.

"This is your inn," said Alec Sutton.

"It's a very old house, isn't it?" asked Eve.

"Well, of course it's not old like houses on the Sound."

"No," thought Eve. "It's not like houses on the Sound."

The door swung quickly to behind them against the storm. The hall was a place of faint warmth, with the smell of baking and of clean old furniture, a place of shadows from wavering candlelight on high walls and white staircase.

She was offering thanks and goodnight to her friend. She felt the real warmth of his hand through the rain-wet chill of the surface; smiled up into a narrow face, not beautiful, of dark eyes and high-bridged nose and clear mouth a little small for a man, as if from an eighteenth-century portrait.

"To-morrow, then," he was saying, "I shall take you to your house. When should you like to go?"

"Early. Oh, nine."

"Right, then. Until to-morrow."

She woke slowly with the feeling that something had stopped, leaving stillness; then she knew the rain was over. When she was ready she would open her eyes. The morning must still be wet: the smell of lavender in the room was only under the plowland air of the night before. She knew presently that the room was dim with mist that made it tall and white, mist streaming through the windows. She slid out of bed and went to look out. Only the dark things showed—black elms and dripping hemlock hedge and muddy road.

This is peace for you, she thought. Who could desire under those elms?

There was a knock at her door.

"Yes?"

The servant's voice, "It's eight. I was to call you."

"Thank you, then."

No hot baths in this house in the morning; splash and shock and choke of cold water from the great pitcher; pulling on of clothes still smelling of the train, swift piling of red hair, clatter of sandalled feet on stairs not meant for sandals, breakfast.

Then word came that Mr. Alec Sutton was waiting for her. A glance out the window showed no car. Did these people never tire of walking? The chance that she might be tired or hate rain was patently not a matter for their concern.

She pulled on her raincoat almost sulkily and stumped downstairs. Young Alec was waiting in heather-hinting clothes.

"Isn't that coat hardish to walk in?" he said.

"I haven't often tried." She *was* cross.

He was not to apologize for the ways of his countryside.

"I dare say not," he said. "I forgot—and have no reason to forget—how completely of the city you are. I suppose we have our own ways here."

They were across the street now and cutting through a ruddy field.

"Certainly your ways are no one else's."

The old grasses of the field fairly

sprang beneath her feet, lengthening her step. Young Alec's pace was long and quiet, but she could keep with him.

"You'll be unhappy if you don't learn to like them," he said. "But see how quickly you've caught our long swing for walking, even with that coat."

It would be honest to laugh at this lordly boy. She looked up with pointed brows and lips quivering; for the first time he looked noticingly into her eyes. Not a stupid young manor-lord:

"We've never been laughed at. There is commonly no one to see us, and *we* don't analyze. I never thought of us before you came."

Honest perhaps to laugh at the boy, but not sincere now.

They were following a path between the mountain and the clear red brook, through willows, and sumach tipped with dripping purple cones.

"We're on your land now," he told her. "This turn of the brook and this low tree mark the line."

She leaned against the tree that stood for boundary and pressed the earth with her foot.

"*My* land, is it?" she said. "I suppose the rain is mine, too, because it falls on the land?"

"If you like."

It overcame her a little that she should now be a person to own rain and stars. What did this lordship make from people? What was their difference from those owning, at most, an Armenian couch-cover, a wood-cut, and Assyrian brasses in need of polishing?

She looked at the boy to see. He held his head high and back; but Gerald could do that. His eyes were very dark but clear like rain and extraordinarily quiet; their way was different from Gerald's eyes bright and tired looking.

Young Alec had been watching the black bank of the brook.

"You'll want your man George to line a few good stones along this stream at the bends," he said. "It swings farther every year and even undercuts the trees."

"Yes," she said. "It's nice of you to notice."

Certainly she knew the difference now. While she considered the mind and ways and body of this young man—stared, in short, this human person up and down—he had been thinking of the springtime floods that cut away the land. Gerald would have wondered why she was looking at him and at worst even used his knowledge of her attention to improve an expression.

"We must go on," she said. "I want to see my house."

"Of course you do."

He lengthened his paces along her land.

After a while he asked her, "Doesn't it feel a little strange to be seeing this place for the first time—when you're going to live here always?"

Then leaving this country was not a thing to be considered. She looked at his interested face and at the gray and ruddy woods, which seemed about to stop at the stone wall ahead.

"You hadn't thought," she asked, "that I may not mean to live in the house—that I have come here only to see about selling it?"

"But you must stay—you're—"

The words were faster than his common speech. She would not look at this embarrassed boy.

"Forgive me for not knowing," he said, "that you had land somewhere else. We assumed you lived in New York."

She laughed, keeping from shrillness.

"No," she said. "You were right. This is all the land I have."

Young Alec smiled and gave a sudden deep sigh.

"I'm glad. It—it'll be good to have you here."

They came just then in sight of the house, at the edge of the wood, beyond the stone wall. They went toward it through the opening where the bars made way for them.

The house was of such a clean, dim whiteness, lying so low and long, so close to the limestone mountain backing it, that the cliff seemed part of its wall.

Indeed, the gentler edges of the cliff were made with daffodils into bright and scanty gardens; and a little stream on the face of it flowed over rosy moss to the use of the house.

She was standing beside the bars and leaning against them.

"It's a good house, isn't it?" said Young Alec.

"I like it."

They walked across the springing lawn to the garden path and went correctly to the door.

"Should I knock?" she asked him.

"It will at least be a way to call your housekeeper."

She lifted the smooth iron of the knocker and dropped it gently. To touch for the first time what was your own! She turned to Young Alec, wanting to be nearer such accustomed ownership. Herself seeking help from a young manor-lord, herself growing tearful about wood and iron! She felt fine phrases shaping for a letter to the *civilisés;* though she might be wiser to save them for a novel.

"All of it yours to take care of! You —you aren't used to taking care of things, are you?" he asked.

She felt better. "I was taking care of *myself* when you were probably in school."

The housekeeper was at the door. She was a dark young woman, small and hard.

"Miss Lyman, this is Mrs. Banks. Ella, you know this is Miss Lyman, Miss Evelyn's grandniece."

On the chance Eve put out her hand. The young woman put her own forward. The letter grew in Eve's mind: "But do not think the peasants are downtrodden. As of right, they clasp great ladies' hands."

"Mrs. Banks," said Eve.

"Pleased to know you," said the young woman. "Hope you'll find things as they should be."

As they went inside it seemed that, at least, she was finding things as they always had been.

The long living room into which they stepped was filled with the clear half-light of spring and rain. It lacked the white and panelled consequence of the village rooms. Low windows, the red and blue of old fantastic chintzes, fine black lines of dated candlesticks and andirons—made for casualness; commanded not silence nor awe, but persuaded to low voices and quiet minds for better hearing the thin and sweet and broken sound of the brook beyond the windows.

Eve turned to Mrs. Banks. "Things couldn't be better," she said.

"Y'd better see the rest," said Ella.

Eve was not quite steady on her feet.

She smiled at Young Alec. "I don't believe any of it."

"You like it though?"

"If there were a dozen other places I should choose this to live in."

Lordliness was gone; only a smile that he was very glad. She had sent lordliness away. Glorious to manage a young squire! She hunted a phrase to tell her friends how he held his head; and wondered how low she could bring it.

"Y'go upstairs through here," said Ella.

They climbed a short flight of steps that ended in a bedroom. There were windows on three sides. The front ones faced the valley and the dark jagged hills beyond.

"This was Miss Evelyn's room," Ella told them. "She liked the view."

"So do I," said Eve.

She liked also the anomaly of the room—low green-painted Empire furniture and landscape paper faded gray except for the tiny red of huntsmen's coats.

What she knew she would remember; what made her hardly see the rest of the house was that in this room, as in the one below, there was still the sound of the brook, thin and sweet and broken.

"How good to hear that all night," she said.

"I should think it was too quieting to hear for long," said Young Alec.

"It keeps me awake. George and me,

we sleep on the other side of the house," Ella told them.

When they were leaving Eve saw by finger-twistings and clearing of the throat on Ella's part that something was unsettled; things were expected. Eve's exquisite histrionic sense made her wish for the appropriate to finish this first scene of herself as gracious lady. She turned to Alec.

"You've decided when you'll move down?" he asked. "The house seems ready for you now."

She was of a class that did not plan; it could at least make quick decisions. She thought of the dark hills across the valley, the brook all night; and for reasons esoteric beyond the *civilisés*—reasons for which phrases did not come, she said:

"I'll come down to-morrow to stay, Ella, in the afternoon."

It seemed that wasn't all.

"Ella, you'll stay on, won't you? The house seems so beautifully cared for."

Red burned in Ella's face and the twisting fingers fell at her sides.

"Yes—me and George, we calculate to stay. George started plowing last week, same as usual."

"Certainly the peasants are faithful," she would write. "Nor do they wait for orders."

"Well, I'm glad of that. I'll see you then to-morrow?"

"Yes. Good-by, Miss Eve. Good-by, Mr. Alec."

"Good-by, Ella."

The spring fled with rain and rush through daffodils and hidden arbutus and red budding trees. Meadows deepened suddenly with cowslips and swamp violets. Gold leaves and shadblow foam darkened on the hills to the flashing green of birch among pines, and the rose of wild azalea. The third week of May, strangely soon for that high country, apple-blossoms flooded the land between plowed fields, and reached the hidden orchards on the mountains, where other farms had grown beside old roads.

It was not a state for people to trust. They murmured ancient proverbs about the dangers of sudden warmth. George left his supper and his sleep of nights to watch the great thermometer by the kitchen window. Eve found herself asking how things stood, and got ankle-deep in loam, making sure the corn didn't sprout too soon. There was still no time for letters; she would wait for summer and ask her friends to hear the story in its setting, with Young Alec to illustrate.

Conferences with George grew longer. He was a young man, thin and red, with a slow, sharp voice. He was not given to the flowers of speech and, if Eve was with him for an hour on the subject of the hill-orchard, it was because his words came weighted and far apart. What he thought of her she never learned, but he confided to her his plan of turning all her land into pasturage and orchard. She took the confidence as an honor and did her best to learn with him what there was to know of sheep and sprays.

Young Alec came often to her and to her farm; he could help her from the ignorance she was ashamed to show entirely to George, and spent much time doing it. He paced her fields when they were a tawny tangle and when they were newly-plowed mud and when they were striped with new green. He sat beside her fire at tea and said he hadn't read any of Gerald's poetry; she talked to him of Ronald Firbank and the Sitwells; he ordered books madly. But it terrified her to think he might believe them; believing them he would no longer have been the manor-lord she wished to show her friends, she told herself; there may have been another reason. Then they stopped talking of books and talked about each other.

The last week in May the weather turned; to a people wise in expecting the worst it was almost a relief to have the thermometer stand low in the fifties at noon and fall in the early morning to the forties so near to white frost. It was a

brilliant chill, quiet and dry. The season stood still, apple-blossoms numbed for a week but still not injured. The west was green above them every sundown, and the nights were so clear that stars could light white pastures of bluets and even the orchards hidden in the hills.

On one of these nights Young Alec came to Eve.

"Oh, it's a *night*," he said. "Forty-five when I left. It may be colder on the mountain. Let's go up and see if your hill-orchard has been touched yet."

"Yes," she said, "I haven't been there since yesterday."

As she went to get her coat (little black coat over her yellow dress smocked at the shoulders) she was thinking of that first day when she and Young Alec walked in the woods on the way to her house. "Will this people never tire of walking," she had thought; and she had wanted to laugh at a young manor-lord while she was thinking of a city where you never walked, but talked always, and sprawled on the floor because there were never enough chairs. Now she was to climb a mountain on a nearly frosty night, to see if part of her apple crop was in danger, and she had written not even one letter to the *civilisés*.

When she came back into the living room Young Alec had lifted a great slow-burning log on the fire and put up the screen before it.

"We may be cold when we come back," he said.

"I'd never have thought," she told him.

"I like to think of things for you."

He had found her Farm Bureau pamphlets and seed-catalogues. He had spent his Saturday holidays from Old Alec's office in making them clear to her. When they went to church he had found her place in what seemed a chaotic prayer book. He had introduced her to his little square-shouldered cousin Kate, and she knew Kate had tried to trust her with him. Kate was nineteen and sturdily in love with ignorant Alec. But she and the Rector's wife and the President of the Auxiliary were bravely kind to Eve because Alec wanted them to like her.

She turned a moment on the narrow path to look again at the manor-lord who could make this people gracious to a stranger. The trees were close above the path; she could see of him only height and shadowy straightness.

"Did something frighten you?" asked Young Alec. His long pace brought him nearer. She could see the high shape of his head.

"No," she said. "I only wanted to be sure you were still there. You walk as quietly as an Indian."

"You cared whether I was there?"

It mustn't be now—wait until they reached the orchard.

"You forget I'm still not used to woods alone at night."

"I see."

His voice still rang a little; she had said just enough.

She remembered when the possible magnificence of managing a squire had come into her head—the day when lordliness left him for a moment and he admitted being glad that she was to stay. She thought she could trust herself to play for a lifetime the part of lady of his manor; perhaps even to forget, in years, that it was a part. She considered giving a school-treat every June and nearly giggled, so that she made a pointless answer to what he was saying. "This won't do," she told herself.

Now under their talk of weather charts and Andorran sheep she was wishing the orchard were nearer. She had never kissed Young Alec; the thought of his arms about her, of his fingers fitting her shoulders brought impatience of delay.

Suddenly she wondered why this should happen to-night and puzzled a little over what might have set matters off.

With their hurrying they had come now to the rail fence that held the orchard and the woods together. Young Alec

had passed her and was lifting down the bars of the gate. He took her hand when she stepped over them as they slanted, and kept it when they went into the orchard.

It was dark and white at the same time there; blossoms were chilled out of motion and scent; starlight bright as ice was far away.

The grass was slippery with dew, striking through sandals.

"It's only dew, not frost," she said.

"Yes, and the blossoms are quite safe. Not one fallen that I can see."

"We might look under each tree to be sure."

"No. I'd rather look at you. Oh—please, Eve—I love you. Let's not talk about orchards. To-morrow father's sending me errand-running to New Haven for a week; and I—I *love* you."

New Haven—that was what had happened.

"Alec, I love you."

It was as she had thought: his arms about her, his fingers fitting her shoulder, his mouth on her mouth bending back her head. There he let her go; they were a little shocked to see that apple-blossoms and stars were white and quiet as before.

"Eve, will you marry me soon?"

"I'm older than you, Young Alec."

"You're a baby. You didn't know enough to put lime on your fields that run to lichen and barren strawberry. . . . You're beautiful. No one else is beautiful. And you know all about people—me and great ones. Eve, I want to kiss you again."

His kissing was simple and hard. She thought with sickness of Parisian refinements on Gerald's part, and a revolted wish came over her—to be appropriate to this countryside, the thing least like Gerald in the world. Then she must be full of gentleness and deferred promise.

She stopped Young Alec.

"My dear," she said, "when you come back from New Haven I'll tell you whether—and when—I'll marry you. As to now—I love you."

Her postponement was not a sort to bow his head, nor was her final greeting.

When she was falling asleep she knew that all through marriage and age she would see that nothing bent a head so high. It occurred to her just before sleep came that now a letter was certainly owing to the *civilisés;* and consciousness left her with these words, "I am going to marry a young lord of this manor. He wears tweeds and we shall give school-treats."

She woke in the night to hear the faint fall of rain, steadier than the thin and sweet and broken sound of the brook; bright cold had gone, and spring had come again.

Morning brought sun to make green shadows, with warmth that melted lilacs into bloom and filled Eve's house with the separate scents of forest and garden.

About noon a note came to her from Judge Sutton. He asked her to his home for early supper: he was lonely without his son. She wondered if this invitation were by way of premature welcome, but then felt sure that while the village was aware of what might be called their courting, Young Alec was not a person to confide their crisis to his father.

She saw in the Judge what Young Alec would be at sixty—thinner, gray, a little bantering with strange young ladies, belonging to his land and his farms, given to long rapt talk of Pindar and Mozart and fly-fishing, with those of his own generation and profession who came to him from London and Hartford and Baltimore; not likely to travel except to Sussex or to Greece, without curiosity for any melodrama of the Middle Ages or New York.

He seemed careless of his son—Eve wanted sometimes to scream and tell him the rarity and straightness, the almost fictional simplicity and brilliance of the young man.

She wondered also about Old Alec's attitude toward Kate, whether he ever

compared Kate with her, and considered which marriage was right for his son; but she decided that he disregarded too much the flavor of people.

Still uncertain about the reason for her summons, she went to his house in the late bright afternoon as she was bidden, and a maid gave her the message that she was to wait in the garden.

For present pleasure while she waited, she considered her glory in having utterly routed Kate by sheer understanding of Alec and by *précieux* appreciation of him; in having routed Kate who belonged here, whose clear eyes and roughened dark hair and square childish shoulders were so completely of their countryside. Eve knew, moreover, her own charm at that moment: she liked the tense, sharp grace of her body, and her hair, she knew, slanted the light like smooth water.

Alec loved her shining hair—Alec—who was young and desperate eyed. When they were married his eyes should never be desperate.

When they were married . . . She thought of the Lyman Place, full of her appreciative friends: Gerald with his flaming hair and graced sentences, lounging in those rooms, lying in that grassy orchard, languid but not at rest, eager but not interested; Julia, proud of her pretty bare feet, never happy without people to listen who would presently talk brilliantly but not so well—witty people in flaring dishevelled costumes.

What had these people to do with Alec—or with this countryside? They would know it as a lovely and flattering setting, a literary thing to be written about well and not quite greatly. For a moment she loved the scorn she had found for her friends, and lifted her head in victory to the sun.

The light came slowly through the tree tops, through bright elms, down through the curved and beaten petals of apple-blossoms, through the designed high lilac clusters; light lying long on the grass between the shadows, and on the iris beds—light drawing all the scent from the earth like mist and giving it to the evening scent of the lilacs.

Living as she was in this light, with a head of scorn, she was not quite at ease. As for this day and herself—she could not say what it was like, nor how, for the day, she ought to speak and move. She had indeed made the drenched days of early spring her own, smoothing the click and jerk of her walk to the long tread needed for fields. But she felt the need of a softer and more careless tread for this lawn; wished for a rounder slenderness, perhaps; wanted the whiteness of flowers rather than the lovely paper-whiteness of her skin; knew then, that there should be speech more subtle and less clever, quieter and more timeless, than her own. She saw that she was too much a player of many parts, not fresh enough for the day, no more fitted than her friends for the countryside—for the Lyman Place—for Young Alec.

His father was standing beside her.

"Your being here makes my garden so lovely."

She noticed, and hated to notice, the clarity and unaccented quality of his speech; it was deep and quiet as if the land were speaking.

"I am afraid your garden is too lovely for any of my lending."

He sat down. She noticed how quiet his veined hands were, the one on his knee, the other over the back of the bench. She would remember to keep hers still.

"I'm glad you've been appreciating it."

Would she ever stop her double-thinking? Why hadn't he said "enjoying"?

"I rather meant you to," he went on. "I was a little late on purpose."

She smiled with a meaning he could not know. Lucky Old Alec, not to be a double-thinker, never to guess why she would leave his son!

"That was very kind of you," she said.

They were quiet. Then Old Alec was speaking, "You see, I feel I can trust this countryside—and these days—to save themselves if they have their chance.

And so I take it, Miss Lyman, that you decided—this evening—not to marry my son?"

She got up, not quite steadily, her hand on the arm of the bench.

"No," said Old Alec. "He has said nothing about you to me. He will be unhappy for a while; you are wise to see beyond that. I trusted this day to show you. You are not an insensitive person—you are too sensitive, among other things, for Alec. Too sensitive to atmosphere, I mean, to be a part of it, too much a recorder ever to feel without observing yourself. I have watched you here and admired you, but you think too much about us to be one of us; you would be comparing my son to earlier friends. You would be seeing yourself cut roses. You have made even me see that this is a rare place; but if it is to go on being rare we must not consider it. That is why you are going."

She sat down again, shaking and intent on him.

He was looking not at her but at his iris-beds. His face was thin as a knife but not sharp. His house was behind him, clean and old, with green shutters against sun and wild rain. She saw through the white shadowy hall to the empty street. What she saw everywhere meant the same thing, and she was tired.

The lilacs were so sweet that dark must be coming on. There was an oriole singing somewhere in that last light, a song she felt too graced for the simple hour.

"I don't understand," she said—"*anything*."

"I think—you do." He was looking at her now.

She wanted to cry. But tears interfered with epigrams, spoiled one's work and one's looks. They were part of scenes. She looked at Old Alec and knew what she was to be thinking about epigrams. She felt the warmth of tears and spread her little pointed fingers across her eyes. Tears were so easy and gentle that she loved them.

"Crying alone is no kind of way to *do*," said Old Alec. His arm was about her, and crying like that was the most satisfying thing she had done in her life; it was so perfectly the thing for the day that she missed thinking about it.

But at the end she did the sharp dramatic thing and made her going too swift for anything but the quickest packing and a note for Young Alec:

YOUNG ALEC,

I decided, you see, that your country quiet was too deep for me, and I have gone back where I belong. You have all been very good to me and I am grateful. I expect not to see you again. You had better sell the Lyman Place for me. I wish you would buy it yourself. My house will be *right* if you do.

EVE LYMAN

She had been on the train for an hour. The steady pound and jerk sent part of her to sleep, but not enough.

"Young Alec and my note—I don't want to think about him when he reads my note—I don't want to think about anything. I've been noble—sensitive."

The crowding thought would not stay back. It was there.

"If I was good enough to give him up I'm good enough—appropriate enough—to have him. I mustn't be. It's too late. And Old Alec wouldn't see. I *can't* be wiser than he. I *can't* be more of his countryside than he is."

She was losing the high pain of a sacrifice that did not matter. It was pointless and desperate.

"I will—I *will* be wrong."

She began at once, on an old envelope, with names and catchwords. Indeed, she hardly stopped on a journey she took soon afterward with Gerald. He helped her a good deal with the novel; she needed his wit often to help her make the young man an oaf and the old man pompous; he complained, too, that at times she seemed to want to leave the people out and let the countryside be the story.

THE INTOLERANCE OF THE INTELLECTUALS

BY ERNEST BOYD

A TOLERANT intellectual is a contradiction in terms, for the intellectuals are, by definition, professional traffickers in ideas and theories, and they have a thousand reasons for being intolerant where the average man has one. The mass of men are so happily untroubled by anything deserving the name of personal convictions that they have to be stampeded into intolerance by the inflammatory appeals of their intellectual leaders. The much decried mob consists of harmless, easygoing, if not very interesting, individuals who are far too indifferent to abstract ideas, and far too ignorant of concrete issues to act upon them when left to their own devices. So skillful are the intellectuals, however, that from the earliest times they have stirred up this inert mass, and then pointed to the dire consequences as a proof of their own superiority and of the incurable imbecility and cruelty of the mob.

Just as every age and every nation has the type of *intelligentzia* it requires, so every section of a given community has its own class of intellectual leaders, who pass for its particular civilized minority. The master minds of a Fundamentalist community in Dayton, Tennessee, may not be acceptable as intellectuals to those gathered together in some college debating society in the name of H. L. Mencken; but Plato and Aristotle would appear somewhat childish, in certain respects, to a flapper whose mind is scrappily but effectively furnished with scraps of Freud, Behaviorism, and various odds and ends acquired in the course of tuning a radio in search of a good jazz number. What all intellectuals have in common, despite wide differences of time, geography, and education, is their role of leadership in ideas and their continuous occupation in that sphere. What they further have in common is their ability, by fair means or foul, sooner or later, to infect normal people with their obsessions, and the inevitable sequel is an outbreak of intolerance.

A highly instructive story of mankind might be written under the title of *A History of Human Imbecility*, in which it would become apparent that the narrative of our adventures since we mortals were first foolish enough to leave records is simply an account of one crusade after another, on behalf of some illusion, or in defense against some bogey, of the moment. The nature of the illusion varies slightly, that of the bogey varies only in name, so that history is a monotonous repetition of fears and exaltations provoked by the intellectuals of the time; for neither could have occurred without such provocation. Hence the condescending smile with which posterity views in retrospect the alarms of its forbears. When the *agents provocateurs* happen to emerge from the circle to which they belong and foist their inferior notions upon the nation as a whole, this retrospection occurs more rapidly and without the accompaniment of smiles, but it is essentially the working of the same process which has made it impossible to induce the Christian world to rescue the tomb of Christ from the infidels, im-

portant as that mission once seemed to the best minds of Europe.

One community's intellectual may be another's poison, but that fact does not change the fundamental relationship of each group of intellectuals to the mass. Equally, the nature of the preoccupations of a given *intelligentzia* may be contradictory to those of another; some may seem to promote a desirable aim, others not. The constant and common factor is the incitement by an intellectual minority of the majority to actions of which the latter is, individually, incapable. Emotions are aroused which were latent, then artificially stimulated, and ideas, if necessary, are supplied; but whatever their intrinsic quality, they have to be administered in such a form that only scientific analysis can reveal their original composition. Then the stage of human comedy is well set for as many acts of intolerance as the audience will stand.

The intellectuals, being professionally familiar with ideas, are usually as untouched by their contact as hearse-drivers and grave-diggers are unmoved by the grief of bereaved friends and relatives at a funeral. They handle their explosives with an assurance born of long practice and the certainty that nothing can happen to them personally, that the disaster, if it comes, will happen to somebody else. Hence, for example, the slight astonishment of evangelists if some sister, more realistically inclined than the average, transforms into action the ecstasy that possesses her, and runs away with the preacher. Or the resentful amazement of Christendom when Tolstoy renounced the world and actually tried to adjust his life and his philosophy to the teachings of Christ. Hence the pained surprise of Liberals of all kinds when oppressed races or revolting proletarians put into practice the doctrines upon which Liberalism is founded. Or the indignation of Protestants who, having declared the right of every man to read the Bible and think for himself, find that their children think differently from their parents, their pupils from their teachers.

II

The fatal effect of ideas and the deep responsibility of intellectuals, who live by ideas, are so obvious that to stress them would be unnecessary, were it not for the current belief, even among those who do not regard themselves as belonging to the *intelligentzia*, that all our woes are due to the intolerance of mob opinion, to the stampedes of the herd mind. At the same time, when we discuss crowds we do not fail to observe that a crowd is always better or worse than the individuals composing it, and much has been written upon that psychological phenomenon. What is at the root of all this speculation but the fact that the crowd has no mind, that it is merely a coagulation of ill-digested and half-understood ideas, of chaotic emotions, which take on a semblance of shape by the process of human cohesion? After a mob has done something, the participants in the action wake up and wonder what could have possessed them, and when questioned separately they fail to account for their actions. *Cherchez l'intellectuel!* The crowd does not act until it has been acted upon.

What is known as the intolerance of the mob is merely the instinctive revulsion of the normal, healthy human animal from the poison of ideas and ideals which the body cannot assimilate. When the system is thoroughly infected, the patient's temperature rises and he breaks out into a rash. Perhaps it is a mild infection, then the symptoms are merely an illusion that he is deciding the destinies of his country by substituting one set of jobmongers for another. When the disease is serious the patient gets delirious, he has delusions of grandeur; he raves about the Good, the True, and the Beautiful; he babbles incoherently about Liberty and Justice; he struggles wildly with the political bedclothes and tries to establish a social

millennium, only to be strapped down in bed by burly male nurses called in for the emergency. To accuse this innocent of being intolerant is like injecting disease into the human body and then blaming the victim for feeling ill.

If the average man were not the most tolerant creature alive, his life, in effect, would be intolerable. He would be overcome by the countless devices of cynical Nature to trap and fool him, to make his existence either a misery or a colossal joke. He would not tolerate a world in which he is expected to live without being provided with the vast mental equipment that is necessary if one is to make *consciously* the physical, emotional, economic, intellectual, and social adjustments that ensure a good life. He would revolt against the spectacle of himself consoling the vacuum of his mind and the tedium of his nights by using the wonders of electricity to hear "dinner music" in San Francisco and a "chiropractic talk" in Fort Worth. Above all, he would not tolerate the intellectuals who, according to his tastes, offer him the nostrums which upset his mental health. A kindly Providence so devised this scheme of things that, but for the *intelligentzia*, he would be happy, as incapable of pretending to think as of manifesting intolerance.

As well try to draw blood from a stone as ideas from the mob. Ideas engender ideals, these breed, in their turn, beliefs, and where belief is there also is tolerance, active or potential. If any particle of an idea floats in the turbid consciousness of the crowd mind, an intellectual must have put it there. The fact that the idea may not be new, or novel, or at all original, should not blind us to the fact that it was once one or all of these. If very new ideas have a radical rawness which frightens away their victims at first, very stale ideas can be even more deleterious in their effect upon the average man, precisely because he is more ready to swallow the old familiar family potion. Moreover, shopworn and hand-me-down ideals find a more numerous horde of drummers in the various strata of the *intelligentzia* because they are cheaper and one can do more business with them. When an idea has been dead for nearly two thousand years, it may stink in the nostrils of some connoisseurs, but the average human stomach is strong. An ideal, therefore, is rarely so decomposed that the intellectual *cuisiniers* cannot cook up some seething broth of intolerance with it.

Intolerance, in other words, is a direct manifestation of the presence of the *intelligentzia*, and by the objects of their intolerance ye shall know them. The outbursts of an excited mob are merely a reflection of the sentiments of the intellectuals who provoked the outburst. The fact that the latter, being accustomed to the use of ideas, handle them with impunity, and are either surprised or flattered by the effect of those ideas on others, is not a proof, as they themselves so often imagine, that they are tolerant. It merely proves that their particular wares are of the well-seasoned variety. A child of the intellectuals can use them, but they are not, for the reasons explained, fool-proof. One has only to observe the class-conscious *intelligentzia* of a particular period, when the notions that are to bemuse their successors are in the making, in order to realize that the experimental intellectuals are a microcosm and contain within themselves all that will afterwards be seen on a grand scale, when their faiths crystallize into dogmas and conventions, and are handed on by middlemen to the masses.

To begin with a small but significant point: the intellectuals like to think of themselves as the greatest individualists, but in practice they show the same characteristics as the gregarious everyday folk whose herd instincts they deride. If they do not hunt in droves or fight in regiments, they run in packs, and their reliance upon group support is considerable. An intellectual without his group of co-operators and satellites is as unhappy as a Rotarian on a desert

island. The groups and cliques are as self-sufficient, self-important, and self-complacent as any exclusive circle which, for social or business purposes, regards itself as the center of Society. The intellectuals in such cases think themselves the center of the universe, and their action for the promotion of their mutual interests is none the less effective for being tacit, which permits them to despise the avowed pledges of mutual help in which the friendly societies of common men indulge.

As each member of an intellectual clique believes himself to be endowed with a genius, or a message, or a purpose which sets him apart and above his contemporaries, and as each clique knows the other to be a rival far more serious than the rivals of commerce, because of the infinitely smaller potential clientèle, the feuds of shopkeepers are nothing beside the rivalries that divide the *intelligentzia*. If a crusade for some newly discovered form of Liberty is started, with what speed the crusaders split into little camps, all at variance with one another, and much more concerned about their respective infallibilities than about the cause at issue. If they are, by accident, ostensibly in agreement as to their aims, with what resolution each group or individual determines to crowd the other out of the limelight. They will claim to have been the first in a field of reform with all the aggressiveness of a firm protecting a patent or a trademark from imitators.

When the great majority of conservatives the world over discovered that the shrillest and most hysterical denunciations of Soviet Russia came from the Socialist bodies and Labor parties outside as well as inside Russia, they witnessed nothing more than the chronic intolerance of these workers for the millennium towards one another. In Europe, at least, the Socialist movement is one of the favorite hunting grounds for the intellectuals, and a glance at the innumerable internecine quarrels which rend that movement will convince the observer that tolerance is not a part of the program for bringing down heaven to earth. Even the trifling problem of overthrowing capitalism, beside which the enterprises, however gigantic, upon which rival capitalists have co-operated are mere child's play, cannot induce enough mutual toleration to create a coherent anti-capitalist opposition. Idealists are such difficult people!

The crimes and abject horrors of the capitalist press are a constant theme in intellectual circles, even in those that do not profess any interest in the purely economic side of the question. The radicals of the political persuasion insist upon the waste, the suppression of news, the deliberate misrepresentation of all issues affecting the privileges of the established order. They sigh for a free press, and shudder at the excess of advertisements and the pressure upon opinion which the influence of the advertisers represents. Yet, no capitalist publication could more drastically censor contributions, more deliberately color the articles published, more unashamedly hamper the free expression of opinion than the publications which live on subsidies and are devoted to the liberation of mankind and the propagation of Absolute Truth. They are just as reluctant as the papers they denounce, if not more so, to print adverse criticism of their idols; and since they have a mission, know that they must be right, and depend upon the goodwill of the subsidizer, the latter's whims are law, and the circumstances all combine to make the anti-capitalist press less tolerant, less reliable, and less free than the other.

The æsthetic radicals are full of contempt for the successful publications which cover their fields of interest. A popular weekly may publish the work of three or four of the best writers in America to-day. The magazines of the intellectuals will respectfully review that work when it appears in book form, but jeer at the editor who enabled the author to write it, because his cover design was not by Marsden Hartley or

Georgia O'Keefe, and he did not invite imprisonment by serializing James Joyce's *Ulysses*. They reject with scorn the fiction of Americans like Edith Wharton or Robert Herrick, in their intolerance of what does not conform to an ultra-modern æsthetic, but the contemporary prose of old-fashioned German novelists like Heinrich Mann or Arthur Schnitzler enjoys the glamour of what is foreign. The sartorial prestige of Paris in the eyes of the Rotarian's spouse has its pendant in the respectful attention accorded by the æsthetic intellectual to anything and everything Parisian.

His variant on "I don't know much about Art, but I know what I like" is apparently, "I don't know what I like, but I know a lot about Art," and so he becomes vituperative or indignant over differences of opinion, where the ordinary mortal admits that all tastes need not necessarily agree, or be bad when they do not. It is again the sense of having attained Truth, of having a sacred mission, which evokes the messianic zeal that has become the negation both of that adjective and of all sense of fair play. If one could conceive of such a thing as the rabble storming the Metropolitan Opera House or the Metropolitan Museum because of some alleged injustice to Schönberg or Picabia, the spectacle would simply be the transference to the mob sphere of the tactics currently employed by the intellectual champions of artistic freedom. Ku Klux Kriticism is as integral a part of life among the intellectuals as is the Ku Klux Klan among those to whom it also embodies the decrees of divine wisdom. One bad form of intolerance deserves another.

III

Where other people have inclinations, the intellectual has principles, so that he can never afford to be indifferent, in the best sense of the word, that is, to realize his own fallibility, and to admit that he has no apostolic mission. A steady diet of paper and printer's ink so effectively "slenderizes" his human faculties that he can fit himself into the narrowest theory and persuade himself that he looks, not only well, but better in that guise. He sees life as a series of problems to be solved, of causes to be vindicated, of conspiracies to be defeated. His head is in the clouds, but they are clouds of theory, and for him every cloud has a paper lining. In deference to any theory in which he believes the plain facts of life must make way. He is intolerant of that wise toleration which has enabled the human wolves to build up a social order in which they can live at peace . . . more or less. He is always ready to "get down to fundamentals."

In other words, the intellectual is never tired of stripping the gilt off that dubious piece of gingerbread upon which most people subsist for the very good reason that there is no substitute; only the wrapper can be changed. When the creator of Babbitt stood up in a Christian church and called upon God to strike him, if He wished to prove His existence, we had a typical exhibition both of the manners and the mentality of the intellectual in his relation to his derided butt, the man in the street. The latter is handicapped in competitions such as this because he is often hampered by a sense of sportsmanship. Unless goaded into doing so by his leaders, Babbitt would not dream of waving a Masonic emblem in the Pope's face, nor would he rush into the home of a pious Christian widow on the day of her husband's death with proofs all prepared that the soul is not immortal. In the absence of a principle for which he is willing to make other people die, Babbitt has a code of sportsmanship by which he tries to live.

That code, for all its defects and his defections, is the average man's protection against intellectualism with its too frequent corollary: a lack of fair play and of that elusive practice which is known as "playing the game." It is not necessary to play the game amongst

intellectuals, since the game is based upon superstitions and conventions which the *intelligentzia* despise as meaningless. About what should one keep one's mouth shut if one sees in the most intimate matters merely material for a book or an argument? Why learn to shut up when hurt, if one can get money, prestige, or notoriety by setting up a howl? Since the airing of personal grievances, real or imaginary, is the chief occupation of certain intellectuals, the betrayal of confidences and self-pitying exhibitionism are the inevitable results. A lady whose indiscretion is known to Babbitt may conceivably escape gossip; her fate with an intellectual is to supply him with a succulent morsel of "copy." He does not respect his own privacy; why should he respect hers? Everything, from his marital difficulties back to the trifling troubles of childhood, becomes a remarkable problem, hitherto unknown in man's experience, and must be set forth with much detail and indignation. The intellectual even finds in his easy and constant violations of the Eighteenth Amendment a proof that this country is unworthy of such as he, and he departs for Paris to nurse his grudge against the Puritan tyranny of America.

At the bottom of this form of intolerance lies the realization of the painful discrepancy between theory and practice and, since the intellectual lives by words alone, he is intolerant of life, which is made up entirely of compromises between what is and what might be. He thinks only of what ought to be; and as the standard is his own sense of omniscience, he, very naturally, is at odds with his fellow-men. He revolts at the convention that is working, in the belief that we are its victims, never realizing that we may be using it for convenience, without any illusion as to its intrinsic soundness. Thus, he incessantly aims his shafts at the conventions, blissfully unconscious of his own, or arrogantly certain that his conventions are eternal verities. Yet, as soon as he discovers that people whom he regards as inferior have employed conventional tactics in order to accomplish an object, but were well aware of the true situation, his virtuous rage is unbounded. Pragmatic intelligence should be the privilege of the superior order of men.

It is that intelligence, however, which the intellectuals invariably lack, and in that lack lies the secret of their intolerance of life. They must always be onlookers, frequently parasites on those who create the world in which the majority of men and women wish to live. Unable to act themselves, they resent the methods which make action possible and, by way of compensation, they evolve a philosophy which is essentially a negation of living. The creative impulse is driven in upon itself, or loses its drive in a sand of words. Never was this so true as in our own time, and the instinct which prompts the plain people to look askance at the class-conscious intellectuals and compels the authorities to discourage their excesses is a sound one. The race wishes to survive. The state wishes to endure. It is an instinct of self-preservation.

Nevertheless, the *intelligentzia* posthumously revenges itself. The ideas—or some of them—gradually permeate the body politic; in diluted or distorted form they emerge and are passed on through various classes of intellectuals until they are fit pabulum for the unsuspecting mass of men and women. An infection is set up and once again humanity groans and raves in the throes of that fell disease, a new ideal, another illusion, another burden which is obviously too much for the average human brain to carry. This revenge would bring little joy to those who caused it, for their ideas, their one consolation and inspiration and torture, are by that time unrecognizable. They would not even enjoy the sensation of being unpopular, so essential to their mundane happiness.

New forms of intolerance spring up from the seeds sown by intellectuals, for

the ideas that stir men to madness were conceived and born in intolerance, and they bear the stigma of their birth. The world in general knows little or nothing of the *intelligentzia* during the period of germination, and only a handful of people, relatively speaking, watches the first green shoots. Consequently, it is not until the fruits are in the hands of all men that their quality becomes apparent, when the once tender blossoms are faded flowers of rhetoric in the hands of demagogues of all kinds. Yet, the slightest knowledge of history would warn us to beware of intellectuals bearing ideals. The unfortunate crowd, embarrassed with white elephants of this kind, turns them to strange uses. But for intolerance on a grander and greater scale than that to which we are now accustomed we must turn to those periods when the intellectuals of the time had all the power in their own hands, to the Middle Ages, for example. Then, with a monopoly of learning and all the resources of administrative authority at their disposal, the medieval *intelligentzia* achieved results more quickly than is possible in modern times.

Those results were essentially the same as any produced by so-called modern ideas, for they were the dire consequences of submitting man to the strain of ideals. Possibly the one argument in favor of popular education is that it has mitigated the disastrous influence of intolerant intellectuals, not by making the mob more intelligent, but by providing it with a way of escape. A serf who could neither read nor write and who believed the earth was flat provided the best material for the intellectuals to work upon. He had no distractions. The serf of to-day as he listens to radio talks on the Constitution and absorbs miles of comic strips is immunized against ideas, and enjoys entire decades and generations of untroubled life. His worries are purely physical and he understands them; he is saved by a thousand ingenious devices — from votes to loud speakers—from the thought of his real plight. Vaccinators, recruiting officers, politicians, pastors, tax-collectors, and revenue officers harass him with powers that Torquemada had at least the decency to invoke in the name of God. His is the tolerance that passeth all understanding. No wonder the intellectuals have to exercise their intolerance largely upon themselves!

The Lion's Mouth

CHILDREN'S POETRY REVISED

How the Dear Old Poems of Our Childhood Need to be Brought up to Date

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT HAS occurred to me that many of the beautiful old poems on which the present and preceding generations were brought up are in danger of passing into oblivion. The circumstances of this hurried, rapid age, crowded with mechanical devices, are rendering the older poetry quite unintelligible to the children of to-day.

For example, when "young Lochinvar had come out of the West," we need to know at the start that this doesn't mean the Middle West. We learn also that he came on a "steed." What is a "steed"? Few children of to-day have ever seen it or realized that the huge clumsy animals which they see hauling the garbage wagons are "steeds." They would much more likely think that if young Lochinvar had "a steed" it meant something the same as if he had a Chrysler or a Buick: in other words he had a this year's "steed."

Similarly when the poem says, "he stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone," the meaning is taken to be that he left in such a hurry that he didn't go into the garage and get his brakes tightened up.

Or let us say that "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck." Who cares? Certainly not a generation which thinks nothing of reading in its morning paper, "Boy Falls in Burning Aeroplane."

It seems reasonable, therefore, that if the older poetry, the heritage of our race, is to remain, someone has got to revise it. I wish I could offer to do it myself. I fear that I can lay so little claim to being a professional poet that I must leave the task to more competent hands. But I might perhaps indicate by a few samples the ways in which the necessary changes might be made.

Sometimes a mere alteration of the title would do a lot. Thus the "Charge of the Light Brigade" might be the "Light Brigade C. O. D." or perhaps "The Cash and Carry of the Light Brigade." Then there is that melodious masterpiece of Edgar Allan Poe, which should read henceforth. "Quoth the Radio, Nevermore."

But in other cases the poem has got to be overhauled throughout. There is something in the environment which it represents that does not correspond to the life which the children see to-day. I'll give an example. There was, when I was young, a poem that everybody knew and loved that ran:

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born
And the little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
Etc., etc., etc. . . .

I needn't quote the rest of it. The essential thought is in the lines above. But alas! The poem is dropping out: it no longer fits. Here, however, is a revised version that may keep it going for years:

I wish I could remember
The house where I was born
And the little window where perhaps
The sun peeped in at morn.

But father can't remember
And mother can't recall
Where they lived in that December—
If it was a house at all.

It may have been a boarding house
Or family hotel,
A flat or else a tenement,
It's very hard to tell.

There is only one thing certain from my questioning as yet,
Wherever I was born it was a matter of regret.

That I think reproduces more or less the spirit of the age. If someone would just put it into really good up-to-date poetry—without any rhyme in it, and with no marks of feet in it and without putting it into lines—it might go into any present-day anthology.

But let me, in my own halting and imperfect way, try another one. There used to be—either for recitation or for singing—a very pathetic poem about a little girl begging her father to "come home." The opening stanza ran:

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You promised, dear father, that you would come home
As soon as your day's work was done.

The scene, of course, was laid on the other side of the Eighteenth Amendment. The picture that went with the song showed, from the outside, a little tavern, or saloon, with curtained windows and a warm red light behind them. Out in the snow was the girl, singing. And father was in behind the red curtains. And he wouldn't come out! That was the plot. Father's idea was that he would stay right where he was—that it had Home beaten four ways.

Now all of that is changed. The little lighted tavern is gone. Father stays at home, and the children of to-day have got to have the poem recast, so as to keep as much of the pathos as may be, but with the scene reversed. Here it is, incomplete, perhaps, but suggestive.

FATHER, DEAR FATHER, GO OUT

Oh, father, dear father, why won't you go out?
Why sit here and spoil all the fun?
We took it for granted you'd beat it downtown
As soon as your dinner was done.

With you in the parlor the boys are so glum—
No games and no laughter about.
Oh, father, you put the whole house on the bum,
Dear father, please, father, go out.

In some cases our old once-favorite poems are based on the existence of institutions which are passing away and which are scarcely known to the children of to-day. A case in point is Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." In this the poet tells us that under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands, and adds that the children love to look in at the door and catch the sparks by the hatful.

All this, I fear, must be altered from top to bottom. There is no smithy now, and no horses to be shod, and no sparks, and many children don't ever wear hats. Even the old-fashioned sing-song rhyme gets tiresome to a modern ear. The whole poem must be recast to suit the times. I should propose putting it into what is called free verse, something as follows:

THE MAIN STREET GARAGE FREE AIR

On the corner of the main street stands the principal garage.

The garage man is a man of singular muscular development.

Children coming home from school like to watch him punch the gasoline.

On Sunday he goes to the church whenever any of the cars of the congregation break down.

In this way he not only earns a night's repose but even now and then he can take a trip to New York, and go without repose for a whole night.

And with this I leave the topic for other pens and the idea for other minds. I am quite sure that if someone in one of the English departments of the colleges would take up this work there might be a lot in it.

IF ALL BUSINESS MEN DID BUSINESS AS SOME BUSINESS MEN DO

BY BARON IRELAND

Attention Mr. F. P. Finf
Mr. C. C. Whelk,
Bibulous Building, N. Y.
Dear Sir:

Mr. S. K. Swatch's secretary, Mr. O. O. Olff, requests me to ask you to kindly quote us a price on six (6) gross suspension bridges f.o.b. New York, sizes K to KK.

Very truly yours,
P. P. Snorf,
Asst. Secretary.

Attention Mr. P. P. Snorf
Mr. S. K. Swatch,
Palooka Building, Chicago.
Dear Sir:

In the absence of Mr. F. P. Finf's secretary, Mr. K. K. Wimp, on his vacation, I take pleasure in quoting you, at Mr. Wotta's request, a price of $11,000,000,000 per gross for 6 (six) gross suspension bridges, sizes K to KK, f.o.b. New York.

Very truly yours,
Zillah Zobb,
Asst. Secretary.

Attention Mr. Zillah Zobb
Mr. C. C. Whelk,
Bibulous Building, N. Y.
Dear Sir:

Mr. P. P. Snorf requests me to ask you if your recent quotation on six (6) gross suspension bridges is for cash or 2–10–net 30, whatever that is.

Very truly yours,
Gladys Dunk,
Asst. to the Asst. Secretary.

Attention Miss Gladys Dunk
Mr. S. K. Swatch,
Palooka Building, Chicago.
Dear Sir:

Having returned from my vacation I take pleasure in advising you that our price was subject to a 3% discount for cash, whatever *that* is.

Very truly yours,
K. K. Wimp,
Secretary.

Attention Mr. K. K. Wimp
Mr. C. C. Whelk,
Bibulous Building, N. Y.
Dear Sir:

Kindly ship us six (six) (6) (½ dozen) suspension bridges, sizes K to KK, before next Saturday at $11,000,000,000 per gross f.o.b. New York, less 3% for cash and check will be mailed you immediately. Miss Gladys Dunk, secretary to Mr. P. P. Snorf, secretary to Mr. O. O. Olff, secretary to Mr. S. K. Swatch, having been fired, I write you in her stead at my own request.

Very truly yours,
Oliver Ginseng,
Asst. Secretary.

Attention Mr. Oliver Ginseng
Mr. S. K. Swatch,
Palooka Building, Chicago.
Dear Sir:

Mr. C. C. Whelk has asked his secretary, Mr. F. P. Finf to ask his secretary, Mr. K. K. Wimp to ask me to thank you for your valued order.

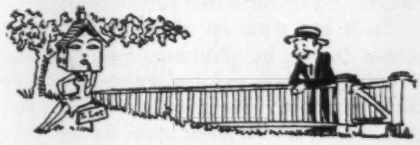
Very truly yours,
P. P. Snorf,
Asst. Secretary.

Attention Mr. P. P. Snorf
Mr. C. C. Whelk,
Bibulous Building, N. Y.
Dear Sir:

Mr. S. K. Swatch has asked his secretary, Mr. O. O. Olff to ask his

secretary, Mr. Zillah Zobb to ask me vice Miss Gladys Dunk, fired, to assure you that you are welcome.

Very truly yours,
OLIVER GINSENG,
Asst. Secretary.



JEZEBEL

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

SOME men succumb to a yacht. Other men succumb to rare books or Persian miniatures. Mine is a vulgar affair, a mere hussy of a house.

When she first caught my eye I said, "Nay, nay, I am too poor." But her voice, or some voice like hers, whispered inside me, "I'll be saving you money. I'll wear gingham for you. I'll go to extremes in economy. . . . You don't approve of that? Well, I won't economize, but you won't ever have cause to regret that you took me. Don't you like me? Am I too old for you? Tell me what it is that you don't like."

There was nothing, to tell the truth, that I didn't like. I saw how demure she was, set back a bit from the road. I was delighted with her simplicity, her rather somber exterior, and the flood of light within. I had succumbed, and she saw it. "You'll like me," she affirmed. "I am honest. I'll make very few demands on you. This is a wise step you've taken."

Oh, the capacity for deceit in that! The Jezebel!

Everything began smoothly. She waited for the lease to be signed with her eyes cast down and her hands folded, and only when it was sealed and delivered did she cock her eye. "You wouldn't occupy a little house without doing a single thing to fix her up, would you? You are surely not of the same stripe as the previous tenants. You have taste and judgment and lots of experience, or I'm much mistaken. You see for yourself I've been badly neglected. You hate ugliness. This brown paint in the hall. Good Lord!"

The big hall had been daubed a cockroach brown.

"But it's new," I said.

"It's horrid. It always used to be cream, and no one knows why they changed it. Couldn't it be changed back to cream?"

That terrible-meek demand made me stingy. "It would mean changing the wall paper."

"The wall paper's atrocious. You have good taste. Choose me a nice wall paper."

This was a different tone from the one I had expected, and it had an edge of aggressiveness I didn't enjoy. I became cold and reasoning.

"I'm not Henry Ford," I said, "and you are not the Wayside Inn. You are a poor little house in the country, and if your brown paint in the hall is hideous, which I admit, it is no more hideous than the brown paint in a million other halls. It must remain hideous."

"It's not even grained properly. It's just abominable."

I went silent. But every time I puffed imperturbably through the hall, a glance that contained everything in itself from a sneer to a sniffle followed me in the small of my back. Being a weak man, I did not stand it very well. So one day I said, "Jez, I'm going away for six months. I've arranged that you are to have everything you want. At the present time your door knobs come off in the hand. That will be changed. New ropes will go into the windows. The floors will be stained. When I come back you'll be as good as new, and we'll live happily."

"Do you intend to repaint the hall?"

"Everything you want, cream paint, four thicknesses. You won't know yourself."

"And a washbasin in the bathroom?"

"Sure."

"And a new stair carpet?"

"Certes."

She flashed a smile and then went demure again.

I came back, expecting a genial reception. It was genial, but my heart sank at the difference between my dreams of this house's perfections and the sadness of the reality. So I was not surprised when a certain reserve seemed to have crept into her manner. I dug under all her complexes and pulled out the rather unpleasant news that, unaware of her defects, someone else was ravished with her—a Welshman—and that, as I had only a short lease, he was likely to buy over my head.

"With all the improvements you have in mind," she said, "I'm sure you'll never be satisfied with so short a lease. As for me, it's all the same to me. They say the Welshman is simply dying to get possession. He talks of nothing else and he is constantly walking up and down the road making eyes at me. You know what the Welsh are like. He stays outside the gate, but he says there'll be no stopping him. Now they're foolish to say you'll let him have me. I know you are a determined character. I pay no attention to them. And besides, with all the improvements you have in mind . . . "

"What improvements? What's got into your poor empty noodle?"

"Why, the roof, to begin with. Surely you plan to repair the roof?"

"The roof's excellent."

"It's a very bad roof. Thirty-five broken tiles, and the chimneys all have to be reset. That accounts for the damp upstairs. And of course the damp in the dining room is a different thing. That's ground damp."

"Ground damp?"

"Yes, they forgot to put a damp course in me. It's like forgetting to put a diaphragm in a human being. Now they'll have to open me up and try to insinuate a new diaphragm."

"I'll chuck you," I said, but feebly. "I won't have you if they've omitted your diaphragm."

"You can't give me up so lightly," she said confidently. "I'm well painted for you. I'm beautifully papered with papers you chose yourself. But it is a pity that the damp is causing all these papers to peel off so quickly. It's a waste. You must see to the roof."

So it has gone on with Jezebel. She came to me in gingham, and now she wants silk and wool underwear, and four new parasols. She goes to bed with me, sits on my chest, harangues me into the night. She has a soft voice but a coarse will. I spent fifty dollars on a hand basin, and she insinuates, "I want another, just a little one, downstairs. Only cost sixty dollars. And what about an anthracite stove in the hall, and kind of an Italian fireplace in the dining room? What's a hundred and fifty dollars? You'll save that in wall paper, it's so dry."

My passion is not a grand passion. It's on rather suburban lines. But she exploits me to suit her vain and frivolous ways just as if she were Cleopatra and had cast wan eyes on the midnight Nile.

Nobody warned me of the lascivious nature of a little house. Nobody told me of the lewd advances she would make to me, the desire for German stained glass, for Spanish pottery, for a Moroccan rug.

When I became involved with her her air of simplicity fooled me. She plainly said, "You are the Master. I am your humble servant." And now she preens herself before me as if I were as servile as a looking-glass.

But that is not all. She has a new tactic.

In the dark hours of the night she says, "I am afraid of that Welshman. I don't like him. Why don't you make an honest house of me. Why don't *you* buy me?"

I say, "You little devil, you know I'm too poor."

And she answers, "But you've spent so much on me already. And I thought you thought you liked me."

VARIOUS LOOSE ENDS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE Admiral was saying he never knew a man to love a skinny woman, but of course his acquaintance is limited, as anybody's is, and probably he exaggerated. Still, in the main he was plausible, at least. Women, taken by and large, have a propensity not to be skinny and do better to yield to it in moderation rather than to defeat it too much. Apparently, just now they look at the fashion papers and yearn to be thin. Many of them take measures to that effect, and in so doing they flatter one another by showing respect for the opinions of women rather than for those of men.

But from the Admiral, who went on talking, the next echo was that there is no man on earth who cannot be vamped by a woman. Well, yes. Time, place, and person being all favorable, there is probably no man who could not be vamped sometime by some woman, else had Nature planned in vain.

A lady who was listening said she would not give a penny for a man who could not be vamped. Certainly not. (They must have come from reading a murder trial in the papers, a great story of vamping thoroughly done.) A man who could not be vamped would be objectionable, but so would a man too easily vamped. There is that story of Joseph, held up to admiration or the contrary these many centuries as the unvampable hero. Nonsense! It does not follow that because Joseph escaped Mrs. Potiphar that he could not be vamped. In that particular case his whole integrity as a trustworthy person was involved, and he had sense enough to know that there was nothing for him but to run for it. That he was falsely accused and sent to jail was a bagatelle compared with the other situation into which he would have fallen in his master's house if he had not escaped. A great injustice is done to Joseph by supposing he could not be vamped. He was a remarkable man—as remarkable as any ever Plutarch told of; but he was not a monster.

Talk ran on to government. Someone quoted Kerensky as saying that Russia is no democracy. Opinion was offered by the Admiral that Italy is the only democracy to-day and is the only place where labor unions really have a voice. As for us in the United States, he thought we lived nowadays in an industrial monarchy; certainly not in a democracy. But does that mean more than that, having grown enormously and come to mass production in most other things, we work it naturally and inevitably in politics, and instead of leading our brother by the hand to the polls, we get him there by organization and advertisement and even cut a melon for him if necessary? Just now, between elections, our government may seem to be an industrial monarchy or oligarchy; but wait a little. Henry Ford's idea that the higher the wages the greater the buying power and the better for business is a good idea while it lasts but, like most

other ideas, it is probably subject to jolts. People who have something definite and marketable to sell may see their advantage in a very liberal provision of possible buyers with funds. People who are sledding along and trying to make a living and live on it are liable to be embarrassed when called upon to pay a mechanic a dollar and a half, or more, an hour. In due time it would seem that there will be quite an earnest reconsideration of the purchasing power of money and a new diffusion of the idea once so prevalent that every man should be his own mechanic.

SO proceeded the diagnosis of the political situation and went on to things spiritual and how to save the world. What was salvation and what was the means of it? A lady contributed that "somehow what is true about Blackmanism ought to be said; what is true of his work and its results—not to answer lies but to show what is going on."

"Blackman! Blackman! Well, what about him?"

The Admiral and the Lawyer perked up a little. "Who is Blackman?"

"Oh, don't you know about Blackman? Blackman is a changer of men. Harold Begbie wrote a book about him, now republished here."

"Well, now, who is Harold Begbie?"

"Bless me. How ignorant you are! Begbie is the Englishman who wrote the *Mirrors of Downing Street* and who years before, along about 1910, put out a very remarkable book, *Twice Born Men*, about the spiritual exploits of the Salvation Army and how men were changed by it. Of that book we are told that William James said his *Varieties of Religious Experience* might be called a postscript to it. Begbie disclosed how a work of grace was done in very hard characters by the Salvation Army, and how these characters, born again, went around in the same bodies as before, but transmogrified as to their spiritual insides. The bodies had belonged to bad characters and looked it. After the resident characters had changed, the bodies continued to look as before, though their occupants no longer behaved to match them. It takes time, of course, for a transformed spirit to modify the aspects of the body that it dwells in."

So Begbie having written that remarkable book about the Salvation Army, and being considerably addicted to religion and its power to change men, when Blackman turned up with symptoms of remarkable faculties as a changer, took notice of Blackman, and in due time wrote him up in a book published here under the title of *More Twice Born Men*. As lately reprinted in this country its name is *Life Changers*. Blackman is an American, has traveled everywhere, lived around generally from China to Peru, and changed men and women, more or less, wherever he has lived, and has been the subject of extensive, controversial discussion running at times to acrimony, as especially disclosed not long since in Princeton, New Jersey. The demand for religion is steady and even clamorous just now, and anybody that can put it over is interesting. We have thousands of earnest workers who can organize, operate typewriters, appeal for funds, get them, spend them. Of what can be accomplished by means of that sort we have mass production in a measure that is highly gratifying to some people and rather appalling to others, but of the ability to put over religion there is no surfeit. The demand exceeds the supply. In so far as Blackman can do it, Blackman is an interesting fellow.

The lady on the southeast corner of the table had seen him do it. She said, "He makes the Holy Spirit as practical as a telephone with a voice on the other end. Blackman does not wait for this power to drop into people's laps; he teaches them how to get it. I never had any feeling of being able to hook onto religion. My sister, who had it, couldn't make me even understand what it was about. Nobody thought it

worth while to try. But Blackman did. The Blackmanites are dead sure that each of us is due for a personal acquaintanceship with God, and they have the experience and the technic, and help you get it."

Blackman has the use of a house in New York at which the people he deals with meet and discuss religion and their experiences of it. There, too, a smaller circle of people who work with him have what they call house parties. They dine together, each one paying the cost of his entertainment. The house is the headquarters of Blackman's proceedings in New York. He does not live there, but his office is there. "He is a man," said the informing lady, "who spends nothing on himself. The funds that support his movement are furnished to him by people who are interested. A few give generously, many give a very little, but he sails as close to the wind as an apostle and often checks out all he has to help somebody."

THESE doings, it seems, do not proceed without searching criticism. People who do not understand about the possibilities of spiritual changes in other people with resulting improvement in their characters and deportment look for ulterior motives in Blackman's activities. There are various theories about him, and he seems to be pretty carefully watched by persons who want to know. Since he is not infallible, it is quite possible that some of his methods are reasonably criticized, and that the results of the exercise of his interesting powers are not always immediately fortunate. But Blackman goes on his way with very little noise and no attempt to secure ordinary advertisement. Unlike Aimee McPherson, he never deals with large audiences. His faculty is not that of the exhorter of crowds. He deals best with individuals or with small companies where the talk is quite familiar.

What is this change he brings about in some people and how does he do it? What power does he use? To answer that would carry one, no doubt, into psychology. Probably William James has discussed it, and people who read the New Testament may get light about it from that source. To Begbie, who writes about him, some ideas and processes to which Blackman imputes great value, seem unimportant. Begbie is greatly impressed with the value of what Blackman does, but not sure that Blackman understands how he does it. It is something like Al Smith and the encyclicals. He does not feel that they are important to religion as he knows it, and says they are not binding on him, and has clerical support in that opinion. That is one of the important details in his letter. Truth is, that what is important in the Christian religion as stated and defined for us at this time, and what is unimportant or obsolete, is one of the big questions of the day. It is at the root of the rows between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists and between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics. Almost everyone will agree that there is a liberal infusion of the Christian religion in the Roman Catholic Church. Most people will agree that there is a lot of it in the Protestant churches; that the Quakers have it; that thousands have it and work it who are not connected with a church organization, but when it comes to details of statement about what is necessary to salvation and what is immaterial, they are apt to go up in the air.

Probably as knowledge increases and study continues there will be better understanding of these difficult matters, and as the essentials become apparent and the unessentials fade out there may be a better agreement between sects. There is better agreement now than there used to be; very much better. When it is said that there must be a restatement of religious truth the answer is apt to be—"Not yet. We have not quite come to it." That may be a wise answer, for new definitions will not help until the substance of them has already been reached by most of the people concerned.

One thing that is coming in nowadays for revision is the old idea of God as a powerful and rather irritable magnate, for whom it is expedient to watch out. More and more people come to realize that when it comes to defining the Almighty they haven't the qualifications to do it. In spite of the mechanistic theory of the universe and everything of that sort, the belief in God seems to go as strong as ever in the world nowadays, though the understanding of Him halts, observing and speculating, and waits, not without reverence, for more light. There is an order in the universe; there are laws of life, spiritual, mental, physical. When we disturb the order or violate the laws "God is offended" as heretofore, and we suffer. But we don't express it so nowadays. Neither do we attempt pacification by burnt offerings. Nevertheless, the fundamentals haven't changed much. It is merely that we express them differently.

BEGBIE thinks theological seminaries are awful places for young men. He thinks that theological students should be learning about life and how to help it rather than about theologies. Perhaps some of our American seminaries do better than he knows. The best of them undoubtedly try to keep up to date.

"They do indeed," said the lady in the southeast corner. "I know one where some of the students are studying spiritism and not illicitly either, but at the instigation of their boss. At last accounts that reached me they had 'levitation' of objects and an intelligent 'control,' and the apparent beginning of an 'independent voice.' Think of that in a theological seminary! You can't say of all of them they are not willing to learn."

Doubtless Begbie would agree with Young Publius that the way to study religion is by the case system. That is precisely the way he has studied Blackman. It is Blackman's facts that make him interesting, not his theories about them. A lot of people in this world need to be changed: radically changed in their understanding of life, their aspirations, and their deportment. If there is to be peace in the world the job of changing them must go forward on a large scale. Anyone who works at it successfully, even in a limited degree, is interesting. Of course it is the job of the Churches, and they do more at it than they get credit for just now; but there is a great company of people whom they do not reach and will not reach until something happens which will greatly increase their efficiency. But still the job goes forward in all kinds of ways, many of them highly obnoxious to orthodox persons. Christian Scientists seem to make better lives. Whatever the merits or the defects of their theories, in their practice they change people, and so do other more or less organized activities of that sort. They change people and help them to live. No doubt the Unity Society of Kansas City does it. The Spiritists do it in a way—at least some of them do. It is not altogether extravagant even to say that there is something spiritual about Spiritualism, but there really is if you get hold of it. Studying religion by the case system one would run down these different activities or as many as he could, and try to discover what made them go,—what the battery was. In all of them that are any good the battery, the source of energy, is probably the same, and if you can draw on that, however you do it, you are likely to get results.

Personal and Otherwise

IT WAS a strange freak of fortune that brought about one of the most dramatic incidents of the Chinese crisis at the home of a gifted American writer, and under her very eyes. ***Alice Tisdale Hobart's*** informal letters from Nanking to members of her family, collected for us through the kindness of her brother, Dr. E. G. Nourse of Washington, tell the story of an historic international episode as no one else could tell it. Mrs. Hobart went first to China in 1910 (she was then Alice Nourse) and spent about a year with her sister at Hangchow. She returned to China in 1913 and the next year was married at Tientsin to Earle Hobart, a graduate of Cornell University and an able member of the Standard Oil staff. Thereafter she and Mr. Hobart lived at Neuchang and Antung in Manchuria and at Changsha in Hunan Province prior to going to Nanking (under the harrowing circumstances described in her first letter) in August, 1926. The experiences of her early years in China were treated in her "Leaves from a Manchurian Notebook," published serially in the *Atlantic Monthly* and included with supplementary material in her book, *Pioneering Where the World Is Old* (Holt, 1917); her later experiences and observations were gathered in a second book, *By the City of the Long Sand* (Macmillan, 1926).

Mary Agnes Hamilton, who views with some misgivings the modern tendency, not only to call a spade a spade, but to talk about spades to the exclusion of almost everything else, is an able English journalist and novelist who has taken an active part in politics as a member of the Independent Labor Party (she was a candidate for Parliament in 1924), and is perhaps best known to the American public for her life of Ramsay MacDonald, which she wrote under the pen-name of "Iconoclast."

The first story of the month comes to us from ***Charles Caldwell Dobie*** of San Francisco, who left the insurance business in 1916 to write novels, plays, and especially short stories. He is a frequent and welcome contributor to this Magazine, and his work is represented in many an anthology of distinguished contemporary fiction.

Thousands of readers connect ***Elmer Davis's*** name chiefly with his much-discussed article, "Portrait of a Cleric." But he is also a former Rhodes Scholar from Indiana, a former teacher of ancient history, a former crack reporter for the New York *Times*, and the author of several delightful novels. Since he wrote "Portrait of a Cleric" he has contributed to the Magazine "The White Horse of Sara Parks," "Have Faith in Indiana," "Bride of Quietness" (a story), and "Remarks on the Perfect State." The man who got elected Mayor of Chicago on an anti-King-George platform is an ideal subject for Mr. Davis's satiric pen.

It is an Englishman who defends "America Under Fire." ***George E. G. Catlin*** has been assistant professor of politics at Cornell University since 1924, and thus has had ample opportunity to observe the American scene; but he is the son of an English clergyman, was Exhibitioner in Modern History at New College, Oxford, in 1914, and served as lecturer in history at Sheffield University, England, from 1920 to 1924. He is the author of *The Science and Method of Politics* and other books.

Is it wise to segregate young women from the other sex between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, or should the two sexes go to college together? ***Edna Yost,*** a new contributor who is herself a graduate of a small co-educational college, expresses a positive opinion in favor of the co-educational plan. Her outspoken article was announced as a feature of the June issue, but was postponed by an unforeseen change in editorial plans.

Several months ago ***Edgar Ansel Mowrer*** contributed to HARPER'S an authoritative exposition of the working of the Dawes plan. Now he discusses one of the amazing political phenomena of our time: the return of Germany to political prestige. During the war Mr. Mowrer was a correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* in France and Belgium, at the Italian front, and in Rome; for some time past he has been chief of the same paper's news bureau in Berlin. His brother, Paul Mowrer, is also an able foreign correspondent.

Rose Wilder Lane has written many a story for HARPER'S; one of them, "Innocence," won the second O. Henry Prize in 1922. She is also the author of *The Peaks of Shala*, *He Was a Man*, *Hill-Billy*, and other books. She lives in Mansfield, Missouri, and sojourns frequently in Albania, the scene of *The Peaks of Shala*.

There were never so many stepmothers as to-day, for now not only death but, to an increasing extent, divorce breaks up families. The stepmother's problem is a difficult one, and all the more so because she realizes—if she has kept pace with the findings of the modern psychologists—how vital to the children is a satisfactory home environment. The anonymous author of "Other Women's Children" speaks of the problem from double experience, for she was brought up by a stepmother and later became one herself.

John B. Watson, formerly of the Johns Hopkins University, is recognized as the leader of the behaviorist school of psychology. He contributes this month a new paper in his series upon the nature of the human mind as the behaviorists see it.

In the Intercollegiate Contest which we conducted last year, one of the second prizes went to ***Mary Lispenard Cooper,*** then a senior at Vassar, for "Moth Mullein," which we later published in the November number (1926). Miss Cooper, who has been teaching school in Baltimore this year, now contributes another story which further justifies our belief in her promise.

Most of the intellectuals pride themselves on their tolerance. Perhaps they will tolerate a little plain talk on their intolerance, coming as it does from an essayist, translator, and critic whose wide knowledge of literature and candor in pronouncing upon it most of them greatly admire. This is ***Ernest Boyd's*** first appearance in HARPER'S since his shrewd article of last year, "Happiness in Every Box." A new book of his, *Literary Blasphemies*, will be published shortly.

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The poets are ***Osbert Sitwell*** (brother of Edith and Sacheverell Sitwell), one of the most brilliant of the younger English writers, who in *Who's Who* records his recreations as "regretting the Bourbons, Repartee, and Tu quoque"; and ***Anne Atwood Dodge*** (Mrs. F. F. Dodge), a new contributor whose verses come to us from Stonington, Connecticut.

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We welcome ***Stephen Leacock*** to the Lion's Mouth once more; he has been too long absent. He needs no introduction—save possibly a reminder to some of his readers that he is a professor of political economy at McGill University as well as a humorist. With him are ***Francis Hackett,*** who after many years as an editor of the *New Republic* has turned to writing novels and now spends most of his time abroad, having found his Jezebel of a house in his native Ireland; and ***Baron Ireland,*** otherwise Nate Salsbury of Caldwell, New Jersey, who frequently contributes humorous prose and verse to the magazines.

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Again, by way of variety, we reproduce an etching for our frontispiece. It is the work of ***Albert Besnard,*** one of the most distinguished of French artists, who won the Prix de Rome way back in 1874, soon made a fine reputation not only as an etcher but as a portrait painter and mural painter, later became President of the École des Beaux Arts and Director of the French Academy at Rome, and is now a member of the French Academy. His etchings, strangely enough, have been little known in this country until recently. We are indebted to Frederick Keppel & Company for permission to reproduce "Dans les Cendres."

Mr. D. J. Church has brought to the attention of the Editors the fact that a passage in a recent HARPER article contains a veiled yet identifiable reference to him of an unkind personal character. The Editors regret that they unknowingly opened their columns to this comment, which may have come to the attention of Mr. Church's friends.

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We had no room last month to publish any comments on Miss Phillips's article, "Getting Ahead of the Joneses." The comments have been plentiful, especially from readers who insist that women are more competitive than men, and that women, either through social ambition or a desire to give advantages to their children, often force their husbands to be "go-getters" and "eagles."

One correspondent, setting forth the expenses of bringing up children in New York City, refers to the high cost of schooling, to orthodontists' bills of sixteen hundred dollars for straightening one child's mouth, and to debutante balls which cost five thousand dollars; and shows how easily a family can find themselves spending twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year because their children are thrown with the children of people who are able to spend fifty or a hundred thousand. This correspondent concludes:

> It is a well established fact that many families live beyond their incomes in order to satisfy the increasing demands of their children. They are caught in the stream and drift with it. This explains why many men drop at fifty and leave possibly one hundred thousand life insurance and no more. There is a minority of parents who are immune to this disease of "getting ahead of the Joneses," but it requires great moral courage to continue to struggle against the stream of social life. I cannot but feel that Miss Phillips is unjust in her statement "that the whole blame for the social blight produced by an abuse of competitiveness must be laid at the door of the male sex."

Another reader, who used to live in New York and now has gone to California, sets forth the predicament of the family in which the husband refuses to become a go-getter:

> As no doubt you will receive an avalanche of letters from HARPER readers who are stimulated to utterance by Miss Phillips's essay, "Getting Ahead of the Joneses," I shall write at once, in an endeavor to have my letter arrive with the Joneses, if not ahead of them.
>
> Miss Phillips has undoubtedly made a strong attack on the go-getters, and I hope that this essay may lead to the founding of a college for men, to inculcate other ideals than financial success. My quarrel with the go-getter is that he robs the rest of us without enriching even himself.
>
> I am married to a man who is not a go-getter, a man who takes pride in his work and is intensely interested in it, but chiefly desires to excel in the performance of it, rather than in "bringing home the bacon." He has time and interest for books, for intelligent conversation on every subject under the sun, and is never too busy to play chess or baseball with our young daughter, to go on a hike or a visit to the Metropolitan, to discuss with her history or art or enjoy with her Milt Gross's *Nize Baby*.
>
> But—we lack the money for the very things we crave, and feel we have a right to enjoy. When Paderewski gave a recital in our suburb, the price of admission was four dollars, plus tax. We could not afford to spend thirteen dollars and twenty cents even to hear Paderewski, though the families of go-getters could. We have had to limit our theater-going to those plays we cannot afford to miss, and even then it means a curtailment of other quite necessary expenditures. It is exceedingly difficult to save money for travel, for the purchase of books, and for the French lessons which our daughter must have—not to compete with the Joneses, but that she may have access to the two richest literatures our civilization has produced.
>
> We have learned to concentrate on those pleasures that cost little or nothing. The Metropolitan Museum has given us much, there are many free concerts, and there is always the Public Library. But now that economic conditions have taken us West, we find these free cultural advantages limited, and no public institution can take the place of an adequate private library. The new Webster's Dictionary costs over twenty dollars, and other reference books, which must be up-to-date, are correspondingly expensive. We have had to limit our library to reference books and the poets, but it is not satisfying to have to wait for weeks for a book at the Public Library and then read it at a gallop, when one enjoys reading at a leisurely pace, with the book not a fleeting house guest but a member of the family. And there are many books that cannot be read on schedule, that cannot be made a part of one's self at one reading.
>
> My husband says that to-day there is no place in the economic plan for a family of moderate income and cultural tastes; we, who want and need the

graces of life, cannot have them because the go-getter has placed even culture on a competitive basis.

It would not matter so much to my husband and me—we grew up under conditions that afforded us travel, education and cultural contacts in spite of the modest income of our parents. But our daughter is denied these things because the daughters of go-getters have raised the price of everything. They must have their culture *de luxe*, with all sorts of expensive frills, so that riding, dancing and music lessons are becoming prohibitive, and preparatory schools seem to be only for the wealthy. Even to be sure of four years at college, our daughter must obtain a scholarship, and she complains that the subjects she most wishes to study will give her little monetary return; she does not wish to attend college to be groomed for go-getting, yet in order to acquire an income that will give the money and leisure for cultural enjoyment, she must prepare to compete with the go-getters.

Havelock Ellis, in *The Dance of Life*, says it is necessary to replace the possessive instinct with the æsthetic. We have outgrown the period in which acquisitiveness was a virtue; it leads to the competitive qualities that distinguish the go-getter, and which are to-day actually anti-social.

Perhaps the answer to this vexing question is that a woman will always prefer the "unsuccessful" man, who may be an inadequate provider, but will assuredly be a success as a companion, a lover, and a father for her children. The poverty the family must face will teach them a real sense of values—they will learn what is worth while, and concentrate on the essentials of life, trusting that the killing pace of "getting ahead of the Joneses" will eventually eliminate the go-getter.

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Some would-be contributors appear to be suspicious of editors. The following note, scrawled upon a HARPER rejection-slip, is characteristic of a sort that occasionally reaches us:

Dear HARPER Editor:

You announced in "Market Guide," "Much poetry is used (does not seem like it), which should be genuinely lyric." Inconsistency, your name is Editor.

The writer of this note had submitted some lyric poems. May we remind those who are kind enough to offer us manuscripts that we receive an average of seventy-five or eighty a day, of which something like thirty are poems; and that a magazine which has space for only a few contributions each month must necessarily make a very limited selection, eager as it may be to encourage new writers.

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As these pages go to press, letters in indignant reply to "Feminism and Jane Smith" are beginning to reach the HARPER office. The first two to arrive, oddly enough, both assume that the author of the article was probably a man (which happens not to be the case). One of these two correspondents states that the article makes her see "red! RED!! RED!!" and adds, "I boil and tingle to my very toes with the contemptible patronage of the whole article and so must every other consecrated mother capable of understanding it." The other, after objecting that even as long ago as the nineties "maternity was getting to be less and less of an excuse for a long-drawn-out and, to a great extent, needless semi-invalidism," concludes:

If given my choice as to who should dictate the political policies of my country or my city, I would, by far, prefer that it should be Miss Mary Jones rather than Jane Smith's husband who, finding his opinions, decisions, and conclusions received as authoritative in the home, would think they were the only right ones out of it.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

A Story of Prices

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IT HAS been said that figures do not lie. This does not mean, however, that statements based upon a study of figures are always in strict accord with the truth. This article is the result of tabulating figures showing the price range of various stocks on the New York Stock Exchange during the two years 1925 and 1926. It does not pretend to be conclusive, but it is interesting—to the writer of the article, at least—to see how the story told by the figures tends to prove the soundness of some of the statements made so very many times in this department of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

THE figures were taken from a pamphlet issued by a firm of New York brokers and, the rating symbols used in this pamphlet being those used by the Fitch Service, they have naturally been accepted along with the figures. All of the securities considered were stocks, and they are divided into four groups, each group having three sub-divisions. The four groups are designated by the descriptions "investment," "semi-investment," "speculative," and "highly speculative." The three sub-divisions of the "investment" group are designated by the symbols AAA, AA, and A, meaning stocks respectively of the highest merit, high merit, and those considered sound.

WE START off with the investment group and sub-division AAA, the best stocks on the New York Stock Exchange. Six different stocks were examined, three preferred issues and three common. In the case of all the stocks considered the issues, except for uniform dividend rates, were chosen at random. All these AAA stocks pay 7% dividends. The average price range of the three preferred issues during 1925 was 7 points; in 1926, 10⅓ points. The average price range of the common issues in 1925 was 68 points; in 1926 it was 111 points. Average earnings per share of the preferred issues in 1925 were $173.05; of the common issues, $22.44. The highest price at which any of the preferred issues sold in 1925 was 133¼ a share; and exactly the same high price was reached in 1926 although, as it happened, this record was not established by the same stocks. The lowest price

for a preferred issue in 1925 was 115, and in 1926, 114⅞. The lowest price for a common issue in 1925 was 116¼, and in 1926, 122.

IN THE AA sub-division of the investment group –stocks of high standing —three preferred and three common issues were also chosen; and again all six issues pay 7% dividends. The average price range of the preferred issues in 1925 was 6⅔ points; in 1926 it was 8⅛ points. The average price range of the preferred issues in 1925 was 36 points, and 28 points in 1926. Average preferred earnings in 1925 were $36.20 a share; common, $16.54 a share. The highest price for a preferred issue in 1925 was 119; in 1926, 120; for a common issue 271¼ in 1925, and 180 in 1926. The lowest price for a preferred issue in 1925 was 102; in 1926, 99¼; for common issues the lowest 1925 price was 106, and in 1926 it was 116.

IN THE A sub-division, described as "sound," three preferred and three common issues, all paying 7% dividends, were chosen as before. The average price range of the three preferred issues in 1925 was 8⅝ points; in 1926 it was 11⅜ points. The average range of the common issues was 15⅛ points in 1925, and 30⅛ points in 1926. Average earnings on these preferred stocks in 1925 were $42.22 a share; on the common stocks, $12.80. The highest price at which any preferred issue sold in 1925 was 119½; in 1926 a price of 128¼ was reached. The highest price for one of the common issues in 1925 was 139¼; in 1926 the highest price was 160½. The lowest preferred price in 1925 was 105½, and in 1926, 110¼. The lowest

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common price in 1925 was 111, and in 1926, 113½.

THESE three sub-divisions make up the investment group. Similar experiments were made with stocks in the "semi-investment" group where the three sub-divisions are designated BBB, BB, and B, meaning stocks that are respectively good, fair, and semi-speculative. In the BBB group there were six stocks, three preferred and three common. The range of the preferred issues was 6 points in 1925 and 7¼ points in 1926. The highest price attained by a preferred issue in the two years was 97, and the lowest, 51½. The highest price for a common issue was 140½, and the lowest, 64. Preferred earnings were $29.67 a share, and common, $9.17.

IT WILL be observed that both preferred and common earnings have shown a steady downward trend, as the ratings of the group have also lowered. This is, of course, as it should be. There is one exception so far: average earnings for the A group of preferred issues were larger than the AA group, which is explained, however, by the fact that one issue in the A group had unusually large earnings that year, thus raising the average. Of course if those earnings continued, the rating of the stock itself would be increased, and it would be moved up to a higher ranking investment group.

WHEN the B group was reached it was difficult to find preferred issues, so that all six stocks selected were common. They all pay 3% dividends and, as dividends are smaller and investment rating is lower, prices also go down. The highest price of any one of these issues in the two years considered was 76¾, and the lowest was 23. Average earnings were $5.95 a share. The

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average range of prices in the two years was about 17 points. These were all common stocks, remember, and it is interesting to compare the price range of these semi-speculative issues with the AAA common stocks, which in 1926 had an average range of 111 points.

TWO groups of stocks remain, the "speculative group" and the "highly speculative" group. In the first the sub-divisions are given the symbols CCC, meaning uncertain; CC, meaning hazardous; and C, meaning very risky. None of the stocks chosen in this group pay dividends. Prices ranged in the CCC division from a high of 69¼ to a low of 4⅝. Earnings averaged a little over $2 a share. In the CC division earnings for six stocks, one preferred issue and five common, averaged 58 cents, and a low of 3½ was reached by one issue. In the C division earnings averaged 17 cents a share, and the highest price at which any one of the stocks sold was 49¾.

IN THE "highly speculative" group there are DDD stocks, dangerous; DD, value small; and D, in liquidation. Here are the real low-priced issues, stocks "within the reach of every pocketbook." The DDD stocks earned an average of 4 cents a share, and the high price reached was 18⅝; the low was ½—a fifty cent stock, a "bargain." The DD stocks also averaged 4 cents a share in earnings, but no stock in this division sold below 1¼ a share. In the D group average earnings were $.002, and a price of 25 cents a share was reached by one issue.

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closely concerned with figures, however, and there are certain interesting and possibly valuable points to be gained, even from such a cursory and limited perusal of figures as given here. In the first place, everyone knows that stock market prices generally were higher in the year 1926 than they were in 1925. In the AAA sub-division of the investment group, for example, the lowest price of any one of the common issues considered was 122 in 1926, compared with 116¼ the year previous; the highest price of any common stock in 1926 was 275, or seven points higher than in 1925. The price range of these issues in 1926 was 111 points, compared with 68 points in 1925. If we compare these figures with those of the DDD sub-division of the highly speculative group, we find that in the latter instance prices were *lower* in 1926 than they were in 1925, and that the price range was narrower. In other words, while the good stocks tended to get better all the time and to increase in value, poor stocks grew worse at the same time and tended to depreciate in value. Certainly there is a lesson to be learned here.

IN THE AAA, AA, A, and BBB divisions the average price range of the preferred stocks was in every instance greater in 1926 than in 1925; the price range of the common stocks was greater in 1926 in the first three classes than in 1925, and in the BBB division only 2½ points less. The highest price reached by any of the preferred stocks in these four classes was in every instance higher in 1926 than in 1925; the same applies to the common stocks, except in the AA division where one common stock which showed large earnings in 1925 was not quite so fortunate in 1926. This exception, however, merely emphasizes the

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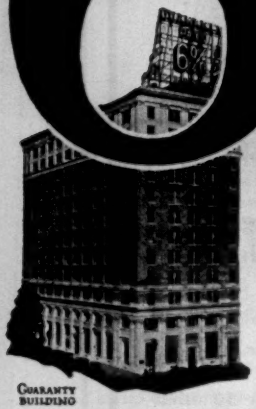

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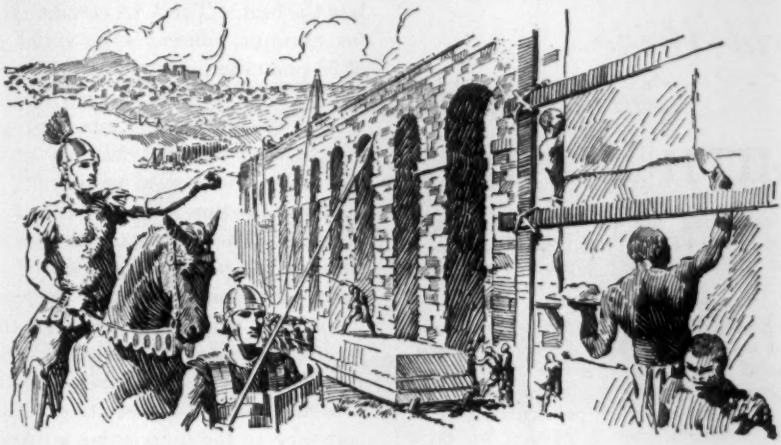
dependence of common stocks upon earnings, this particular stock ranging from a high of 271¼ to a low of 134¼ in 1925 and to a high of 180 and a low of 157 in 1926. On the other hand the good stocks did generally move higher in 1926 than in 1925, both the preferred and common issues.

THE appreciation in the preferred issues naturally was less than in the case of the common shares for, preferred dividends being fixed, increased earnings and a generally better business outlook only benefit these issues by protecting their dividends more securely, while the same factors lead the owners of common shares to hope for larger dividend distributions. One industrial company with preferred and common stocks, both paying 7% dividends, illustrated rather strikingly how this works out. The common stock reached a high of 146 in 1925 and 167¾ in 1926; the high for the preferred in 1925 was 116 and 119¼ in 1926. At these prices the preferred obviously returned a larger yield; but with large earnings the common dividend might be increased, while the preferred must of necessity remain as before. This seems to prove something else—that the price of preferred stocks is determined largely by the company's past and present success, while common stock prices are greatly influenced by what investors and speculators think about its chances for the future. Probably no one will deny, however, that it is easier and safer to tell what has already happened and what is happening now than to foretell what is going to happen, say, in the next twelve months.

SUCH a casual survey is, of course, not conclusive—nothing like a recent study, for instance, of 1475 preferred stocks over a period of twenty years made by one of the financial periodicals. On the other hand, casual as it is, it does



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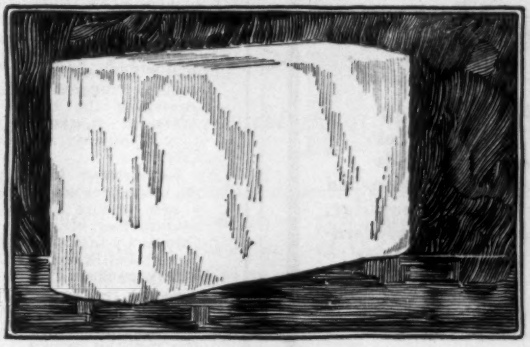
indicate pretty strongly that it pays to buy the best. The AAA common stocks, for example, offered a potential profit of 68 points to investors in 1925 and 111 points in 1926. The figures for the D stocks by comparison were 6⅞ points in 1925 and 6¼ in 1926. In addition, the AAA stocks were paying 7% dividends all the time, and the D stocks paid nothing. The holders of the best stocks were in the pleasant position of seeing their investments steadily increase in value and, while they were not buying for profit primarily, it certainly is no disadvantage to have the capital value of an investment show appreciation. And the corollary to the proposition is, of course, that oft-repeated statement that if money is invested in the best interest or dividend paying securities profits will take good care of themselves. To state it another way, the man who buys good investments is going to make more money in the long run than he who buys speculative securities with the making of profit his first consideration. There is another point: the best investments are always in demand, and when there is a demand for a thing it is economically sound reasoning to expect the price of it to rise. The fact that the best stocks have shown an upward trend, and the poorest a downward trend is good evidence of the truth of this statement.

THE story told by the price of securities over a period of time is the strongest argument there is in favor of sound and conservative investments. Investment bankers know that this is so, and they have many examples to offer the people who seek their services and counsel. Figures over a short period may not tell the exact truth or be free from inconsistencies, but in the long run prices tell a tale that cannot be refuted. And the moral of the story is: Buy the best and only the best.



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FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

AN INVESTMENT INSURED FOR ITS LIFETIME: An interesting and helpful booklet, explaining a new feature in investments: a guarantee against loss of either principal or interest. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md., Fiscal Agents for the Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds, an improved type of real estate bonds in which all underlying securities are safeguarded through the insurance of both principal and interest by leading surety companies. Offered by National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md.

BONDS THAT PARTICIPATE IN PROFITS: A pamphlet describing a long seasoned investment which has regularly paid participations in addition to regular bond interest. Offered by Clarence Hodson & Co., Inc., 165 Broadway, New York City.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet giving much interesting information about this form of security. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

HOW TO BUILD AN INDEPENDENT INCOME (1927 Edition): A booklet giving a plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

THE BOOK OF BETTER BONDS: A booklet which explains how more than forty years of sound conservative financing now culminate in guaranteed investments. George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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INVESTING FOR SAFETY: The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real estate bond issues.

RULES FOR SAFE INVESTMENT: Important factors of safety of Real Estate Bonds explained for the investor. Offered by American Bond & Mortgage Company, 345 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., and 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

INVESTMENTS OF PUBLIC UTILITY COMPANIES: A circular describing such investments, and covering bonds, preferred and common stock, is issued by Howe, Snow & Bertles, Inc., 120 Broadway, New York City.

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